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A DEFENCE OF PRAYER.

(IN REPLY TO MR. NORMAN PEARSON.)

BY REV. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

IF the life of religion is faith, and communion with the Supreme its daily service, we shall not go astray in describing prayer as the atmosphere in which it breathes and energizes. Who, then, but must have read with some feeling of melancholy—and not without amazement—the half-dozen pages that Mr. Norman Pearson has judged to contain ample room and verge enough for his enterprise of sketching a religion destitute of prayer, grace, miracles, and faith—a shadow, the substance of which is matter blind and dumb, presided over by a deity no less impotent than superfluous? To Mr. Pearson it signified little, apparently, that he was unchurching, not one, but all the churches, that his brief and hasty arguments dissolved the gorgeous Liturgies of East and West, or silenced the petitions which during hundreds of years had gone up on high from countless multitudes, differing in so many things, but agreed to invoke ears that could listen, and to trust in a hand that could save. Nations, schools of learning, and men endowed with rare genius, had spent themselves gladly to determine the essence of that covenant between God and man in virtue of which sin may be forgiven, and redemption has been wrought—to what purpose, now that in Mr. Pearson's

view the constant order of Nature proves repentance to be unavailing, and the penalties of transgression inevitable? High and holy teachers, saints, and the King of Saints, announce a Gospel of Healing, exhort men to pray always and not to faint, themselves bear witness that prayer is the weapon by which spiritual conquests are made and our race moves on toward perfection. But all this impressive record—history, hagiography, the experience of our own time—shall, says Mr. Pearson, go for nothing; a contrary system is fashionable, and the idea must be accepted which certain professors of physical science insist upon, that, if there be a God, He is a constitutional sovereign, who reigns but does not govern, and who has long since abdicated in favor of "Laws" which it would be a breach of compact to violate, or even to control, in the interest of righteousness. What, therefore, remains except duly to meditate on the wheels within wheels of that machine in whose chains we are entangled, and to hope, though it would be idle to pray, that, as Leibnitz said and Dr. Pangloss undertook to demonstrate, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds? "La Religion est morte; vive la Religion!"

A God who does nothing is no God.

Does the universe require a figurehead which sails with the ship but cannot steer it? Such, to my mind, is Mr. Pearson's new conception—really as old as Fatalism—of the power which, "making for righteousness," has simply to acquiesce in the proceedings of the executive, is never free, always determined to foregone issues, and as incapable of cleansing the heart as of changing the weather. I do not pretend to know what is meant by "Laws" apart from a mind and will which enact them, or to conceive, much less to imagine, how energies that have no intelligence can direct themselves, or that there ever was, or ever could be, a world from which the Almighty was absent, or which He did not uphold by His abiding presence and potency. But still less do I understand a universe which exists alongside of its Creator and goes its own way, while He looks on, interested but helpless, as at a play of automata now setting up for themselves. It is this extraordinary, and, I take leave to say, most unphilosophical idea of "Nature," that vitiates Mr. Pearson's reasoning from one end to the other. Let him frankly tell us what single thing his Deity can do which "Nature" by itself, in his scheme, cannot do. Then we shall have a clear field where we may discuss the possibility and the profit of addressing our petitions to Heaven. For, as St. Augustine has aptly remarked on this very subject, "*Licet orare quod licet desiderare.*" If the Supreme has not resigned the government to "Laws" that act without Him, we shall, perhaps, be doing our duty in demanding His help. But, if He has done so, we may leave Him altogether out of consideration, and, in obedience to the great Lord Chancellor, aim at subduing the world by submitting ourselves to its methods and processes, by the study of the probable, not the invocation of the Divine.

Mr. Pearson has sought an account of prayer in modern dictionaries. I would commend to his notice the ancient saints, if for no other reason yet for this, lest he should imagine that the difficulties which he has raised were unknown to them. On this whole subject of "Miracles"—the word

may pass, although theologians will frown at so vague an employment of it—physical science has no fresh light or darkness which thoughtful men had not centuries ago. And as authority, rather than argument, avails with the general reader, we shall not do wisely in omitting a name, certainly not associated with divines except by the law of contrast, but in the province of physics famous and unimpeachable—I mean that of the late Professor Huxley. All who read his brilliant volume on *Controverted Questions* will remember with what clearness and cogency the Professor has explained his own views regarding prayer. The Bishop of Manchester had, it would seem, allowed that there is an antagonism between the "regular economy of nature" and the "regular economy of prayer," and that "prayers for the interruption of God's natural order" are of "doubtful validity." But he was assured by Professor Huxley that he had gone too far in his concessions. Belief in the efficacy of prayer, said this accomplished man of science, does not at all conflict with such evidence of the constant order of nature as we happen to possess. It depends, he observed, "upon the assumption that there is somebody, somewhere, who is strong enough to deal with the earth and its contents as men deal with the things and events which they are strong enough to modify or control; and who is capable of being moved by appeals such as men make to one another." Science is very far indeed from proving that beings so endowed are impossible; much less can it show that an omnipotent and merciful Deity does not exist. But, as Stuart Mill saw, and with his exquisite candor admitted, if there be a God, miracles are always within His power, and He is a true cause of them. "I repeat," concludes Professor Huxley, "that it is not upon any *à priori* considerations that objections, either to the supposed efficacy of prayer in modifying the course of events, or to the supposed occurrence of miracles, can be scientifically based. The real objection," which he considers fatal, "is the inadequacy of the evidence." But to this difficulty Mr. Pearson gives only a passing word, and I need not at pres-

ent deal with it. My point is that if Professor Huxley, Stuart Mill, Du Bois Reymond, and others of the extreme agnostic school, have any claim to speak on behalf of "Science," they bear witness against the contention with which Mr. Pearson sets out; their testimony as an *argumentum ad hominem* must be admitted; and they say deliberately that the study of phenomena has not revealed that "necessary connection" of events which alone would hinder the Divine Will, if there is a Divine Will, from disposing of them as men do in their own restricted sphere, and at the petition of their fellows.

But, evidently, by "natural causation" Mr. Pearson would have us understand a system of necessity, absolute and immutable, which binds the whole scheme of things together in an iron frame, never any more to be unsoldered by the free-will whether of God or man. Did he mean less than this, it would always be possible for omnipotence so to combine the issues and govern the direction of "natural causes," that they should yield results of a kind to satisfy devout petitions, even for a good harvest, or the early and the latter rains. And if we grant, as he does, that there is knowledge with the Most High, if Providence implies vision, and we may speak of events as fore-ordained, still the question returns, whether has the Supreme decreed the course of the world freely, and in consequence of that boundless intuition, whereby He perceives all possible contingencies in every order of being, among which are human creatures endowed themselves with choice, or is He necessitated in all He sees and does, and are they? What can physical science affirm in this tremendous argument? Has it shown the number, weight, and combining proportions of the elements to be necessary; or assigned reasons why the solar system began at a given time? Where is the proof that none other than the present law of gravitation should prevail among particles? Where any demonstration that a material universe not only does exist, but cannot freely exist, being called out of non-existence at the Almighty word? Our natural philosophers know well that

their province is to deal with facts and colligations of facts, to register some little portion of experience, and thence, on the supposition of uniformity, make prudent guesses at the future. But as they never yet have exhausted the conditions, nor summed up the causes, on which any one event may depend, their prophesying is always in the subjunctive mood. If no fresh agent interposes, or the agent now in presence puts not forth a novel energy, what has been will be. Who can measure the extent of that "if"? Moreover, granting, for the sake of argument, that free spiritual powers are conceivable, hidden behind the screen of phenomena, but capable of acting upon them and by means of them, will physical science dare to predict the issue in every case? Is it not even now confronted with the difficult problems of hypnotism? And have we any formula by which to indicate the relation of our own will to the cycle of material energies passing along nerve and muscle, to the organism, in short, which we call our body, and for whose actions, unless we somehow control them, we ought not to be held responsible?

In these obvious considerations I am surely appealing to facts. What we do not know let us be chary of assuming, unless the alternative be mental confusion. Now we certainly do know that we must answer for deeds done in the flesh, be they good or evil; the judgments of conscience and consciousness leave no doubt upon the matter. But, objects Mr. Pearson, "natural causation prevails universally," and "human character, no less than the weather, is a product of natural causes." I put the question to him, as to every man who professes that he and his neighbors are automata, how can he reconcile this doctrine with the self-evident fact of his and our responsibilities? If I do simply what I must, to call me responsible is exactly the same as bringing in a steam-engine guilty of murder because it has occasioned a great railway accident. But if, despite or by means of "natural causation," I do what I choose, and need not have done, then human freedom is a reality, and Divine freedom may be no chimæra. At all events, the state of the

case which Mr. Pearson cannot be excused from meeting is this: either spiritual agencies have the power of subduing to their will and intention natural causes, or they have not. If they have, they cease to be automata moved by springs which they cannot control; and, with freedom to act, prayer for benefits in the lower and visible world may be allowed its *raison d'être*. If they have not, since they remain forever passive and otiose, it is hard to justify their existence; and God, as well as the spirit in man, becomes a figure of speech.

I challenge Mr. Pearson to this fair encounter. Will he set down in plain words an answer to my question, what effect has the mental condition which we describe as an act of will or choice, deliberately put forth, upon the physical act which, in a given instance, follows it? The man resolves, the hand strikes; tell me the relation between that antecedent and this consequent. Do you say that there is none? Impossible! Consciousness asserts, and every one may be sure that if the man had not resolved the hand had not been raised to strike. Is, then, the connection a physical relation, as of the powder to the bullet which it drives? The wisest among us will hesitate to reply; but if he must, it will hardly be in the affirmative. There is assuredly a real *nexus* between our free choice and the action which eyes and hands execute. All moral codes, the conduct of life, education, example, rewards and penalties, suppose it, rest upon it as a certain truth. But the manner of it escapes us. "It is impossible to understand," says Mr. Spencer, "in what way feeling is connected with nervous change," and, equally so, in what way volition determines muscular action. By that remarkable experience we are warned against the superstition, into which many a philosopher has fallen, of imagining physical causes to exhaust the activities of the universe, or that they are primary and self-determined, whereas our ten thousand instances of choice, resulting in a fresh combination of matter, prove them to be secondary and instrumental.

Furthermore. It must be granted that the combinations thus ensuing are

modified indefinitely, and from moment to moment, by similar acts of free-will on the part of those multitudes who make up the human race—possibly, also, of numbers much more incalculable beyond the veil. We perceive only a corner of existence; world encompassing world, and circles ever enlarging, from the seen to the unseen, from matter to the immaterial, through ages and æons, lying far out of our gaze but demanded by reason, will, if not wholly separated from the solar system and its galaxy, bear upon them some token of the change wrought by a single instance of choice in us, provided that only one particle, one tiniest atom, has been thereby modified. Such is a rigorous induction from the law of the conservation of energy. It appalls the mind, dizzies the imagination; but where is the man of science who has not already allowed it in principle? Every molecule of matter acts upon all, and all upon each, during the secular periods in which they have existed; so much is certain. Add the judgment of consciousness that some of these molecules were sent upon definite paths in obedience to free-will, and weigh the inference. It is nothing less than that the world-systems, enormous, complicated, persisting as through eternities, must be deemed, not causes necessitating human actions, but in some degree effects and manipulated products, the result of human choices. To man, therefore, we need not shrink from saying, the progress of the world has been committed. He can make it better or worse; and his agency, had we eyes sharp enough to read the writing, would be marked in the remotest province of his universe.

Shall we term it, therefore, a miracle? Not if man is a part of "Nature" rightly considered. Transcendental it is, in the sense of lying outside phenomena, or as belonging to a reality which the laws of motion, and weight, and chemical formulas, do not comprehend, as they have never described it. We may, then, speak of a spiritual world, holding in its grasp the world of "natural causation," playing upon it as an instrument, guiding its powers to ends which of themselves they could not attain, and eliciting

moral character, heroic virtues, everlasting fruits of goodness, by the medium of these weak and needy elements, as a musician with flying fingers draws out from wood and ivory tones, vibrations, harmonies—mere vocal air, but charged with a message beyond sense :—

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and
chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.

In this hierarchy of forces, which, beginning with impacts and inertia, rise upward until they become the influence of spirit upon spirit, and feeling, thought, and love take the place held lower down by pushings and pullings, by heat, light, magnetism, and the rest, we are now asked whether prayer, as understood by Christians, has still a function. The spectre of Fatalism, vanishing as the candid agnostic, with his Hermes' wand, bows it into the dark where so many other phantoms have disappeared, leaves us with a spirit-universe, the law of which is freedom. For the mind which perceives a categorical imperative commanding it to choose aright knows at the same time that many are the ways to moral perfection, and in choosing must needs do so freely. Will it, then, betake itself to prayer?

"No science," I read in the pages before me, "can lawfully forbid man to believe that he, with his past and future, belongs to a system of existence which is inspired to struggle upward by a power that makes for righteousness." Such is the eternal order, the absolute will, and Christians who breathe an aspiration learned from the lips of Jesus, "Thy Kingdom come," were not blind to it in days pre-Darwinian; but, recognizing the scope, they pierced into the essence of reality, and knew it to be more than mechanism. The high poets, of whom Wordsworth is chief, told us long ago that to mankind was given

A sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—

A Motion and a Spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Verses like these render in tones of undying melody the same truth on which holy men, and sinners repentant, and the conscience-stricken, and the broken-hearted, have stayed themselves from of old. In the light of them we may define prayer—which implies communion with the unseen, and echoes St. Paul's noble saying, "Where the spirit is, there is freedom"—in terms that are common to all Christians. Let us take them, for example, from St. John Damascene, latest of the Greek Fathers, and in the Latin dress bestowed on them by the prince of the scholastics, St. Thomas Aquinas. I turn to these venerable authorities designedly, that we may understand with how delicate and firm a touch the doctrine of prayer was handled in times held to be dark or degenerate. The words of Damascene, as St. Thomas renders them, are these, "Prayer is the ascent of the mind to God, and the asking of Him those things which we ought," "*Ascensio mentis in Deum; petitio decentiam a Deo.*" No more, and no less. It is, to begin with, contemplation, rapture intellectual and devout, the height and splendor of which we may look upon—surely not unmoved—in Augustine, Dante, Milton, in Spanish mystics, like St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross, poets inspired to largest thought and most vivid imagery; in Bossuet and Cardinal Newman, as in the great anonymous writers to whom we are indebted for the "Imitation," and the hymns of the Church. Nor should I be unwilling to acknowledge that a strain as deep and touching may be heard from singers who little dreamt that they too were instruments, reed-pipes or swelling organs, played upon by no unconscious "Nature," but by a living and breathing spirit. I think there are moods of prayer in Shelley; lyrical outcries to some Power which is not simply a metaphorical "genius" and modern Muse, in the author of *Faust*. Religion, observes Amiel in one of his sudden flashes, consists in "personifying the Eternal." Poets cannot help themselves; if they sing of the uni-

verse and its beauty, its sadness, its open secret, they, not excepting Lucretius and Goethe during his days of revolt, must celebrate a life that is aware of what it aims at. The first page of their prologue is a *dramatis personæ*—Zeus, Prometheus, Pan—the light and the dark, seen into by their piercing vision, become tokens or symbols of what I have called the “circle beyond.” For they are convinced that the world has a meaning; and how can we talk of meaning where mind does not exist? Grant the personal above us, the spirit within us, and prayer, as a colloquy in which both have their parts assigned by the nature of things, cannot fail to be reasonable.

Nor will the writer whom I am criticising deny that aspect of prayer. With Cardinal Manning, he allows it under the description of “realizing man’s personal relation to God.” Strange that he should not perceive the extreme horror which would be its legitimate consequence if the relation thus dwelt upon and fully brought home were such as, in his opening paragraphs, he has declared it to be! For what am I to “realize,” if blind and necessary causation—a mechanical Fate—be the power to which I am “related,” merely as a link in one unbroken chain? Some years ago, that eminent man—since a Christian and now taken from us—who, under the name of “Physicus,” insisted with all his learning and logic upon the creed of Materialism, which he then held to follow from Darwinian biology, could not, as he was laying down his pen, but exclaim with mingled sorrow and amazement, like Teiresias to Oedipus, “Mayst thou ne’er know the truth of what thou art!” In like manner, none that once have glanced over them will forget the tragical sentences in which David Strauss resumed his life’s confession: “We are,” he said, “imprisoned within a world of mechanism, impotent ourselves to control or direct the forces that in a moment may tear and mangle us; the huge hammers and the rolling wheels, the pulleys and the cords, have got us in their power, and what can we do? Nothing to avert a catastrophe, and very little by way of turning our eyes from it. Let us,” he coun-

selled, “practise music and the fine arts: it will be a kind of dissipation till the blind Moloch rends us in pieces.” Can those who share his belief invent a more comfortable philosophy? Why does Mr. Pearson talk in so genial a strain of “frank submission” to the order of the universe? But he is sure that a “divine power and intelligence” are manifested therein. Has he found this doctrine among the articles of Mr. Spencer’s great synthesis? Or in Professor Huxley, Claud Bernard, the later Darwin, in Haeckel, Weismann, or the disciples of a mindless evolution? He will not say so. Then let him rest assured that in upholding, if he is resolved upon it, with Wordsworth again and Theists in general, as the ground and cause of all things, a Power

That is the visible quality and shape
And image of Right Reason,

he will be compelled to maintain principles which, while they send forth the spirit on its upward way, and justify the prayer of contemplation, will furnish motives as persuasive for the other exercise of prayer, concerning which he has raised so many difficulties—I mean petition.

The key to all these questions, however abstruse, is given in the one word “Providence.” We may define it in the language that our schools have inherited from Boethius, last of the Latins: it is—“*ipsa Divina Ratio in summo omnium principe constituta, quæ cuncta disponit.*” Observe that the Divine Reason does not “necessitate” but “dispose,” or arrange all things, not only commanding but permitting, and by an immutable decree ordering that freedom shall exist. The power of God, remarks St. Thomas Aquinas, secures man against fate and necessity, makes him a creature with moral choice, and by wisdom, not by force, reaches from end to end, weaving the multitudinous activities of His creatures into an order which is, at last, absolute justice and the happiness of those who have freely determined to abide in it. Were the reading public in our time not so bent upon forgetting their Christian teachers and tradition, they would be a little more sheltered from the sophistry, the confusion of

terms, and the astonishingly mean conceptions of their own inward life, thanks to which so many act and believe as if matter, motion, or the electric current, had in them a true substance denied to the spirit. Thus it is that they bow to a power beneath them, cannot imagine that they are free, and acquiesce in those melancholy sayings of Mr. Spencer, which it is impossible to hear and not feel pity for him. Yes, it is true agnostics or materialists, they "find no consolation in the thought that they are at the mercy of blind forces, which cause, indifferently, now the destruction of a sun, and now the death of an animalcule." Who but will allow, as this amiable philosopher does, when his search for truth has ended in nescience, that "contemplation of a universe, which is without conceivable beginning or end, and without intelligible purpose, yields no satisfaction"? I prefer the ancients, who were convinced by the reason within them that it came, as a kindled light, from the Reason without and above. They discerned thought in the universe, and they argued thence to a Divine Thinker. Which, I would ask, is more in accordance with the laws of our mental constitution, this sublime and fruitful idea, whereby we can live to eternity, or the unknowable, faith in which makes the world unmeaning, and denies purpose in our lives as in the universe at large?

Take now that conception of the heart and the intellect, Providence, and let its light shine upon evolution. Suppose, with the writer whose arguments I have shown to be, in their scientific aspect, far from conclusive, but likewise, on the whole, inconsistent, that there is a Power aiming at the development, from lowliest beginnings, of a righteous, and therefore self-determined order of things—a human world, an ideal kingdom. At once we have grasped Lessing's profound and reconciling thought, the education of the human race. It is sown in dishonor that it may rise in glory. What, then, shall we expect, if men are to learn by repeated trials and in the course of ages, but a long and dubious dawn, the mind gradually opening to thoughts which it apprehends in a

faintly growing clearness? Will there not be superstitions, idolatries, anthropomorphisms, rude efforts to picture the unimaginable, to exhaust by names and attributes the ineffable? And is that a ground for rejecting the ideal which thus by slow and painful steps comes into the light? How should we misjudge the Newtons, the Shaksperes, did we look only to their humble origins in the biological order! Evidently, that which is of supreme importance is not the primal apparition, but the germ holding within it a potency hereafter to be unfolded; and he is the prophet that can point onward to its fulfilment, not he to whom its seemingly humble pedigree makes it forever ignoble. Much is hinted by Mr. Pearson of the defects and imperfections attending early Hebrew thought; as if it signified more at what round of the ladder men began their going up to God than the stage they attained ultimately! Is it so that we measure the value of living things under a law of growth—in seed time, and not on the day of harvest? Had this writer, instead of trusting German erudition, opened his Isaiah—no portion of which, assuredly, is so recent as the second century before Christ—he would have seen there as magnificent, as tender an appeal to the Father in Heaven, as any man could wish for. What, again, was the nature of that covenant between Israel and its King, to which all the prophets bear witness? Was Jahveh only an Oriental despot, and at no time the Providence, long suffering, compassionate, pleading with His froward children for their love, to whom, by and by, the Son of Man taught us how we should pray? The New Testament is in the Old, and already visible there. But, on the method of evolution, we are prepared to see men's thoughts of God grow more refined and human, as they themselves increase in humanity. For they are to be disciplined by an education as searching as it is prolonged; and they must learn by suffering to discern the false from the true.

This childhood of the world is not yet over; and, in our natural weakness, instinct is called upon to supply the place of reason. By instinct all

men pray, though they cannot explain how foreknowledge and free-will are to be reconciled; nor does any one, whether metaphysician, saint, or student of science, understand how the primal energy sustains and fills the faculties of creatures, or what is the influence of eternity on the things of time. These questions we must leave as we found them. Yet we see, in the material universe, that all things receive of the sun in their several ways the forces which they need, appropriating and applying them to ends which are fulfilled, not in the source out of which energy flows, but in the organisms that make it their own. Spiritual influence may be conceived of upon this pattern. We give it many names—grace, inspiration, enthusiasm; but who can deny its existence? Has it not been the creative force of religion? And may not every one who will submit to its power realize in himself what is meant by “conversion” and a “new creature”? When, asks the critic, has there been witnessed an answer to prayer? When? Are the great religions of the world such insignificant and paltry phenomena that we may pass them by in this inquiry? What power was it that overcame in the martyrs, or built the monasteries, or filled with courage and compassion the Vincents of Paul, or those who put an end to the slave-trade, or the tender-hearted women that dedicate their lives on battle-fields, in leper-hospitals, amid scenes the most repugnant to flesh and blood? Unless we shut our eyes to these things, and ten thousand like them, we must acknowledge that prayer has done more than remove mountains; it has, I say, created civilization—not the steam-engines and the Stock Exchange, indeed, which some would call by that abused name, but the human spirit of pity, self-control, justice, mercy, and hope, whereby alone men have become god-like. No other force could have achieved this great and enduring miracle. For it was not secular knowledge, not the ardor of conquering barbarians, not even the graceful amenities of literature and social intercourse, but religion that gave us our present Gospel, which we allow to be true even when we break its commandments.

And I ask, where would that religion have found a beginning, how could it flourish, during what time would it continue to survive, unless millions had believed in the power of prayer, and thousands upon thousands had practised it?

“To realize our personal relation with God,” is, Mr. Pearson believes, the one function of prayer which science cannot impugn. True, if we bear in mind that the relation to be realized is not between an actual person on one side and an impersonal or abstract term on the other, but between spirit and spirit. By contemplating an empty ideal we shall, so to speak, be gazing into a vacuum; but Christian prayer has recourse to the well of life; it is an exercise of practical virtue, and gains strength from that which, in the vague language of Mr. Arnold, is something “not itself.” Most certainly our energies are “given” to us, quite as much as our thoughts. If genius rightly assigns its creations to inspiration, sanctity and moral heroism have always acknowledged the power of grace, not hindering the freedom of their acts, but supplying the energy with which they move to their self-chosen end. I do not deny that this conception is transcendental, and the process beyond our search; but if experience drives us upon it, why reject because we cannot analyze? The test is as simple as decisive. With prayer, the devout life is possible; without it, impossible. Men have found that they could overcome vice, resist temptation, and attune their existence to a noble rhythm, when once they sought help from on high. It was not enough to reason out abstract formulas of duty; they must enter on a communion in which Another was invoked and personal relations were established. To be alone was to remain weak and miserable; to address the Supreme with the heart’s whisperings was, by a natural and constant law, to ask His assistance. Bishop Butler would say that it followed from the nature of the persons engaged. For can we imagine a limited, feeble, and imperfect being suffered to speak with his Divine Friend and not begging aid as well as counsel, or brought near “the Sun of Right-

consciousness with healing on his wings," and so scornful or so blind as to stand there, not asking? Rather has it been through the education of prayer, enlightened more and more as to the better gifts, that men whose first stammerings were those of greedy, frightened, or malevolent children, have learned to despise earthly things, and in their petitions for what was becoming to immortal minds, have seen the world and its visions fade as in the radiance of perfect day. Had they never asked, they would not have been taught wisdom. But, with that example in their conscience, rebuking ungodliness, and provoking to all good, they have by shame and repentance learned the value of their own spirit.

Socrates, whom our English poet has daringly named the "Jesus Christ of Greece," prays thus at the conclusion of that many-colored and suggestive dialogue which he held with Phædrus under the plane-tree: "Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one! May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy; and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry! Anything more? The prayer, I think, is enough for me." And Phædrus rejoins, "Ask the same for me, since friends should have all things in common."

That is exquisite, notwithstanding the tinge of polytheism—a concession which the philosopher made to the ritual and poetry of his time. He prayed aright, and in the rational order, and to those who could hear and grant what he petitioned for. Long afterward came one of that Israelitish people, whose religious notions, we are told, were so unworthy. And He also prayed, and taught His disciples to pray. Now, the "gods many and lords many" had passed away. Not "beloved Pan and the other deities"—dreams for which childhood alone is the excuse—but "our Father in heaven" was to be called upon. "Wisdom" had come to be clearly seen as the will of God; the beauty of outward and inward, spiritual perfection cleansing the flesh, was henceforth to be

realized, by times and moments still, but manifestly, according as men overcame themselves by grace, in a world-wide kingdom. And for gold there was no asking, only for bread; while the friendship whereof Socrates had spoken as one inspired, showed itself in forgiveness of injuries, in constraining kindness, in the new sanctities of the household and the altar. Summing these things briefly, as we must, they have so marvellous a light upon them, that their unadorned recital sounds like rhetoric. But such has the Christian Gospel proved itself to be, not in a written page—it is all we have left of the Platonizing Socrates—nor during some few years in the annals of mankind; to this day it abides, the perpetual realization of our friendship with God, and of His power and grace upon all who come to Him. If this highest, this most humanizing of religions has filled so large a space; if it is always judging the public and the private sins which infect society, and would, were they permitted to have their course, speedily make of the multitude barbarians and mere anarchists; if its principles, by denouncing mammon-worship, cruelty, self-indulgence, pride, and sensuality, keep the way open for that ascent of the soul to God, in which alone the best things are attainable; and if without the belief and the practice of prayer, it would undoubtedly perish, what argument do we need in order to convince ourselves that prayer is in accordance with reason, is a divine energy in fact, and stands, like any other real power, on its own basis, the nature of things? There is a life in man which the senses cannot comprehend, nor physical science measure its height and its depth. Before all things it is personal, conscious, secret, turned toward the invisible, at home in eternity. Its very essence is communion with the Supreme; and it prays because it loves. I do not envy the mortal who has never known its influence. And I am certain that so long as physics and metaphysics take realities into their consideration, and are willing to be guided by the testimony of the spirit to its own experiences, the life of devout prayer will be acknowledged as the only one which

secures what is best worth having. Unless the Eternal can speak to us, and we to Him, all the saints, poets, religious-minded have been victims of delusion. But the spiritual life is too deeply rooted, and its effects are too momentous and beneficent, for delusion to be the true account of it. Moral rectitude is the essence of civilization; and prayer is the normal method upon which that rectitude has been stayed

up since man came to know that he had a conscience. Herein is its surest benefit and its most abundant reward. How can a science dealing with mere phenomena, or a criticism which begins by overlooking the facts that it has to explain, satisfy the reason? By what arguments will it win the heart? This, however, is the whole man, to whose inward sense at last every system must appeal.—*Nineteenth Century*.

JACOB: A COMEDY.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

It was May—not the imitation of winter, to which the Mays of past years have accustomed us, but a genial and sparkling May (like this one), exhilarating, though exhausting; it had come suddenly to the Hague after months of bitterly cold weather, and already, as though by magical influence, the long beech-avenues looked green.

To-day the silky leaves were busy unrolling their delicate red fringes, as they flung off the sticky brown overcoats which had so long shielded them from the wind.

For once the poets were proved true men; under the trees in the park the ground was carpeted with star-like anemone flowers, gleaming above their nests of dark leaves; also, but these were fewer, golden aconite blossoms twinkled above the brown-red beech-mast; the wind-flowers were already fading; the favorite wild flowers, to-day, were scented violets, growing close among the projecting tree-roots.

A mother and daughter sat resting on a bench in the park, under one of the trees on the right of the broad carriage-road, while the two young fellows who had joined them in their walk were seeking for violets on the farther side of the double avenue, as if the fate of a wager depended on their success in finding the small fragrant blossoms.

The young girl, Marie Van den Hengel, felt very happy as she sat watching the violet-gatherers in the glancing

lights and shadows along the avenue. Behind this was a long piece of water, varied by small islands, already shaded by the tender green of spring leafage; many-hued ducks and snowy swans swam lazily in and out between these islands; the trees of the avenue met loftily overhead; in the distance the woods thickened till they formed a red gray mist of swelling buds.

Serene calm lay on everything and provoked laziness, nor was the long slow caw of the rooks a hindrance to this sensation; on the whole, it was not surprising that Mevrouw Van den Hengel fell asleep.

But for her modern costume, this Dutch lady might have come direct out of a picture by Terburg or Gerard Dow; she had the pale delicate skin, the large drooping eyelids, the scanty show of wavy fair hair, which those masters painted; there was also the same sadness about her mouth. She looked peaceful, flavorless, and dull.

Turning from mother to daughter, a contrast was exhibited as striking as that between the creamy wind-flowers under the trees and the bunch of china roses which the girl had fastened to the front of her gown. There was no lack of either flavor or of brilliance in this young maiden, she sparkled like morning dew in sunshine. Her coquettish little gray hat, with its loops of gray ribbon and its white feather, sent a shadow over her eyes, but they gleamed brightly through it, and smiled in answer to her curved red lips, just now parted, and showing

dainty little teeth. Her skin was fine and white, and her soft golden hair made pretty crisp waves at the blue-veined temples and near the delicate pink ears; but Marie's hair was parted in the middle of her forehead, and only showed a few shining tendrils curling like the line of sea foam on a wave.

Marie's gray gown fitted well, and showed just the figure needed to match her face; it was supple, and yet fully rounded, and when she raised her little head to look at the violet-gatherers her throat showed white and round.

She broke into a merry laugh, and the young fellows heard it; they both rose and came toward her from the opposite side of the double avenue.

The tallest and brownest, a dark-eyed man with a thoughtful face, had gathered a large bunch of violets; his companion followed slowly, and seemed ashamed of the tiny bunch of flowers in his hand. He was fair and slender, and his blue eyes looked weak.

"See what has happened to mamma," Marie said mischievously, and they laughed like three children.

Humfried Pak, the tall violet-gatherer, was the son of a wealthy manufacturer; he was well-dressed, and rather handsome.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said in French, "will you count our flowers? You promised that whoever gathered you the biggest bunch should walk home beside you."

Delicate-faced Franz sighed at this. He was a student from Leyden University, and he was now staying at the Hague for rest.

Marie raised her pretty eyebrows and looked appealingly at Mijneer Pak.

"Did I say that?" she asked doubtfully. "Cannot I walk home between you? It is always more amusing to have two companions than only one, is it not, Franz?"

Franz Van Wijnhoff gave her a grateful glance; the little orange-eyed blossoms were already fainting in his hot hands; his face had flushed, while his forehead was pale, and the corners of his collar drooped limply.

Humfried Pak arranged his flowers in a trim nosegay, and presented it to Marie.

She thanked him, and then she turned to Franz Van Wijnhoff.

"Do not trouble to count yours, you look so tired, sit down and rest. I shall not count either nosegay; it shall be as I said, I will walk home between you," she added with a pretty little air of authority, but with so sweet a smile that Heer Pak was mollified. He could not, however, resist saying:

"Then you do not mean a thing when you say it, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, yes, Mijneer, that is what I do mean. Ah! do not frown"—her sweet childish voice matched her smile—"I am going to keep my word, you shall walk beside me, but it cannot hurt you, or undo my promise, if Jonker Franz walks on the other side. We can start now; see, mamma is opening her eyes."

Marie looked as sweet and bright as a ripe cherry, Pak told himself; it was something to have gained the right to walk beside this fair young creature; he had lived long enough in the world to consider himself favored by such a chance. Marie had only just left school, and he knew that so pretty a girl would soon attract plenty of attention at the Hague; he liked to feel that he was on more intimate terms than any of the new admirers who would soon flock round her.

"Dear me," said Mevrouw Van den Hengel drowsily, "I fancy the heat nearly sent me to sleep. I thought you two were going to gather violets." She looked at the young men.

Marie laughed. "You have had a good long nap, dear mother; see, here are violets for you." She gave her mother half of Humfried Pak's offering.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel rose slowly from the bench, and shook the lace of her mantle free from the brown sheaths which had fallen on it during her slumber; then she gazed vacantly up and down the avenue, and finally turned toward the Hague.

"Come!" Marie looked at the space between her and her mother, and then at Humfried Pak.

He felt rebellious, he wanted to walk on the farther side; but Franz Van Wijnhoff had already placed himself there, so they moved on four abreast.

The trees met overhead in grand pointed arches. Presently, when the party turned into a wider avenue that crossed their way, they had a lofty aisle on either side, formed by double rows of trees—in about three places a stately beech-tree stood in the middle of the pathway, as though it had strayed there, mossed and venerable-looking, but powerless to resume its former place. They crossed some lesser avenues, which took, some an upward and some a downward course; the great trees cast broad shadows along the graceful slopes they made, till, as the wood became thicker, the avenues curved away and the eye could no longer follow them.

Marie began to laugh in a pleasant little rippling fashion.

"Mamma," she said saucily, "do you call this amusing? Both these gentlemen said they wished to walk with me, and I have been waiting all these minutes to see which would speak first. Ah! Mijnheer Pak"—she shook her pretty head at him—"it is a good thing I did not walk alone with you; that might have been still more dull—I should not have had even mamma to speak to. Has no one anything to say?"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I am sometimes shy of speaking before others. Shall I tell the truth, and confess that I have been wondering what you were thinking about?"

Marie turned to the student.

"And you, Jonker Franz, what is your excuse for silence?"

The young fellow blushed like a girl.

"I—I was dreaming."

"Now you, mamma, you must also confess."

Mevrouw Van den Hengel was taken aback, but her placid face soon recovered its peaceful expression.

"I was planning a new dish, dear child," she said with a complacent smile.

She had indeed been telling herself that, as her new cook had the reputation for confectionery skill, she should bid her make a conserve of violets; but it seemed ungracious to say before her daughter's admirers that their hard work had only provided material for the stew-pan.

"Are you going to the concert to-night, Madame?" Pak said. "A brilliant company is announced—you will surely go?"

Marie's eyes sparkled.

"Let us go, mamma—I should so enjoy it. Yes, we must go."

"Yes, dear child, you shall enjoy the next. To-night, your father has an engagement; we cannot go alone."

"You will permit me to be your escort," Pak said.

He had a masterful nature, and he did not think a woman could judge for herself, especially so soft and smooth-looking a woman as Marie's mother. When a girl was young and pretty, Humfried Pak was willing to submit to her whims; but when a woman had lost her good looks, and had become sobered down by matrimony, he thought she should go into harness and do the will of others.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel was an obedient wife, but she obeyed the will of one man only.

"Thank you, Mijnheer," she said placidly, "my husband prefers to accompany us to public places."

She was looking forward, and she saw an open carriage, with a good pair of horses, and a smart coachman, coming toward them.

"Ah! here is Jan; I told him to meet us in the Park, to save us the fatigue of walking home. Gentlemen," she bowed, "I thank you for your company. Good-day."

II.

The house of Marie's father, Mijnheer Van den Hengel, was at some distance from Het Bosch; as the big park is called; it lay on the right side of the beautiful avenue-shaded road that leads to Scheveningen.

The pleasant white house stood some way back from the avenue. Behind it was a wood of those fine old trees that seem to watch over the Hague; these cast a cool shadow at each side of the house.

In front of the house was a garden, brilliant to-day with plots of blue and yellow hyacinths and red and white tulips; the garden was bordered by the steep grassed bank of a narrow canal

which divided it from the footway of the avenue. Reaching up from the water's edge to the top of this bank there glowed a golden mass of marsh-marigold blossoms sunning themselves in the warm evening light, which also brought into view the vivid green of their shining leaves. At one corner of the garden a little summer-house turned its back on the canal, and was screened from the observation of wayfarers. The green summer-house had gilded cupolas on each of its eight sides, and a gilded weather-cock on the top of its pointed roof; it was painted red inside, the benches were green, and there were red and green panes of glass in the little pointed windows.

But these last details could hardly be seen, for a cloud of tobacco-smoke filled the interior. Mijneer Van den Hengel laid his pipe on the table, and the vapor gradually rolled away from him in long lazy wreaths; then one saw a middle-aged man of medium height, with a square, sagacious head and face, eyes deeply sunk under heavy gray eyebrows; these were matched in color by his thick, closely cropped hair.

At this moment the perplexed look on his face was wholly out of keeping with his strongly outlined mouth and chin, with the calm penetration of his deep-set eyes; it was also an unusual expression, Mijneer Van den Hengel being far more accustomed to remove the troubles of others than to be puzzled by a trouble of his own; but he had just received a proposal as puzzling as it was unwelcome.

His companion was a short, stout man of about his own age, with a broad olive-hued face, a fish-like mouth, a short hooked nose, and keen dark eyes. As Van den Hengel looked at him, his refined perceptions told him that his good business friend, Jacob Warendorf, would be a very unsuitable husband for his blooming daughter Marie.

"I confess you have taken me by surprise," he said, after a long pause. "Our little girl is so young, and she has so lately left school, that to me she is still only a laughing child. Pardon me, my friend, if I say I should regret to see her so early exchange her light-hearted gayety for the cares of matrimony and housekeeping."

This long speech was not foreign to the habits of Mijneer Van den Hengel, who, being a distinguished member of the Town Council, was well accustomed to display his eloquence in the Binnen Hof; but he had spoken with unusual hesitation, not against his conviction, but because he feared to wound his companion.

Van den Hengel had plenty of time to reflect in, for Mijneer Warendorf went on smoking as calmly as he had done before his friend spoke. The smoke-cloud between them again became dense.

Jacob Warendorf had made up his mind to marry Marie Van den Hengel, and he had prepared himself for this interview, which he had planned some weeks ago. He had on a new suit of clothes for the occasion, and his dark glossy hair had been cut and arranged by the best French *coiffeur* in the Hoogstraat; he wore his most valuable diamond as a breast-pin; he was now asking himself why he, one of the richest men in the Hague, with another house of business at Amsterdam, should be troubled because this doting papa did not wish, at first hearing, to part from his pretty little girl.

One of Warendorf's business axioms was, that if you lay a plan well and leave it to mellow, success is certain. "Tout vient à qui sait attendre." Hurry and impatience should, he thought, in a business matter be kept under restraint; but in this wooing of Marie, Jacob Warendorf discovered in himself a most unusual impatience; his natural astuteness warned him to hurry his courtship; there would soon be, he was sure, rivals for the possession of such a lovely creature.

He believed that the pretty Marie liked him; last Sunday, when he sat beside her at a concert, she had listened to his talk with the sweetest attention, and when they parted she said, "Why do you not come to see my mother, Mijneer?"

He had occasionally seen Marie as she came out of church, and had walked home with her and her mother, and the girl always smiled pleasantly at him. He had had, too, what he called "first chance" with the young beauty.

The day her parents brought her home from her Utrecht school, Warendorf

dorf had travelled in the same railway compartment, and her father had introduced his old friend to Marie.

Her beauty and her fresh liveliness had strongly impressed Jacob, and he soon found that he could not do without this charming young creature; he knew that, from a worldly point of view, he was a most desirable husband, and there could be no reason, he argued, for a delay which might expose his future wife to overtures from less suitable admirers. His town-house was ready to receive a wife, and he had lately bought a seaside villa; he felt sure that this would please Marie. He was also ready—yes, he was more than ready, he was eager—to take possession of so charming a wife.

He took his pipe from his lips, shook the ashes into the little tray before him, and then held the amber mouth-piece balanced between his fat thumb and forefinger: the pipe was a beautiful bit of meerschauum, carved in the form of a mermaid.

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my friend." His rapid assertive tones made a contrast to the gentle voice of Van den Hengel. "My wife," he puffed out his cheeks with the word, "will not have any cares; Mevrouw Warendorf will have all she wants and much more; she will have finer jewels, better dresses, more luxuries, more servants than any lady at the Hague." He counted off each item on his fingers. "She will have every article of furniture or decoration that she desires; she will have carriages, English horses, everything; and I need not tell you, my friend, that she will besides live in a very fine house."

Van den Hengel waved his hand, as though to push away these offers.

"Yes, my friend," he said slowly, "I admit that these are all fine things; but such wealth as yours brings heavy responsibilities, heavier than a smaller income would bring; my dear child is not old enough to undertake such responsibilities."

"Pardon me, my respected friend, I assure you that my wife will never know the meaning of the word responsibility; I have always managed my house and my household, and I shall continue to do so after marriage. Yes,

yes," Jacob went on rapidly, "my wife will have all the enjoyments I can put into her life, and she will be shielded from every vexation, and—and I shall be devoted to her."

He threw back his head and squared his shoulders; he panted a little with excitement; he was really, according to his views, very much in love with this flower-like maiden of seventeen, but he thought that his friend was not sufficiently impressed by the advantages of the generous offer he had made. He looked inquiringly at Van den Hengel.

Marie's father did not know how to answer; then it occurred to him that his wife might help in this dilemma. He said to himself, "Marrying is a woman's business, Sophie will certainly be of some use. She will manage him." Usually he set little store by his Sophie's judgment. He did not want to offend his friend, and he thought his wife would not be willing to part with Marie just as she had begun to enjoy her companionship.

"My good friend," he said, "let us go in and talk to Mevrouw Van den Hengel; a mother understands her daughter better than her father does on such a point as marriage; my wife will frankly tell you what she thinks of your proposal."

Jacob Warendorf rose and made a stiff bow, but he looked extremely grave.

It occurred to the elder man as he also rose that he had been uncourteous. "Let me express to you," he said cordially, "how truly I value this mark of your appreciation, and how much I thank you for the honor you have so kindly wished to confer on us." He bowed as he spoke, and Jacob gave a gracious smile.

"That I am about to confer, you mean, for, my friend, I am resolved to be your son-in-law, now that I understand that you approve my suit."

Jacob Warendorf felt so elated as he followed his host through the garden, that he determined to send an order to Van Laun, the famous florist of Rotterdam, to fill Mijnheer Van den Hengel's garden next September with twice its usual quantity of rare bulbs.

He chuckled. This gift would be

singularly appropriate, he thought ; he was going to rob the home of its choicest flower, and in return it should be enriched with an abundance of spring blossoms. He became absolutely cheerful as he considered this idea.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel was seated at a small round table near one of the windows of her richly furnished drawing-room—furnished exactly as she had found it when she first took possession of it.

Mijnheer Van den Hengel kept a good table, he had excellent wine, and he was very hospitable to a few old and intimate friends ; he also liked to see his wife and daughter fashionably dressed ; but he would have considered it wasteful to permit any change in the furnishing and decoration of his house ; indeed, every article in it looked as bright and spotless as when it left the upholsterer's shop eighteen years before.

The furniture was too elaborate : the cabinets were not only carved, they were also inlaid with many-colored woods ; they had twisted wooden pillars at each corner, and a surprising display of heavy gilt mounts on the drawers.

Large French vases with raised earthenware flowers, the colors of which left much to be desired ; a violent hued Japanese screen, and a smartly trimmed work-table, which jarred with it ; also some too brilliant needlework cushions on the sofa neutralized the effect of two grand old Delft jars on the mantelshelf, and some curious plaques of the same ware on the wall ; the fine native faience being huddled into the background for the display of pink and blue Bohemian glass, which shone glaringly on the marble top of a Louis Quatorze ormolu table.

The small, square looking-glass placed outside Mevrouw's window might have warned her of an approaching visitor, had she not been wholly absorbed in the work over which she sat bending.

She was manufacturing, from dried and dyed Alpine grasses and flowers in a box before her, a gorgeous card, which she meant to be a surprise for her hus-

band's next birthday ; the work was delicate and required skill, and when she heard voices the patient worker started. Her pale face did not, however, betray emotion ; as the gentlemen came in, she quickly let her handkerchief fall over her work of art, and rose to receive them.

When the first greetings had been exchanged, Van den Hengel began to explain his friend's wishes, but he was soon interrupted. Mijnheer Warendorf drew a chair close to that of his hostess, and turned his back on Van den Hengel, thus making himself into a screen between the husband and wife.

"Pardon me, Mevrouw, permit me to explain," he said ; "my good friend here has referred me to you for an answer to a—a most important question. Mevrouw must excuse me, but I alone can explain my wishes."

He rose up quickly, and placed his bulky body before her, for he saw that at his first words she had leaned back in her chair, and had tried to catch her husband's eye. Van den Hengel also rose from his chair, and went to the farthest window, where he stood drumming his fingers against the glass.

"Mevrouw," Jacob said impressively, "I wish for permission to marry your very charming daughter. You have known about me for some years—may I ask whether you object to me as a son-in-law?"

Mevrouw was always deliberate in thought, word, and act, and this direct question bewildered her ; it was so abruptly put, quite wanting, she thought, the conventional courtesy needed by so delicate a subject.

She looked at her visitor, and she saw that he was eager to be answered ; his black eyes were staring at her, with an alarming and hungry expression ; she felt startled as well as puzzled, and she at last decided that the easiest way would be to refer the question to her daughter.

"I can have no objection to you, Monsieur," she said politely ; "but our dear child is very young."

Jacob looked so determined that she felt alarmed. She looked imploringly toward her husband, but he still stood with his back to the room, drumming on the window-pane ; he did not even

look round to see how his wife was getting on, though he was really curious to know whether she would be able to influence this very absolute suitor.

"Pardon me, *Mevrouw*," the determined voice went on, "she is not too young." Jacob stepped back, put his head on one side, and contemplated *Mevrouw Van den Hengel* with interest. "*Mevrouw*, your daughter is as beautiful as an angel, and there is little cause for wonder, seeing whose daughter she is."

A soft tinge, like the reflection of a china-rose petal, showed on the matron's pale cheeks. Jacob gave a slight grunt of satisfaction. "A little oil loosens the tightest stopper," he said to himself.

"Permit me to add, *Mevrouw*, your charming daughter is exactly what I want in a wife. I feel sure that I can make her happy, if you will only permit me to win her."

Mevrouw Van den Hengel had now recovered herself. She again looked at her husband, but he did not turn his head; she was so vexed with him, that she decided to settle this matter without him.

She smiled up into Jacob's dark keen face.

"Certainly, *Mijnheer*. But that permission is all that we have power to give; it is our intention to leave our dear child free to choose as she pleases; *Marie* must decide for herself."

Warendorf bowed, and then stood so upright that his head was bent backward.

"I thank you, *Mevrouw*. I consider, then, that the affair is arranged. Look at me, *Mevrouw*. Have I the appearance of a man who would care to marry a girl against her will? No. *Mevrouw*, I thank Heaven that I am healthy and straight-limbed. I am only forty years old; there is nothing in me to repel affection; there is, I hope, much that may attract it. I never boast, *Mevrouw*, but the girl I elect to marry will be as well endowed as the Queen of Holland herself, and she shall not have a care as big as her little-finger nail."

The mother gave him an approving smile.

"*Mijnheer*," she said politely, "your

proposal is flattering; I will speak to my daughter, and will let you know her decision. As I have said, the matter rests entirely with *Marie*."

III.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel did not try to look younger than she was. She did not bestow much time or thought on her dress, although she was careful to employ a good dressmaker; she also took small pleasure in discussing the foibles and mistakes of her neighbors; she was therefore, as the world goes, justified in reckoning herself as a superior woman.

Still, it must be owned that she was greatly elated by this prospect of a wedding: a wedding would bring such a delightful variety into the quiet of her monotonous existence. It is true that she shrank from the prospect of losing her daughter; and yet, when *Marie* said softly and sweetly, "Yes, *mamma*, I am willing to listen to *Mijnheer Warendorf*," her mother was conscious of a pleasant inward excitement, although her pale eyebrows rose with surprise.

"Well, you will see what you think of him, dear child; you will hear what he says. Afterward you can think it over, and you can decide whether you like him well enough to take him for a husband."

Marie put her head on one side, and looked saucy.

"I did not say I was ready to marry him, did I, *mamma*? Of course I must marry some day or other, and perhaps he would do as well as any one else, if he can give me all I want. I fancy he would be a kind husband, but I must find that out. Oh, it will not be very difficult—I shall find out, you will see, *mamma*!"

Marie's ordinary heedlessness, and her kittenlike playfulness, had not prepared her mother for such a reasonable answer; she bent down and kissed her daughter, for this talk took place when the girl came into her mother's room to say good-night.

In her heart *Marie* was surprised that her mother should so soon propose a husband to her: she had only been at home a few months, and she had looked forward to a pleasant period of

petting and admiration in her own home; she had thought too that her parents would be unwilling to lose her.

"I do not say I will marry Mijneer Warendorf; I must hear his proposal before I can decide," she said with a pretty air of dignity. "He has an ugly name;" she hesitated, "and— and he is not handsome. Good-night, dear mamma, you can tell him to come and see me to-morrow; at all events, it will be amusing. Please let me go, dear, now—I am sleepy."

She ran off, and her mother went to bed, and had broken dreams of her daughter's trousseau and of the wedding feast—rolls of white satin, yards of Brussels lace, flowers, jewels, and confectionery would get mixed up together. She woke at last, crying out in terror to the cook, who seemed to be heaping diamonds instead of pounded almonds into a big spoon for the icing of the wedding-cake.

She told her husband in the morning how Marie had received the proposal, and she saw that he was vexed: he looked sad and disappointed. He read his paper all through breakfast, and only spoke to complain that his tea was weaker than usual. When he left the table he called his wife into the garden.

"There is no need for haste," he said gravely. "Do not send for Warendorf to-day; it is more dignified to wait a little, and—and it is possible that Marie will change her mind."

Madame Van den Hengel felt disappointed, but she was too discreet to let her husband guess at the satisfaction with which she had looked forward to the arrangement of a wedding.

"Very well, dear friend, it shall be as you wish," she said; and Van den Hengel went to the Binnen House, satisfied that he had given his little daughter time for reflection.

He had not, however, calculated on the determination of Jacob Warendorf.

In the afternoon the carriage came to the door, and Mevrouw Van den Hengel sat waiting for Marie to drive with her. The door of the room was thrown open, and in walked Mijneer Warendorf with a delicate orchid flower in his button-hole. He looked singularly pleased with himself; indeed,

it was hard to say whether his new hat or his black eyes shone brightest. He placed his hat carefully on a chair beside him, rested his smooth hands on the big gold knob of his stick, and gazed benignly at his future mother-in-law.

"I have come, Mevrouw," he said briskly, "to pay my respects to Jufvrouw Van den Hengel."

Marie's mother was troubled: while she hesitated, her daughter came into the room. Marie wore a most coquettish little hat covered with flowers; she looked lovely.

She smiled and curtsied to Jacob, and he bowed so low in return that his back looked tempting to vault over.

Marie smiled and seated herself; her admirer imitated her, but he looked grave; he was angry with himself, for he felt nervous.

"Pardon me," he said, "I saw the carriage waiting, so I think you are going out; will you permit me to accompany you, or shall I call again when you return from your drive?"

While he spoke he had turned to the mother, but his eyes never left the daughter's face; he was surprised and charmed by Marie's self-possession.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel knew that her husband would be displeased if she permitted Mijneer Warendorf to drive with her and her daughter before any engagement had taken place, but Marie took the matter into her own small hands. She knew she could drive any day, but she felt sure that an offer of marriage would be a new and amusing experience.

"We can drive later, can we not, mamma?" she said so gently and sweetly that the mother felt there was no other course to pursue. She rang and dismissed the carriage.

Face to face with this lovely smiling creature, Jacob found the position formidable. It occurred to him that she might be smiling in ridicule; he strove for courage, but his face felt stiff, and his fingers clammy; he began to twirl his stick so as to seem at ease.

"The weather is warm for the time of year," he said.

"Yes," Marie answered demurely; she thought this beginning sounded commonplace.

Then he added : " But it is cooler at Scheveningen."

" Perhaps ; we have not been there yet ; it is too soon for sea-bathing."

" Oh yes, it is much too soon," Mevrouw said.

She did not think this way of proceeding correct ; when her husband came courting her, he had, she remembered, addressed his talk to her mother while she sat by and listened in silence. Mijneer Warendorf seemed to ignore her presence, and Marie was certainly too much at her ease.

Jacob kept his eyes fixed on the girl.

He clasped his hand firmly round his gold-knobbed stick. " Juffrouw Marie likes the sea, then ?"

" Yes, indeed, I do. I like it better than anything," said Marie heartily.

" Aha !" He rubbed his hands together, while he kept the knob of the stick between them. " That is right ; I am glad of that. The Juffrouw will then take pleasure in hearing that I have purchased a house at Scheveningen, a charming villa close to the sea. Well, Juffrouw, if it pleases you to do so, we will go over and see my villa, and then, perhaps, Juffrouw and her respected parents will have the goodness to give me the benefit of their suggestions in regard to its decorations and so forth."

Marie's eyes sparkled.

" Do you mean, Mijneer, that this villa is really your own ? Then you can stay at Scheveningen whenever you please ?"

Jacob bowed and smiled ; he thought he saw his way ; his courage was quickly coming back.

" It is my own, Juffrouw."

" Will it not be delightful to go to Scheveningen, mamma ? I love to see the sea."

Marie spoke so joyously that her suitor thought this was a happy moment. He felt in his pocket, and brought out, one after another, two white paper parcels.

He placed the larger parcel on the table before Marie, and begged her to accept a few sugar-plums ; but while she untied the crossing blue ribbons of a painted pink satin *bonbonnière*, Jacob slowly took off the wrappings of the

smaller parcel, and revealed a dark blue velvet casket.

Marie's heart beat quickly with expectation. When in her sweetest manner she had thanked Jacob, she handed the bonbons to her mother ; just then he pressed the spring of the blue casket, and the lid flew open.

The girl saw with breathless excitement a gold bracelet in the form of a snake ; it was thickly studded with diamonds, and they sparkled and sent out rays of many-colored light from the white velvet cushion on which the bracelet lay.

Jacob smiled with satisfaction as he watched the girl. " The Juffrouw approves—that is well," he said in a confident tone.

He held as a matter of faith that no woman could resist diamonds, and the joy he saw in Marie's eyes was not to be mistaken. They seemed to dance as she fixed them on the bracelet, and truly she was bewitched with delight. She had never seen such beautiful stones, and she longed to snatch the shining thing out of the casket and to fit it to her arm.

Her keen-witted suitor read her thoughts.

" My friend," he said to himself, " you have conquered ; your knowledge of the sex is simply miraculous."

" Will the Juffrouw permit me ?" He took the bracelet from its case.

Marie was too impatient to consider the meaning of her action ; she pushed up her sleeve and held out her pretty dimpled arm to Jacob.

He bent over it while he slipped on the bracelet. Having done this, he kept the small hand imprisoned in his own, while he pretended to admire the fit of the bracelet.

" It fits well," he said ; " it looks proud of its place." Then he whispered, " Am I as happy as the bracelet, Juffrouw Marie ? Am I also accepted ?" His dark face was very near hers, and Marie drew back with a sudden feeling of shyness.

" Is the bracelet really for me ?" she said. " I can never thank you enough, Mijneer." Then, as she met his inquiring eyes : " I have not seen you often enough to answer such a ques-

tion." She looked down with a little shy blush.

Jacob laughed; he pressed her hand and let it go.

"I take that for consent," he said briskly, "and I thank you heartily. I am always the same—if you like me once, you will always like me. I promise to make your life as happy as the day is long. You like diamonds: well then, Mademoiselle, you shall have as many diamonds as you can wish for. To-morrow I will order a necklace to match the bracelet, and, if you please, we will strike this bargain. You shall make it your business to find out all you wish for, and it shall be my chief pleasure to gratify your wishes. Eh? What do you say?"

Marie had recovered herself; she thought this wooing was far more rapid and masterful than she expected. But his promises sounded very pleasant; he was certainly stouter and older than was necessary, and Jacob was a horrid name. However, she supposed that she could not have everything she wished for in a husband.

"You are very kind," she said gratefully, and when he took her hand and kissed it she did not draw it away.

Jacob sighed with satisfaction. He walked across to Mevrouw Van den Hengel, who had discreetly withdrawn to the farther side of the room.

"Well, Mevrouw," he said, "it is all right; the Juffrouw Marie and I understand one another; when will it suit you to go to Scheveningen? Next Sunday, perhaps?"

The poor woman felt bewildered. Jacob's masterful and singular proceedings seemed to her entirely unorthodox, and she had been asking herself, with some anxiety, how her husband would receive the news that matters had gone so far.

"My husband must decide that, Mijnheer," she said with grave dignity; "he may be engaged on Sunday, and we cannot go without him. We will let you know whether we can go on Sunday."

Jacob bowed, and kissed Mevrouw's hand. "A thousand thanks, dear lady." And then he went back to Marie. Bending over her, he began to

praise her beauty, till the girl blushed under his compliments.

"Please, hush," she said in her pretty spoiled way; "if you say so many pleasant things at once, you will make me vain; too much sugar is not wholesome, you know."

The saucy child said this with a charming smile. Jacob took her hand, and kissed it again.

"Sweet girl," he said, "it is not possible to spoil you."

He took leave of Mevrouw Van den Hengel and departed; he would willingly have stayed another hour with his enchantress, but he thought that just at first it might be wiser not to give her too much of his society.

IV.

The sea came rolling up in long slow curves, that fell heavily on the stretch of gray sands and sent forward brisk showers of spray.

There was sunshine on the sands and in the pale blue sky, but over the sea a tender gray mist drew the sight on to infinite space. The vast indistinctness seemed limitless; not even a bird flew across the sands, nor was there a far-off sail to withdraw thought from the weird fascination of this sweet mysterious veil.

This was what Franz Van Wijnhoff the poet thought as he gazed across the broad stretch of sea, and wondered how much longer it would be before Marie reached the sands.

Marie and her companions had, however, arrived at Scheveningen. Her father pleaded fatigue, and remained on the terrace above the sands, with his pipe and a book. His wife would gladly have stayed beside him, but Marie begged to go down to the sea and watch the waves rolling in.

Mevrouw began to walk down the steep descent, and plunge deeply into the loose sand. At Scheveningen the way to the sea is uphill, over the steep ridges of sand-hills which serve to keep the little bathing-place from being once again swallowed up by the water; the descent to the sands is very long and steep.

Jacob had given his arm to Marie Van den Hengel, and was helping her

down the steep sandbank. Left alone, Mevrouw soon found herself sinking. The soft dry sand had filled her boots, and as she floundered about, trying to extricate herself, she heard a familiar voice, and a helping hand firmly grasped hers. Mijnheer Pak had observed her plight and had come to the rescue.

"Good-day, Madame: this is too much for you," he said, laughing. "We must find the track."

He led her a few steps aside to the track down which Jacob had guided his beloved.

"Thank you, thank you, Heer Pak," the poor woman gasped; and when she reached the firm sands below, she shook hands cordially with her deliverer and with Franz, who stood waiting for them.

"My daughter and Mijnheer Warendorf are in front," she said. "Shall I present you to him?"

The young men bowed, and when they came up with the lovers there was a formal ceremony of introduction.

Mevrouw Van den Hengel saw that Jacob looked coldly at the new-comers, but she was vexed with him for leaving her in the lurch while he hurried on with Marie; she therefore felt a secret pleasure in inviting both Pak and van Wijnhoff to join the party.

Marie looked delighted.

"It is so nice of you to come," she said to Humfried Pak. "Is it not good of them, mother? I only said to Mijnheer Pak, 'Perhaps we shall be on the sands,' and, you see, here they both are."

Jacob had been watching her keenly while she spoke. Now he turned to the sea.

"You wish to look at the waves, Juffrouw? Come, then."

He walked on. The decision of his voice had such power over her that she followed him for a few steps; then she stopped and looked back.

"Come, come, Mamma," she cried; "we will not leave you behind again; let us all keep together."

She did not see how her *fiancé* frowned at this proposal. The fresh sea-breeze, the happy meeting with her two friends, and, it may be, the lavish flattery poured into her ears by her be-

trothed during the drive from the Hague, had fairly intoxicated the bright young maiden; Marie felt as gay as a bird, and as mischievous as a kitten.

There were not any other visitors on the broad sands, and for a time they were alone as they walked five abreast.

Franz still gazed out seaward at the mysterious mist, here and there prismatic; but his companions did not even notice its weird beauty.

Marie's mother was already tired, and while she was speaking to Jacob she lagged behind. Politeness obliged him to wait beside her till she had ended her sentence.

Marie saw this, and she looked up at Humfried Pak.

"I want to say a word to you." She quickened her pace as she spoke, and the young fellow took Warendorf's place beside her.

"I want to know," she went on, "why you and Franz are both so formal and silent? You, especially, Mijnheer, are not the same person you were the other day in the Park. Have I done anything to vex you?"

She looked reproachful, and Pak felt puzzled: even had Marie Van den Hengel been free, he had no idea of proposing for her. He admired her very much, and he wished to keep her friendship; but he was in no hurry to marry, and Marie was not the sort of girl to whom a long engagement could be proposed. At the same time, he had been greatly annoyed to learn that she was to be thrown away on "old Warendorf."

"Well, yes," he answered thoughtfully, "I suppose it is always vexing to lose a dear friend. A little bird has whispered me that Juffrouw Marie will not be Juffrouw much longer."

He looked keenly at her. She blushed and laughed.

"Is that all?" she said gayly. "I see that you are a monopolist, Monsieur; the other day you wanted to keep me all to yourself, and now you cannot find pleasure in talking to me because I also talk to Mijnheer Warendorf."

She looked saucily at the young fellow and shook her pretty head. "I fancy," she went on, "you used to keep your cake in a box when you were

a schoolboy. Did you ever give any one else a slice? No, I do not think you did. I am not like that; I do not mean to shut my friendship up in a box; you are wrong even to fancy such a thing. Whatever happens to me, I shall always expect you and Jonker Franz to come and see me—very often too."

Franz had been following them, and now, as she looked round at him, he came beside her. Both he and Pak thanked her warmly, and wished her happiness; but they had now left her mother and Jacob some way behind, and Pak felt amused as he wondered how the *fiancé* would consider Marie's behavior. He felt that in such a position he should have been offended and sulky."

The fishermen and their families had now come down to the sands, and they kept on meeting the tall stalwart men and their wives, who looked as weather-beaten and rugged as their husbands. Their heads gleamed in the sunshine, which was reflected from a variety of golden spiral ornaments projecting like glittering horns beside their eyes, while beneath their lace caps were broad bands of shining metal; they all wore dark, very full, woollen gowns, frequently black, and their black-stockinged feet and white wooden shoes sank deeply into the sand with every stride they made.

A plump little maid in a bunchy woollen skirt, with a straight blue pinafore and a white skull cap, ran up to Marie, and stuffed her chubby fingers into Marie's small hands.

"Which of these two jonkers is your bachelor, eh, my beauty?" The child pointed first to Pak and then to Franz, with a saucy smile that showed her white teeth almost from ear to ear.

Marie laughed as she tried to free her hand from the strong stumpy grasp.

"I will not let you go till you tell me, Juffrouw." The child's blue eyes danced with mischief.

Franz pulled out a quarter gulden and held it out to the little maid.

"You are rough, my child," he said rebukingly. "Loose the lady, and I will give you this."

The child's blue eyes glistened

greedily; her fat fingers snatched at the coin, and set Marie free.

Marie felt surprised—she had not credited Franz with so much readiness.

But Jacob's patience was exhausted; he left Madame alone and came bustling up to the three friends.

"Pardon me, Juffrouw," he said politely, "I was very sorry to desert you, but your mother could not be left to take care of herself—no, on no account."

The girl looked over her shoulder. "Poor dear mother!" she said, and then she smiled at Humfried Pak. "Please go and take care of Mamma, Mijnheer Pak. We will walk very slowly, and you will soon overtake us. It is so much more amusing to be all together. Do you not think so?" she said to Jacob.

She did not, however, wait for his answer.

"Stay with us," she whispered to Franz, as Pak went back to her mother. "I will not forgive you if you leave me now."

Jacob felt wrathful. His *fiancée* went on talking to Franz, and he could hardly get in a word.

At last he broke in abruptly.

"I wish to show you my house, Juffrouw."

The girl gave him a grateful smile; her eyes shone with glee, and her full pouting lips were as red as cherries.

Jacob was vexed, but he was very much in love with her.

"How nice of you!" she said.

"We shall all like to see it—shall we not, Franz?"

Franz bowed, but Warendorf's face at once clouded over.

"Pardon me," he said politely, "but my house is as yet scarcely fit to show to strangers; it—it is not furnished. But I wish *you*, Juffrouw, to see it. We will go and find your father. I wish him to be of the party."

Marie raised her pretty eyebrows. "There is no hurry, I fancy; the house will not run away," she said, laughing. "It is so nice here on the sands. Ah! here you are, mother dear; is it not delightful here? Shall we sit on the warm sands and watch the sea? That will rest you."

"It is too damp for your mother," Jacob murmured; but Marie had already seated herself, and poor, tired Mevrouw Van den Hengel was only too glad to follow her daughter's example. The girl looked invitingly at Jacob, and then at the space between her and her mother; she then patted the sand on her left, and Pak lost no time in accepting her invitation. He began to enjoy this little comedy; he talked as fast as he could; he made jokes, told good stories, while Jacob became more and more moody. He turned at last to Mevrouw Van den Hengel.

"Mevrouw," he said solemnly, "if you wish to see my house, we must go and find your husband, for I have to dine this evening with the Burgomaster."

Mevrouw looked anxiously at him.

"Yes, Mijnheer," she said soothingly, "we will go back at once to Scheveningen." Then, turning to Pak, she added: "I am no longer as active as I used to be, and I will ask you to take my hand, if you please; and you also, Franz, must be good enough to help me to rise."

The careful mother hoped by this device to leave the engaged couple together; but Marie saw that Jacob was displeased with her, and she resolved not to be parted from the others. She felt sure that if she trusted herself alone with her *fiancée* he would lecture her. So when he said in a peremptory tone, "Come, Juffrouw Van den Hengel, shall we start?" the girl stood firm as a rock, till her mother was on her legs again; and the irate lover found himself compelled to walk once more abreast with the others.

V.

On his way back to the Hague, Jacob was depressed. He was more and more in love with his charming *fiancée*, but he felt that he had been weak. Yet, after all, she was only a school-girl, spoiled by a foolish mother. A little teaching and a firm hand over her would soon make her perfect.

He dined with the Burgomaster; was silent and thoughtful through the evening, but he ate a very good dinner.

By bed-time he had recovered himself.

"The wisest of mankind make mistakes," he thought; "even Solomon did. I will set this straight to-morrow; I will go and see the sweet child, and I will give her gently to understand this sort of behavior cannot be repeated. She must not flirt with others. She will submit, for she has plenty of good sense. She was as nice as possible while I showed her the house. Yes, yes, she has plenty of sense, and she is very sweet; I shall make it all right."

He looked at himself approvingly in a huge mirror, and then he went to bed.

Marie's mother had pondered deeply over the girl's behavior on the sands. She had not reproved her child; she shrank from disturbing the perfect harmony that existed between them. But next day she said she wished to drive in the morning, and to stay in all the afternoon. Marie felt guilty, and she was therefore extra docile; but she had determined to avoid Mijnheer Warendorf's visit, and she saw that her mother expected him to call. It would be so much better, the girl thought, to give him time to forget her naughtiness before she saw him again. She quietly determined to go and see a neighbor, and she was leaving the room when her mother asked her to hold the skein of embroidery silk she was winding. The skein became more and more tangled, and just as the pretty clock in its musical fashion struck three Mijnheer Warendorf was announced.

He was very genial and pleasant; he was anxious to hear that the ladies were not tired. Then he began to tell them of a concert to be given next day at the Botanic Gardens, and he placed tickets for this concert on the table beside Marie.

"Thank you so much," the girl said.

Jacob turned to her mother, and pompously cleared his throat.

"Mevrouw, you will, I am sure, permit me to have a few minutes' private conversation with your daughter."

While the mother hesitated Jacob rose: going to the door, he held it open, and bowed.

Mevrouw was too polite to keep her guest standing. She looked at her embroidery silk, sighed, and put down

the half-wound skein. Then she went away, and Jacob closed the door on her.

Marie felt half amused and half frightened.

"Mijnheer," she said sweetly, "please come and hold this skein for me; it is hard on poor mamma to send her away in the midst of her silk-winding."

She smiled and held the silk out to him.

Jacob shook his head and remained standing; it would be doubtless a pleasant employment, he thought, but the touch of those little fingers might weaken his purpose, and he was determined to regain the dignity of which he considered he had yesterday been robbed.

He again cleared his throat with a loud scraping.

"I beg your pardon, Juffrouw Marie, but I have something to tell you."

Marie's heart beat quickly, but her face was calm.

"Have you? Then I hope it is a nice something," she said gayly. "But why did you send poor mamma away? She likes nice things as much as I do." She looked up at him with an arch smile.

The roguish dimple near her mouth softened Jacob. He said to himself, "Little angel! I must not be too hard on her."

"First, I have to tell you that on my way here I called at the jeweller's. He says the *rivière* of brilliants will be ready in a week; it is really superb. The jeweller tells me the three central stones are as fine as any in Europe. I rejoice that my wife will possess them."

Jacob paused and looked at Marie.

"That is nice," she said; "I am sure mamma will like to hear that."

He placed himself beside her, and tried to take one of her small pink hands; but she kept both her hands in the skein of silk.

"Ah! take care, Monsieur!" she cried. "If you fray it ever so little it will be spoiled, and that will grieve poor mamma."

Jacob looked grave.

"I must ask you to listen seriously, Marie. When two persons are going to marry they should try to agree, and

when there is a difference of opinion they should try to meet half-way, should they not, dear child?"

"I do not understand."

"Then I will speak more plainly. You see those concert tickets, dear child. There are three—one for you, the others for your respected parents. I wish this to be our party. We four will sit together; we do not want any strangers."

Marie looked curiously at him. She had certainly a tempting little face. Her nose was so saucy, her blue eyes so bright and full of glow, the red pouting lips looked so sweet, that Jacob longed to kiss them. She was, he thought, like some exquisite fruit; and, as she leaned back in her chair, the curves of her figure showed to perfection. He told himself he was much to be envied in the happiness that lay before him.

"Strangers!" she said softly. "Oh, no, I agree with Mijnheer, I do not like strangers."

"What a docile darling it is! So innocent too! She does not even guess my meaning!" Then he said aloud: "You reassure me, my sweet child; you are so very lovely that people will always admire you; but you understand that a husband naturally prefers that adorers should be kept at a distance."

Marie raised her eyebrows till a crease showed in her white forehead; the skein of silk fell into her lap.

"Eh! Mijnheer, you cannot be in earnest." She sat up stiffly and looked questioningly at him. Then she smiled, and shook her head. "No, I see you are joking. A good husband always likes to see his wife admired; it is a compliment to his own tastes, you know."

Jacob, staring at her, pushed out his lower lip. Then he rose and stuffed both hands deeply into his pockets; he suddenly remembered he had said he would meet her half-way.

"Well, well," he said, smiling, "no one can look at you unmoved; you must be admired wherever you go. It is the penalty attached to beauty, I suppose, and it cannot be helped. Now, about this concert, dear child." He smiled down at her. "We will keep

absolutely to ourselves to-morrow, eh?—absolutely. You understand, now?"

This was in answer to a bright pink flush which he saw rising on the girl's soft cheeks, a flush which spread rapidly to the little ears and the delicate temples. He saw, too, that the smile had faded out of her eyes, and that her lips were pressed together in a most unusual manner.

"I am sorry, Monsieur," she said, "but I cannot agree with you about this; I cannot promise; I like variety, and it might be a little monotonous if I can only speak to my father and mother, and to you, all through the concert."

Jacob stood dumb. He had received a shock; but he made no outward sign.

He soon rallied, however, and began to speak with his usual importance.

"My dear child, I must ask you to reflect. I am never dull; you must see for yourself that I am amusing enough for any one. When you are my wife, sweetest"—he gave her a confiding smile—"you and I shall be excellent company."

Marie had become impatient. Mijnheer Warendorf seemed to consider her a silly child who must be taught everything. She turned on him like a provoked kitten.

"Ah! but that is something I can never agree with. Two is not good company; it takes three—perhaps four—to get up a merry laugh, and thoroughly to enjoy things. When we are married I must have my friends whenever I wish for them. Oh, yes, indeed I must, or I shall grow dull, perhaps cross. I shall not be the same Marie I am now."

Jacob was surprised and mortified, but he still hoped to bring her to reason. He bent over her, and took both her hands in his.

"You must not wrong me, dear child. Your home will not be a prison, nor shall I be your jailer. No, sweet one. Have I not promised to fulfil all your wishes? You have not shown me your friends, dear child. They are doubtless some of your schoolfellows; but, however youthful they may be, I promise you they shall also be my friends."

He pressed her hand tenderly, and

then let go the soft little fingers. Marie smiled, and her dimples showed again.

"Ah! I knew you would be reasonable." She looked archly into his eyes. "Listen, I am going to tell you a secret."

Jacob quivered with delight as he bent one large ear toward her.

"I do not care for girl friends. They do not amuse me; they seem spiteful and jealous. Jonker Wijnhoff has been my friend ever since I was eight years old; he and I learned to dance together, and now he shares his own friends with me. Is he not generous?"

She looked at Jacob. He was staring at her as if his eyes were starting from his head.

"Yes," she went on in a graver tone, "men friends are nicest. Did you not like them yesterday? Those are the friends who always amuse me; I tell them everything."

It is not possible to paint in words the changes that showed on his face; it is still less possible to follow in their rapid course the emotions her words had roused in him.

She was so adorably pretty as she leaned back and looked up at him with an air of candor and innocence that bewitched him! At first he had felt ready to kiss her in punishment of her audacity. Now he remained silent; he was dumb with wonder.

"Eh, then, Mijnheer," she said at last, "you do not answer, so I take it for granted you do like them, and—the concert will amuse me ever so much more if they both join our party. You said I was to tell you all my wishes, and these two gentlemen are not strangers to any of us."

Jacob had left off smiling; his eyes were fixed on her in a steady stare that brought a quick blush to her cheeks.

"Do you mean me to understand, Juffrouw," he said slowly, "that when you are my wife you will expect me to receive the visits of these—these friends of yours, as if they were my friends too?"

"That is what I do mean, Mijnheer." But she looked nervous; her gayety had fled.

"You will perhaps wish to see them often?" he said dryly.

"Certainly." Marie began to think

he was rude. She wished her mother would come back.

"Well, then," he said gently, for he thought she was afraid of him, "you have spoken plainly, and I also must speak plainly, dear child. You ask for a privilege which no right-minded man would consent to allow you. Thunder and lightning, on no account. When a man marries, he wants his wife for himself; he does not propose to share her confidence and her friendship with other men—no, indeed, Juffrouw Marie, he could not."

His wounded tone moved her. After all, she had some liking for Warendorf; she saw that he admired her, and she was still willing to marry him if he would let her do as she liked; but she began to doubt whether he would prove to be the indulgent husband she required.

She sat pinching her fingers, and looking at the tangled silk in her lap.

"I cannot understand it," she said at last, and he saw tears in her pretty blue eyes. "You said you were ready to like my girl friends for my sake; now it seems to me there is quite as much harm in your being friends with them as for poor little me to have men friends."

Jacob smiled grimly. He put his head on one side, and looked extremely like a vulture.

"She is clever, the little darling," he said to himself. "Yes, yes, she is clever; and for that very reason it is necessary to be entirely sure of her before I put the ring on her finger. Patience, friend Jacob, patience! You will manage her by-and-by; she will give up her will for those diamonds."

"Dear child"—he smiled pleasantly—"let us make a bargain. I do not ask you to give up the acquaintance of these two young men, as you say you like them; but for the present I wish to have you to myself, excepting of course the necessary society of your respected parents. After our marriage—"

He had become so pompous, he seemed to swell in his effort to impress her, and Marie recovered her spirits, and began to laugh.

"Well," she interrupted, "what is to happen after our marriage?"

Jacob frowned.

"She is very charming," he thought, "but she is disrespectful." He went on gravely: "After our marriage, I give you leave to invite your two young friends when we entertain a large number of persons on formal occasions. You understand—to formal parties only. I do not wish you to receive them as though they were intimate friends. It is better to begin as we mean to go on, dear friend; I know my Marie thinks so. It will not suit me to see these gentlemen frequently at my house."

He breathed freely; he had made a large concession to this spoiled child, and he considered that this should end the discussion.

He started; he could not believe his ears. Marie was laughing heartily—so heartily that at first she could not speak. She seemed to be enjoying the discomfiture visible in his reddening face.

"Pardon me," she said at last, "I am so sorry to laugh, for I do not wish to vex you. You said, you know, that you would meet me half-way. Well, then, this is my proposal: I cannot give up my friends. I must see them as often as I please; but I promise that *you* shall not be troubled with them: they shall come and see me in your absence."

Jacob glared at her; he felt choked with anger. Then he suddenly turned away and placed himself at the window; Marie waited and waited, but the silence continued.

"He is obstinate," she thought, "and he has a temper. I told mother I would find it out."

Jacob spoke at last over his shoulder:

"Is that your last word, Mademoiselle? You are, then, determined to please yourself and your friends, no matter what your husband wishes?"

"I cannot give up my friends, Monsieur," she said softly. "I have known them a long time; I like them; they are kind to me, and they amuse me."

Jacob did not look round.

"You are not just," he said. "I perceive I do not count as one of your friends."

Marie shrugged her shoulders, and tapped the floor impatiently with her foot.

"You are so hard," she said.

He turned and looked at her.

"I wish to deal fairly by you, and to keep my word. You seemed to like that seaside villa. Well, do you prefer to give it up, and the fine town house, and the carriages, and the diamonds, your position as my wife, and all the other things which would be yours—I say nothing about myself, for the reason I have already given?"

Marie had grown pale; she had not been so solemnly questioned since the pastor prepared her for confirmation. She asked herself how she could give up those diamonds, and that pretty villa, from which she could have sea-bathing whenever she wished for it. Besides, he had promised her an English carriage—a Victoria. No one of her mother's acquaintance had a Victoria.

"But why need I give them up?"

He stole a swift glance at her, but he did not move from the window.

"You need not. Dear child, you have only to accept my conditions about those—those young men, and I am ready to forget that this discussion has occurred. It is for you to choose; I will abide by your decision."

Marie covered her eyes with her hands. She did not want Jacob to see the tears that would come at the thought of giving up her bracelet—and that splendid *rivière* of brilliants even now making for her at the jeweller's. Could she give up these things?

After all, she did not care much for Humfried Pak. She liked to feel that he admired her; that was all. It was different about Franz. She cared for his opinion, and she could tell all her thoughts to Franz as she felt she could never tell them to Mijnheer Warendorf.

Jacob was careful not to disturb her; he thought this deliberation was hopeful, and he took heart when he noted the creases in her forehead.

Just then Marie looked up. Jacob's

profile was turned toward her, and the dark greedy face made her shiver: he was frowning heavily, and it seemed to her that he had changed. This was a new and stern Mijnheer Warendorf.

For the first time Marie realized the full meaning of her marriage. She saw herself compelled to live alone with this stubborn man, who even now was so obstinate; and the dulness of such a future terrified her. She felt that she should be like an imprisoned bird in the jewelled cage he offered her. She might—it seemed to her she should—end by hating him.

All unconsciously, she had not been battling only for the sake even of Franz, although her loyalty had urged her to plead for her friends; now that she had to choose, to decide her future life in a sentence, Marie saw the truth; she had struggled for freedom, and for the sympathy that belonged to her youth.

"Mijnheer Warendorf"—her voice was rather unsteady—"I am sorry we cannot agree, for I think you wish to be just—and kind; I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am going to send you back your diamonds."

She rose from her seat, and made him a low courtesy; then she held her head erect and moved to the door. She secretly dreaded the anger of her *ex-fiancé*.

Jacob stepped forward and bowed. He was still frowning, and Marie thought he looked perfectly ugly. His voice, too, sounded extra harsh as he said:

"Do not trouble yourself about my disappointment, Juffrouw Van den Hengel. I believe I am to be congratulated on your decision; you have shown me what you really are. When I elect to take a wife, I feel that I am at least worthy of her undivided attention, and I certainly intend to keep her for myself. I have the honor to bid you adieu, Juffrouw Van den Hengel."—*Leisure Hour*.

PAYING IN PERSON.

A FAR-EASTERN REMINISCENCE.

THE capacity for "seeing a joke" has been given in vastly different measure to the races of mankind, but the primitive or practical joke is common to all, and Easterns have a childish delight in it. The "Arabian Nights" are full of the pranks of Asiatic Peregrine Pickles, most of which could be rendered into English only by Swift, Burton, or Sir Thomas Urquhart; the popular tales of India, Arabia, and Persia often hinge on practical jokes; and some of the grimmest of "Grand Turks" and "Sophys of Persia" have condescended to play them; while the Emperor Jahangir, *teste* Sir Thomas Roe, had such agreeable fancies in this way, that a wine-party, with the "Conqueror of the World" in the chair, was something like a social evening with a humorous tiger. The Chinese sense of humor, also, is, like Mr. Quilp's, more practical than pleasant, and is most keenly excited by the amenities of Chinese justice in action. But one oriental race, to wit, the Malay, no more understands the practical joke than a cobra appreciates having his tail trodden on, and of this fact there is a reminder before me.

It is a spear-head, long, narrow, and keenly jagged of edge, with a foot of splintered shaft attached, the blade stained and rusted, and the bunch of hair at its socket stiff and clotted together. As I look at it, I seem to feel again the reeking, steamy heat of Samatra, and see the vivid green of the tobacco-fields, with the great gray roofs of the drying-sheds rising among them, and the hats of the Chinese coolies moving among the plants. Four Europeans were we: Donovan, the manager, who had abandoned, for some not very well-defined reason, the nautical profession for the agricultural, and three "assistants," or overseers, myself, a Dutchman, and a Dane. We ruled over some two hundred "foul paynims," mostly Chinese, with some Javanese and Tamils; and, amid mud and malaria, the men of color wrought with hoe and billhook, and lived lives of in-

finite dirt, moral and physical, and ate much stick, and died of fever and things ending in -itis and -asis; while the Europeans drank too much Pilsener and gin and bitters, and forgot that morals or Sundays existed; all to the much profit of certain Hebrews dwelling in Amsterdam.

One evening I had returned from my afternoon round to my abode, a two-roomed cabin of "atap," or palm-leaf matting. I had supped on beer, biscuits, and a fowl which outwardly resembled a bull-frog in reduced circumstances, and filling a pipe with strong Malay tobacco I stepped out on the apology for a veranda.

It wanted about half an hour of sunset, but the lofty wall of jungle that hemmed the fields in cast its shadow over them, and a damp mist was rising. The grunting and piping of frogs innumerable filled the air, and a choral society of gibbons was screaming and hooting a "symphony" or "motive" from a distant tree-top. To the west, a black cloud-bank was swiftly rising, puffing out white "cauliflower heads" against the pale blue sky; and, as I looked, it was seamed for an instant by a golden wire, and a dull boom gave warning of drenched fields and drowned tobacco. In five minutes half the sky was overcast, and I stepped out on to the road intending to get across to the manager's house before it broke. I generally spent my evenings there, for he sometimes got English papers; and even to drink beer and listen to his intellectual conversation, while his Javanese "housekeeper" squeezed "The Wearing of the Green" out of a gasping accordian, was better than solitude tempered by mosquitoes.

At that instant a voice at my elbow inquired: "Is this Tanna Busuk estate?" Turning round, I was aware of three men, who had come round the angle of the road, where my house stood. Two of them were Javanese, in cotton "sarongs" of backgammon-board pattern, and carried respectively a bag and a portmanteau. He who had

spoken was a European, a fair-complexioned young fellow of two-and-twenty. He was clad in white, after the fashion of the country, that is to say, in garments that had been white that day; but his legs, though long ones, were so encased in mud that he seemed to be wearing jackboots, and his jacket was bespattered with the same, while a thick incrustation covered the front of his pith helmet.

Who he was I did not know, but what he was I knew at once. English of the professional class, father a doctor, solicitor, or parson; the sort of young man whose portrait appears regularly in the illustrated papers, during our wars and expeditions, as Lieutenant Brownjones, aged twenty-five (and looking sixteen), killed in some attempt to take a hostile tribe prisoners with a corporal's guard. I like this sort of young man for his honesty, his courage, and his personal cleanliness, but it is his open and receptive mind that endears him to the hospitable colonist skilled in the removal of fleeces.

"No," I replied, "this is Schweinhundsburg. Tanna Busuk is three miles further, and you can't possibly get there to-night. Look there!" and I pointed to the end of the fields. The jungle had disappeared, and in its place was a gray veil. The next instant a tall tree in the background faded away, and a hissing, rushing sound came across to us. A vivid steely blue flash shot down and flickered across, with a sharp crackle ending in a ringing metallic bang that made the ground tremble under our feet. "Run," I said, and helter-skelter we dashed across to the manager's house, the cold gust that runs before a "Sumatra" rushing round us. Scarcely had we ascended the steps when the advancing cataract was on us. It roared down on the "atap" roof, and poured off the eaves in solid sheets, which were swept into the house by the wind, deluging everything. One of the chicks, or blinds of split bamboo, was torn away, and flying inward, knocked Donovan backward over a long chair, and enveloped him in its folds. The lightning blazed incessantly, blue, green, and orange, with a continuous roar of thunder, and, now and then, with the stunning

report and sulphurous smell which tells that, but for a trifle of conductivity somewhere, you never would have heard anything again in this world.

But in half an hour the storm passed over, and went rumbling away into the Straits of Malacca. Then the visitor, being clothed and fed, explained his position. His name was George Milner, and he was a new chum, or, as we were wont to call them, "a sinkhey," which is the Chinese equivalent. He had, it appeared, come out to the Straits Settlements on the invitation of an uncle who was something official at Singapore in the Harbor department. At that time the Deli tobacco industry was at high-water mark, and the dividends that rolled in upon the shareholders of the tobacco companies, especially the great Dutch corporations, were fabulous—fifty, sixty, and seventy-five per cent. But the business was by no means conducted on profit-sharing lines. Even a manager's place, except on a very large estate, was not a particularly well-paid one; and an assistant worked seven days in the week for eighty dollars a month, equivalent to about a hundred pounds a year in England, and led a life which combined the disadvantages of savage and civilized existence pretty equally. Our young friend's uncle, however, who had obtained him the place on Tanna Busuk estate, did not know of, or had not communicated these facts to him. "Awfly rum place to travel in," he remarked. "Don't know how ever I'd have got here if it wasn't that all the Dutch Johnnies seem to know English, but they weren't over polite, and some of them look half niggers. I stopped last night at an estate—I forget the name, but it's English—and the manager's name's Barton, and he was awfly kind, and sent those two Johnnies in the petticoats to carry my things and show the way. I'd learnt a lot of phrases out of a book, but then that's not much good when you can't catch a word they say, and they walked about a mile an hour. But the worst of it was, they turned off the road all of a sudden, saying, 'Machan,' or something like that, and went right into the jungle. I believe, 'pon my word, they lost themselves, for we wan-

dered about on the beastliest mud, up to your knees, for hours and hours, till we came on your road here."

"'Machan' is 'tiger,'" I said. "They saw some tracks on the road, I suppose. It's a wonder you ever got out of that jungle, for they knew no more about it than you did."

"D'you often shoot tigers here?" inquired Milner.

"No fear," replied Donovan. "We've no time for anything but tobacco, and you might be months in the jungle and never see one unless he wanted to see you first, though there's any amount about. There was one last week about, for one of our best bullocks was found on the grass, turned nearly inside out. See who that is, will you, Tucker?"

A party of men carrying flaring, smoky dammar torches had halted in front of the house. They numbered five or six Malays, armed with their parangs, or chopping knives, having in custody two Chinamen bound with rattan, ugliness and discomfort incarnate, and looking as apprehensive as the structure of the Chinese face will allow.

"Who are they?" inquired Milner.

"Runaways," I said. "Those fellows get five dollars a head for bringing them back, and they generally wish they had stayed."

They certainly did so in the present instance, for Donovan was a man of wrath, and the two strayed sheep were old offenders. As soon, therefore, as he had identified them and paid over the reward, he seized a wooden bucket and broke it over one Chinaman's head, after which he destroyed, by collision with their persons, two walking-sticks, one hoe handle, and a piece of a packing-case, which, he afterward said, he did not know had nails in it. Then they were secured by handcuffing round the posts supporting the house, and left to reflection and mosquitoes. The Malays, who had looked on with a slightly bored air, as if spectators of some performance which had lost its novelty and which they only attended out of politeness, took their way home; and Donovan, quite exhausted, came upstairs, and finished two bottles of beer in five minutes.

"Is this the regular way to serve these poor Johnnies?" inquired Milner of me.

"It varies," I said, "on different estates. I can't say that I entirely approve of the boss's method myself. It is wanting in repose and dignity, and cripples the coolie too much, considering how shorthanded we are. They are human beings after all, and cannot be replaced under thirty or forty dollars each, delivered free on board. One consolation is they're precious tough, like the 'werry old turkey' of history."

"By Jove, they need be!" said he. "Aren't you afraid of their murdering you all?"

"Devil a bit," said Donovan; "they're used to a deal worse than sticks in their own country, and they don't care a farthing for each other; any Chinaman will skin any other Chinaman alive for ten dollars. But if they think they're being cheated about the value of the tobacco, or anything, they're dangerous enough then; and that's what you'll have to look out for at Tanna Busuk, for that Thelluson, the manager, is as big a rascal as ever came from Java, and that's, saying something. He's always trying it on with them, and gets the blame put on the assistants."

With such like conversation, combining amusement with instruction, we entertained our guest till Donovan fell asleep in the middle of an anecdote about what happened when he was captain of a steamer going to Jeddah with pilgrims. He had never before figured in a higher rank than second officer, so I knew that he was not likely to awake much before morning, and took my leave.

Next morning I was attending to my duties as administrator of physic, when Milner came up to say good-by. Not, by the way, that I knew much about the healing art, but we had rather a large assortment of drugs, most of which I had tested empirically, and put aside those whose use I found inconsistent with retaining the patient on the muster-roll of the estate. Milner, who looked a trifle depressed, was rather aghast when I said that this would form part of his duties, and eyed the dozen or so of pathological

specimens present with no particular sympathy. Then he went his way, and for some weeks we saw no more of him.

Tanna Busuk was a larger estate than ours, and belonged to a Dutch company which owned five or six more scattered about the country, the company having come late into the field, and being obliged to get land where they could. Just at this time relations between us were rather strained, each estate accusing the other of enticing away its coolies, and the respective managers had come almost to blows on the last occasion of meeting. Thelluson, the manager of Tanna Busuk, was a Dane or Swede; but he had been long resident in Java, and there were some doubts as to his real name, for, truth to say, the Deli tobacco district was then a sort of Alsatia, where government was in a primitive state; and there were those among us who, unless rumor lied about them, had come there to avoid throat complaints. He was a tall and rather stout man, a trifle knockkneed and shambling in his gait, fair in complexion, with that unpleasant bleached kind of fairness called leucophlegmatic, but not bad-looking, save that his pale blue eyes were too close to his long straight nose. I had never liked the man, though, on the few occasions when we had met, he was civil enough. There is an untranslatable Hampshire phrase which always seemed to me to fit him exactly, "A yaping, shammocking gally bagger."

However, he was a good manager, and "knew tobacco," as the saying was, as well as any man. But, as Donovan had said, he was a rogue in grain, and could no more resist the chance of playing a shabby trick on the coolies, or any one else, than a drunkard can resist liquor; though sometimes he would, if detected in time, try to pass it off as what he called a "choke." But, as will be seen, the "choke" at last met with an unappreciative audience.

Milner, however, despite the hostility of the respective governments, paid us a visit as often as he could, and each time expressed more strongly his disgust for the occupation.

"It's simply awful work, y' know," he said. "Not a minute to yourself the whole week through, and, by Jove, you feel as if you were taking a Turkish bath all day. What beastly wretches those Chinamen are! Don't think I'll ever touch a cigar again. The other Johnnies are no good to a fellow; they don't seem to know anything but cards and gin, and only one speaks English."

"How do you like the boss?" I asked.

"Oh, well, he seems all right," replied Milner. "From what you fellows said, I expected him to try and steal my watch the first time he saw me. His wife doesn't seem a bad sort of little woman; sent me over a lot of things when I had fever last week."

Mrs. T—, thus alluded to, was a Dutchwoman, of a family long settled in Java, and, like many of her compatriots, had a considerable dash of the tar-brush. She was a dumpy, olive-complexioned young woman, who generally dressed in Javanese native style, good-natured and amiable, but almost uneducated and passing her time either in the kitchen concocting Java dishes or in ministering to the wants of a small and limp but most vociferous infant Thelluson. She had brought her husband, however, a round sum in guilders, and he was not the sort of man to be exacting in other respects.

The time passed on, and the tobacco on our estate was nearly ready to cut, when one day I found Milner had come over in a high state of indignation.

"Can't stand this sort of thing, you know," he was saying to Donovan. "Look here at this bill from the Keday" (a sort of general store kept by a Chinaman on an estate). "It's more than my pay for the month, and I'll swear I never had half the things. The bill's been mounting up bigger every time, and I can't get any satisfaction out of Thelluson. He says I ought to know my own accounts."

"Of course you can't," said Donovan. "Why, the beggar keeps that store himself, and it's him you've been buying of. The Chinaman's only a dummy."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" inquired Milner.

"Where'd have been the good?" replied Donovan coolly. "You can't prove it, and if he didn't do you that way he would in some other. I knew from the first you'd never be able to stop there, but you couldn't go back to your uncle in Singapore without any reason but my saying so. Now you've got one, and if you like to stay on there for another month you'll have some more."

"Is there any use trying to get on another estate?" asked Milner.

"Not much," said Donovan. "The English ones, what there are, are full up, and the most of the foreigners here are more or less like your friend, though he's an extra bad specimen."

Milner went away with the expressed intention of having it out with the "boss," and I expected a farewell visit from him very shortly.

The following morning, while at breakfast, my attention was attracted by a buzz of voices coming from the direction of the Chinese store, a hundred yards away. At first I took no notice, but the noise increasing, and the voices clearly betokening anger, I got up to inquire. Just as I did so, hurried steps were heard, and a Chinese "tandil," or ganger, came stumping in, exclaiming, in "pigeon" Malay, "Sir, come quick; the Allas men want to kill the Keday man."

Now these were a tribe of independent—very independent—semi-savages from the mountains of the interior, who used to come down to the tobacco country to build the huge drying-sheds at some two hundred dollars per shed, the estate finding materials. As an estate would have from twenty to thirty of these, each as large as a parish church, which had to be renewed every two years, the demand for this sort of labor was great, and all sorts of strange people from the interior engaged in it. These Allas had a very bad reputation for ferocity and treachery, but, though they had built most of the sheds at Schweinhundsburg, they had given us no trouble, though their appearance was certainly not in their favor. When I arrived on the scene there was a crowd of coolies before the store, at a respectful distance from the door, around which clustered the Allas men, lean, wiry,

yellow-brown men, in blue cotton "sarongs" or petticoats and colored handkerchiefs twisted in their horse-tail hair. As ugly and savage-looking a set they were as one would care to meet, numbering about a dozen men, armed with daggers and short swords, while three or four had formidable spears. They were talking excitedly among themselves, and gazing at the door as if expecting a signal. Altogether, the outlook was far from pleasant, but, luckily, most of them had worked for us, and knew me well enough. They made way more readily than I expected, and I entered. The space behind the counter of these places is barred off like a cage, in which the proprietor was chattering and gesticulating like a scalded monkey. The head man of the party, whose name was Merjan, a murderous-looking individual, with heavy silver rings on his dirty hands, wild animal eyes, and a huge shapeless mouth stained dark red with "betel," stood in front, in a towering rage, shaking a piece of paper at the Chinaman with one hand, while clutching with the other the hilt of a long curved sabre, which stuck out behind him like a tail.

"This man wanchee cheat, sar," screeched the Chinaman in what he supposed to be English. "He say, s'pose I no take that paper, give hundred fifty dollar, must cuttee head. What good that, sar?"

"That," on inspection, proved to be simply a gaudy ornamental paper design, from a biscuit tin of Huntley and Palmer, bearing the inscription "Pic Nic."

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"From the manager at Tanna Busuk," replied Merjan. "We have built sheds for him, and yesterday he gave us this, and said it was money of the Dutch Government for one hundred and fifty dollars. This Chinese pig says, 'It is only good for—' something I did not catch. I had hard work to convince them, but, luckily, a precisely similar box was found, which furnished indisputable evidence. It was passed round, and compared among the men, who crowded in, filling the stifling little place with a fine bouquet de bête féroce. Then the leader stuffed

the fraudulent document into his betel pouch, and they filed down the road, in the direction of Tanna Busuk, still discussing, until they turned off and disappeared in the jungle.

I was a good deal perplexed as to what to do, though I did not anticipate more than Thelluson's having to hand over the dollars in considerable haste. But I was practically in charge of the estate, for Donovan had gone into the jungle surveying, Burkhart was gone to Nyamok, the port of the district, to bring up a box of dollars, and Nieleen was down with fever, and unable even to speak. If the Allas meant mischief, they would get through the jungle quicker than any European, and no man on the estate would go any further than just out of sight on such an errand. Moreover, at that instant up came the Chinese head tandil, with the dismal announcement that the main drain of the estate was blocked somewhere in the jungle, and the water was rising fast. This meant, in case of a storm, the destruction of half the tobacco and a coolie mutiny. I hastily collected a dozen Tamil laborers, who were kept for this kind of work, and started for the drain, with the reflection that, if Thelluson liked to try defrauding these people, he was quite aware of their reputation; and Milner, I knew, lived at the far end of the estate, a mile and a half from the manager's house.

Now this drain was a deep, wide ditch, cut through the jungle in a serpentine track, to a swamp two miles distant. So thick was the growth of bush and creeper, spiky palm, and fish-hook-armed ratan, and trees of every dimension, from a coach-whip to a lighthouse, that the easiest mode of progression was to take to the ditch itself, and wade waist deep in the warm yellow evil-smelling water, bottomed with sticky clay, and populous with leeches. When we got to the obstruction, after an hour's struggle, we found the sides of the ditch broken down, filling it up for many yards, and the broken trees and trampled bushes, as well as the deep circular pits in the clay, showed the work of a herd of vagrant elephants.

The men set to work with their

heavy hoes, and I found a convenient log to sit on, promising them half a tumbler of gin each if the drain were clear in two hours. In the hot green gloom of the wood the hoes chipped and splashed, the men muttered an inharmonious Tamil chant, the mosquitoes droned, and the cicadas screamed like miniature sawmills. Two hours passed, the dam was nearly gone, and the water was on the move. Ten minutes more would do the work. Then, suddenly the morning's events flashed across me, for, strangely enough, I had hardly given a thought to them: "What's been doing at Tanna Busuk?" I thought, and at that very instant a prolonged yell of demoniacal laughter burst out overhead. It was only a great hornbill calling his mate, but it was so like an evil omen that I was unpleasantly affected. The men were shouldering their tools to depart, when suddenly they stopped and listened. "People coming, sir," said the headman, and as he spoke came the rustle of leaves and the rapid pad, pad of feet coming along the elephant track. An instant more, and the party of hillmen, led by Merjan, emerged from the jungle. At a quick half trot, half run, like men pursued, they plunged into and scrambled out of the ditch, and took their way onward without taking the smallest notice of myself or the coolies. Several of them carried bundles of something, and Merjan, whose head was bound with a bloody handkerchief, had a small but seemingly heavy basket. At once we turned, and splashed and stumbled homeward, but half-way there met us a breathless Javanese, Donovan's "boy," who thrust into my hand a paper inscribed, "Come on at once. All Europeans murdered by natives at Tanna Busuk."

The news had only just arrived by a Chinese fugitive who was too frightened to give any intelligible account, but he had communicated it first to the coolies, who were in such a state of alarm that they could hardly be kept from running off to the jungle, and my intelligence only added to the panic, for they imagined that the enemy had cut off their retreat. Knowing that all danger was over, I volunteered to find out what had happened, for Donovan had

all he could do to prevent a general stampede.

Taking with me a couple of Javanese I started at my best pace along the road to Tanna Busuk, which led by the river bank, and through a large Malay "campong" or village. As we hurried past the little palm-thatch houses hidden among banana groves, the scent of nutmeg and mangosteen mingling with that of stale salt fish, we met the "Datu" or Squire, who, for a wonder, was up and about. This dignitary was a lean and withered old gentleman in silk jacket and sarong, stiff with gold embroidery, but he had been something of a warrior, not to say pirate, in his day. In ten minutes after he had heard the news a score of men armed with spear and chopper had been collected, and we pressed on, the Datu, sabre in hand, leading the way at a surprising pace.

Arrived at the border of the fields, the Datu bade his "tail" halt while he and I went forward to reconnoitre. But no one was in sight, and the manager's house, a substantial building of wood, painted white, stood unharmed about a quarter of a mile distant. We entered a coolie house, but it was empty, though the raffle of tins, boxes, and bundles was there, and the joss sticks still smoked before the paper deity. Summoning up our followers we advanced to the house, and as we neared it two Chinamen were seen to run out at the back and scurry into the jungle.

"Stealing, Tuan," remarked the Datu. "When the ship is wrecked, the fish get full bellies."

The house was of the usual type, raised eight or ten feet from the ground on posts, the space underneath being partly filled by godowns, or store-rooms. A flight of steps like a broad ladder led up to the veranda, where the tables and chairs were upset, and a cat wandered among them, mewing lamentably. But, on the ground below, was a dark red patch of blood, which had run over the edge of the veranda, and the Malays looked significantly at each other.

The Datu and I ascended the steps, and our eyes fell at once on a crimson and white heap on the floor under a

long cane chair capsized over it. A pith helmet, nearly cut in half, and a broken spear lay in the red streak that ran across the floor. We lifted up the chair, but it was not Thelluson who lay there; it was Milner.

The Malays crowded in, and we searched the rooms, finding all in disorder, but no sign of the other inmates. In the principal bedroom, however, was a square opening in the floor leading by a wooden stair to the bath-room below. A man descended it and instantly called: "Datu, here are the woman and the child; their heads are cut off."

"Allah!" exclaimed the Datu, looking down, "what vile kafirs are these jungle men! May it so happen to all their mothers! Look, Tuan!"

But I did not look, having regard to my sleep. We returned to the veranda, and the body of the unfortunate assistant was brought in and laid on one of the beds. As we did so, to our astonishment he groaned and slightly moved. A bottle of brandy, dropped by one of the thieving Chinese, lay near. I knocked the neck off and succeeded in getting some down his throat. On examination we found him to be wounded in no less than thirteen places, but by some miraculous chance not one was in a vital part. He had eight spear thrusts in the arms and legs, one which had run outside the ribs, and one under the right collar-bone; a deep cut on the right forearm, one right across the face, and one, the worst of all, on the top of the head. I found the medical stores, and bandaged him up, as well as I knew how, being not inexperienced in coolie surgery; but the Datu shook his head, and opined that a Malay might recover, but that white men had "too hot flesh," wherein he spoke truly as regards most Europeans in the tropics. But where was the man whose folly had brought all this about? The coolies had not yet ventured out of hiding, but the Chinese cook was found, raising doleful outcries over his box, which had been robbed of his savings, probably by the men we had seen escaping. "I heard a great shouting," he said, "and the Tuan (Thelluson) came down the back stair with a gun and ran away to the jungle. Then I

was frightened, and hid myself in the tobacco, and heard people scream like pigs. They took all my money, fifty dollars. Will the Tuan make it good?"

At this moment we were considerably startled by the crack, crack of rifle-shots, and an ominous twanging overhead. Rushing out, I beheld a party of men at the edge of the jungle, about a quarter of a mile away, some of whom were Europeans by their dress. I frantically waved a sheet from the veranda, whereupon they broke into a run, and in a very few minutes arrived, after a headlong charge through ditches and growing tobacco. One of the other assistants, happening to be on pony back when he heard of the attack, had at once ridden off, as hard as he could go, to Nyamok, to inform the Controleur, and here, accordingly, was that official, a little man in an immense white helmet, which gave him the look of being newly hatched and carrying the shell on his head. He had with him a dozen or so of soldiers, half of whom were natives and half those mysterious, nondescript Europeans who serve in the Dutch forces, and look so utterly woebegone and ashamed of their uniform, themselves, and each other. It appeared that they had taken the Malays for the enemy, and if they had had any notion of aim, there would have been a serious addition to the butcher's bill. Luckily a German doctor happened to be at hand, and had accompanied them. He attended to poor Milner, and pronounced his case dangerous from loss of blood, but not hopeless. But no tidings could be got of Thelluson.

To make the story short, Milner was taken, as soon as he could be moved, to the hospital at Medan, and eventually recovered, though he had hard work to pull through. His account did not throw very much light on the

matter. He had brought up to the manager's house some report or statistics, and, while talking to him in the veranda, the Allas men suddenly rushed up the steps. He remembered knocking down one of them with a chair, and feeling, in his own words, "something awfully cold in my side and the top of my head cave in," and "the subsequent proceedings interested me no more." But the strangest part of the matter was that nothing was ever heard or seen of Thelluson again. A large reward was offered by the company, and the Malays searched, or said that they searched, the jungle in every direction. He could not possibly have left the country, for there were only two ports by which to do so, and every one there knew him by sight; besides which no vessels had left since the occurrence. Some thought it a case of suicide, others of some prowling tiger, but the jungle kept its secret. When I say that he was never seen again, I refer to Europeans, for the Chinese eye sees things invisible to the Fankwei, and in a very short time the "Hantus," or evil spirits of Thelluson, his wife, and child began to patrol the estate, declining to be "laid" by any amount of crackers, and all who met them straightway fell sick and died. It was found impossible to get coolies to work on that part of the estate or even to serve at the house, and the new manager had to pull it down and rebuild it elsewhere. But Tanna Busuk and Schweinhundsburg too, thanks to over-production and the American tariff, have shared the fate of many more estates.

The tiger, the orang-utan, and the argus pheasant have come to their own again, and, if the Thelluson "revenant" still haunts the scene of his ill-timed practical joke, they are the only spectators.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF DEMOCRACY.

BY WILLIAM HAMMOND ROBINSON.

I.

THAT the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is become the Kingdom of Demos, is the burden of modern political prophecy : and verily, not one token is wanting, of all the infallible signs enumerated by the father of political science, as the marks of a State in which the masses are supreme.

For personal liberty, according to Aristotle, is the primary principle of a democratical polity ; every citizen lives according to his own pleasure ; and there is extreme license among women and children. And arithmetical equality is Aristotle's second criterion of democracy ; all the citizens are eligible to all the offices of state ; the judges, the executive officers, and the members of the legislative assembly, are all paid ; while to make this possible, and to prevent the masses from being sunk in extreme poverty, legislation frequently takes the form of confiscation of the property of the rich. Moreover, since the masses are supreme, since the will of the majority is final, since the Commons are superior even to the laws, it follows that the final authority is vested in the legislative assembly ; and the result is a blurring of the lines marking off the three departments of state, the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judicial Body ; which blurring of the lines by Aristotle is declared to be the third sure sign of popular government.

And the very same three notes of democracy strike a dominant triad on the political key-board of modern England. Personal liberty—the first key-note—and more especially the liberty which consists in the license of women and in the freedom of children from control, is a distinguishing feature of to-day. Concerning children Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote so far back as the year 1852 :—

“ I am convinced there is no class of children, so generally brought up (at home at least), without discipline, that is without habits of respect, exact obedience, and self-control, as the children

of the lower middle class in this country.”

And those who daily come in contact with the children of the middle class are convinced that these words are as true in 1895 as ever they were in 1852 ; and affirm further, that the laxity of discipline, which aforetime was characteristic especially of the children of the lower middle class, is now equally characteristic of the children of the upper middle class. No doubt, the establishment of Board schools, with the consequent intercourse under the shadow of their walls, of children of all sorts, has been mainly instrumental in bringing about this extension of license, while the undermining of the respect for authority has been accelerated, to say the least of it, by the exclusion from the sphere of influence of the parish priest or other minister of religion, of two-fifths of the children who are being educated under the Act of 1870. And as to women, the civil and political disabilities under which they long labored have been removed, so that women now share with men an equal opportunity of circumstance. Only, that which in the “ Politics ” is styled license of women is now translated the Emancipation of a Sex. Equality is Aristotle's second key-note. And side by side with the movement for the emancipation of women from the unnatural inequalities of the sex, there has grown up an effectual determination to minimize the social and political inequalities, which are the result of the natural inequality of men ; and to bring about as close an approximation as is possible to the arithmetical equality of all. While there is no reason to doubt, after the increase of the death duties, that the necessary money will be provided at the expense of the rich. Moreover, the blurring of the lines, which is Aristotle's third key-note, is as evident in the political system of modern England as in the political system of an ancient democracy. The functions of the Legislature overlap the functions of the Judges.

The officers of the Executive trench upon the prerogatives of the officers of the Law Courts; and the greatest usurpation of all is the usurpation by the Legislature of the authority of the Executive.

So then, Demos is King. And it is to no limited kingship that he has succeeded. The extensions of the franchise in 1867 and 1884 are the outward signs of the changes that have taken place in the theory of the State. The extension of 1867 was a leap in the dark. But the premises upon which the modern Radicals of 1884 based their demands were Liberty and Equality. Their most eloquent plea was this, "two millions of your fellow-men are knocking at the door of the constitution." The right to admission was based not on merit, not on property, but on numbers. Furthermore, this matter of Representation is itself a conspicuous way-mark in the journey toward democracy. When representation means the choice of a member to think, decide, and act, on behalf of, and instead of his constituents, then it is an efficient check upon the power of the people. And representation was once very important, in the days when no debates and no division lists were published. But now it is at the best a clumsy device, for the representative is fast being merged in the delegate, and is becoming the mere mouthpiece of the majority of his constituency. Speeches in Parliament are no longer meant to convince the other members. They are meant to instruct and win the public, and are not so important as the stumping speeches. There is, too, an increasing tendency to threaten Parliament with the people, which, when representation was real, was regarded as most unconstitutional. That these changes have taken place is in large measure due to the Electric Telegraph and to the daily Press. The advice of Carlyle, "Make the *Times* newspaper the National Palaver," has been followed. And as Lord Iddesleigh put it, "There is now a second Chamber in the streets."

-II.

There is little doubt that Demos will inaugurate his reign by laying a sacri-

legious hand upon the ark of the Constitution. There are constitutional changes which have long been imperatively necessary, but which have been postponed until the advent of Demos; for it has been the habit of the Conservative Party to see only the Constitution which is the model and envy of all mankind; while the practice of the Liberal Party is to be content with second readings and resolutions. No doubt, there is a feeling of tenderness for the forms of the House of Commons, coupled with an instinctive feeling that beneath those forms the wisdom of generations lies hid, which has hitherto restrained the members from breaking with tradition. The House was ten years in making up its mind to cope adequately with the grossest obstruction. But a beginning having once been made further changes must follow as a natural sequence. Question time is the opportunity of every frivolous and vexatious person. In the American system questions are answered on paper, and in England one step in the right direction has been taken. It remains for Demos to take the second step. The Committee stage of a Bill is the opportunity of the obstructive; and even responsible leaders of the Opposition do not hesitate to avow their intention of voting for any amendment that promises to maim an obnoxious measure. As a remedy against this state of things, Sir Henry Maine suggested a cabinet of executive Ministers, and J. S. Mill a legislative committee, whose Bills might not be mutilated in Committee of the whole House; and that some such compromise is possible is certain, inasmuch as the Redistribution Bill was first prepared by departmental officials of great ability, and was then passed through both Houses of Parliament with amazing despatch. Moreover, the simpler issues of foreign policy ought to be made more public, and Demos will do well to follow in the road marked out by Lord Salisbury when the sanction of the House of Commons was asked to the cession of Heligoland.

But the chief care of Demos must be his children. A society, if it is to possess stability, must take care that the children of the community are trained,

by habit and by education, in the spirit of the polity. Now the spirit of democracy is a spirit of freedom and equality, and it should seem therefore that the lessons to be learned in childhood are lessons in equality and liberty, the child being taught that he is free to live as he may choose and that he is the equal of all. But herein lurks an error. The liberty, which is one half of the desire of the true democrat, is the liberty to do right, and the equality, which is the other half, is the equality of opportunity; for his aim is to grant to every man the opportunity to mature the faculties he possesses, and the opportunity to use those faculties in the service of the State. And however desirable for the adult absolute freedom and absolute equality may be, there can be no question that to be under discipline is for the highest good of the child, it being well for children to be brought up in habits of obedience, of temperance, and of restraint. And the outlook is hopeful, inasmuch as the rule of Demos is seen to mean, not *laissez faire*, not anarchy, but socialism, regimentation, or whatever term is preferred, to suggest that organization of society in which the whole life of the individual is brought within the purview of the State. The State has already undertaken the education of its children, and has already interfered to shorten the hours of labor of its children; and since the natural order in England is through the voluntary society to the State department, there is no reason why the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should not become a department of State and the honorary director the responsible Minister. But the corollary of such a step is this: If society has regard to the safety, welfare, and happiness of its child, society thereby wins the right to control and curb the waywardness of its child. In New York children are forbidden to smoke in any public place. There is much to be said for refusing to permit children to witness the performance of the society play. And surely nothing but good could result if the State were to make it impossible for mere boys to frequent the resorts of the strange woman. It might even be well if the

children's charter were supplemented by a children's curfew.

Moreover, it is high time that the Education Act of 1870 was revised and supplemented. The Act was an experiment, and the experience of its working during a quarter of a century has furnished sufficient material for supplementary legislation. For one thing there is a woeful waste of educational resources. There are Church schools and Board schools, Endowed schools and Technical schools, Evening Continuation schools and University Extension classes. It is time, too, that an Intermediate Act was passed, and that the education imparted in the Endowed schools and small Grammar schools was systematized and co-ordinated with the existing education of the elementary schools. Furthermore, this last requires emendation also, for it does not furnish the scholar with an ample equipment for the work of life. The three R's, together with history, geography, French, algebra, and shorthand, do not constitute a sufficient mental outfit. Technical instruction and natural science should be part of the education of all. And every boy ought to be taught a trade. At present, the early age at which children leave school makes a complete education impossible, and the official remedy that has been prescribed is almost worse than the disease. The remedy is the Evening Continuation school; but by the testimony of scholars, teachers, and parents, the Evening Continuation school is a place where little work is done: a meeting-place for boys and girls, and a cause of extra labor to the police, whose duty it is to separate the sexes when the scholars are dismissed.

The State would do well also to exercise control over the books which its children read. The lending departments of the free libraries cater chiefly for the young, who read fiction; and neither a surfeit of Miss Braddon nor yet a course of Sarah Grand is a good thing for children in their teens. Besides, there is another evil. The worst matter procurable in the libraries is harmless compared with literature that can be had of any news agent for a penny. It was the aim of the emancipators of the school of John Bright to

remove those restrictions which hampered the circulation of a cheap, a free, and a good press. There is in these words a tacit assumption that the literature which is cheap and free must also be good. But unfortunately that which is cheap is very frequently nasty. Assuredly, in the desire for equality, in the passion for liberty, and in the demand for freedom, the children have been forgotten. Let Demos awake and see to it that the State undertakes the censorship of his children.

And before all things it is necessary that Demos bind up the wounds that have been dealt in the civil war between Church and Dissent. As a preliminary he will have to decide whether or no he shall give an official recognition to religion, by the establishment of a National Church. Two things at least seem certain: The one, that he will disestablish the English Church; the other, that disestablishment will be accompanied by disendowment. For the English Church can no longer boast herself to be the Church of the Nation. No doubt, in theory, all men are reckoned her children who have not definitely repudiated their allegiance. But of these a very large proportion are quite out of harmony with her system. The Church is not in possession, being the official formula for whole districts in London: while there are besides the very numerous Nonconformists, who dislike the superior privileges of the Established Church; and even Churchmen may be found to advocate the separation of Church from State. Now, since disestablishment is not likely to come about except to the accompaniment of disendowment, to effect such a separation would be to hand over to the benevolence of the faithful the maintenance of religion. And this would be a surprising departure: for in all other departments of State latter-day legislation has been founded upon the failure of the voluntary system. To take education alone, it was owing to the inadequacy of the Church schools that the State in 1870 undertook the elementary education of its children; and at the present time the pioneers of university extension, of technical instruction, and of higher education, are pleading for State aid as

an absolute necessity in any successful system. All of which is a tacit admission that the fruits of the voluntary system are not such as to generally recommend it; so that it will be passing strange if it is only in the highest education of all that this outworn system is suffered to survive. It is for this reason mainly that the best teachers in the English Church dread disestablishment. They say the voluntary system means religion for those who can pay.

But disestablishment notwithstanding, the question for Demos will still be this: Has the day foreseen by the founder of the Christian religion, "the day when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall men worship"—has this day yet dawned upon England, and can Englishmen afford to dispense with the assembling of themselves together at special times and in special places? Nor does it appear that Demos has any deep distrust of the idea of a Church. So far indeed is this from being the case, that one of the latest developments of the labor movement has been the organization of a labor Church. Consequently a concurrent endowment of the churches has been suggested as a remedy against the evils of voluntarism. But the solution is an impossible one. In the first place the Nonconformists will not hear of it. And secondly, the disestablishment of the State Church, together with the endowment of at least seven missionary organizations, would mean the perpetuation of the present unedifying spectacle of separate societies, having a common aim, yet hindering and overlapping one another, to the waste of their resources, to the loss of unity and to the aggravation of party spirit. Demos, at any rate, may be trusted not to spend his money in subsidizing rival churches. In truth there is only one way, and that is to widen the basis of the English Church. Reunion and reorganization must precede re-endowment. But if reunion is to come about, there must be no iron rigidity in modes of worship or in forms of thought. A national Church, all of whose members think alike and pray alike, is impossible except under compulsion, and compulsion has been tried and found wanting, from the

days of the Reformation even until now. For the principle of the Reformation was not that men should think thus and thus, but that men should think. And the Church of England, if she is ever again to be the national Church, must include many modes of worship and divers forms of thought. Verily, it is high time that the impossibility of securing a definite standard of doctrine, by means of Creeds and Articles, was recognized. That the English Church has been unable to secure such a uniform standard, even though a subscription test is imposed upon her ministers, is notorious. There is room in her communion for Canon Knox-Little and for Archdeacon Farrar. While, on the other hand, a bright example can be adduced to show that a body of knowledge may be preserved in its integrity even though no restraints are placed upon those into whose charge it is committed. There is not one professor of physical science whose tenure of a Chair depends upon the conclusions at which he may arrive; and yet the scientific faith has hitherto been kept whole and undefiled.

And there are other questions to which Demos, and only Demos, can supply the answer. Such are, the question of the hours of adult labor, the question of the position of labor in the partnership between Labor and Capital; and the question of the duty of the State towards the Submerged Tenth. They are questions which have been neglected by aristocratic and by middle-class governments; questions in which the welfare of the whole nation is involved; questions, moreover, which Demos is competent to solve. And in answering them he will have regard to his own interests. It was for this very reason that the franchise was extended in 1884, in order that two million capable citizens might secure their own best interests. Now there is a self-regard which is good, but there is also a selfishness which is bad. And selfishness, manifested in the form of class legislation, has hitherto been the bane of every type of government in England. The statute of laborers was passed by a legislature of employers; the ascendancy of land-

owners in the legislature has prevented the imposition of taxes on land; the laws against the combinations of workmen to raise wages were the work of a house of masters; while the bitterest opposition to the Factory Acts came from the millowners. The opportunity to remove the reproach of selfishness has been given to Demos, and as Bishop Moorhouse has well said, "Misery must have a better aim than vengeance." But, besides selfishness, there are other temptations which will inevitably beset the steps of Demos. The sins of democracies are manifest, and they are these—judicial iniquity; legalized confiscation; intemperate demagoguery; slovenly administration; ignorant, unstable, and depraved tyranny of multitudes. And they which do such things are not worthy to inherit the kingdoms of the earth. The seven deadly sins Demos may easily shun; but, at best, he can but be an erring and a straying king. And what of this? Has it not been the prerogative of every government and of every political school to make mistakes, from the days when the mercantile system inspired every interference of government with trade, until the days when the gospel of *laissez faire* was so ardently preached by the philosophers of the Radical school. Nor will Demos be exempt from error. But in any case, it is better for a people to think amiss than not to think at all; better for a people to make mistakes than to stand idle; better for a people to be free than to be free from error. Demos can at least secure twenty years of cheerful and hopeful blundering.

III.

One great hope for the future is to be looked for in the continuation of that accommodation to new conditions which has hitherto been the distinguishing mark of the Constitution. As in the past new conditions have invariably brought into play the corresponding corrective checks, so in the future it is to be expected that a similar adaptability will be manifest. Besides, three strong checks upon the power of the Sovereign already exist, and they will not cease to operate because Demos has the sovereign power.

The first of these controlling forces is the system of Local Government ; and that local self-government does effectually restrain the stretched-out arm of Demos is evident from his desire to centralize all authority. But the acme of centralization seems now to have been reached. And in recent legislation the swing of the pendulum is once again in the direction of the ancient Saxon polity of self-governing communities. Truly, it is not without a cause that the wide extension of the principle of local government has coincided with the advent to power of Demos. The second check is the permanent official system. The dust and din of parties is responsible for obscuring the plain fact, that the greater part of the actual work of government is done by the permanent officials ; is done in pretty much the same fashion, no matter to what party in the State the temporary heads of departments may belong, and is quite unaffected by a change of Government. For example, after a sudden change of Government, the new Minister will introduce the Estimates that had been prepared by his predecessor with the help of the permanent staff. The permanent secretary is at least as great a personage as the parliamentary head, and he must and does exercise a commanding influence over his temporary chief, whose tenure of office depends upon the mere whim of the electors. And in proportion as the Minister is unversed in technical knowledge, and unskilled in affairs, the official suggestions will be likely to prevail. At the worst, and should Demos scoff, the permanent staff has always in its power the last resort of resignation ; and such resignation would entail the very heaviest responsibility upon the Cabinet Minister. But the check which will impose the most effectual restraint upon Demos is the official opposition. It is devoutly to be desired that history may again repeat itself, and that the break-up of parties, synchronizing with the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, may result in the formation once more of two great parties in the State, the one to govern, the other to oppose. If such is to be the case, the Liberal Party must be transformed into a Democratic

Party ; and as Demos is to take his turn at the wheel, the opposition must come from a Conservative Party. Just now there is no Conservative Party. There is instead a party whose watchword is opportunism. As it was in the days of Mr. Disraeli, so it is now, the Conservative Party is still an organized hypocrisy. In 1867 the Franchise Bill was designed to dish the Whigs, and in 1891 the Free Education Act was an electioneering manoeuvre, inspired by Mr. Chamberlain, and unpopular with the Tories. Tory Democracy was once a popular catchword, and was eventually defined to be a democracy which supports the Tory party. But too often it has meant instead a Tory party which supports democracy. What is wanted is a Tory party which shall not hanker overmuch after the flesh-pots of the Treasury Bench ; a Tory party which shall scorn to outbid its opponents ; a Tory party which shall be content to look forward to long-continued exile from office. In the past men have submitted to such exile rather than recant their political beliefs. And to-day there must be in the country those who look with disfavor upon government by numbers ; those who fear that the high hopes of the Democrats are doomed to disappointment ; those who, realizing that national life and progress depend, in the main, on something other than political forms, neither dread the advent of Demos, nor yet are prepared to stimulate the national will. And of such men ought that party to be composed whose task will be to keep watch and ward over Demos. No doubt at times the party would succeed to office, for it seldom happens that they who make the best reformers make also the best administrators. It may even be true, as some prophets have asserted, that in the long run Democracy is not a reforming agency. And if the time should ever be when the waters of Democracy are become a stagnant pool, then will be the opportunity of the Tory party. But the present is the opportunity of Democracy.

And there is great hope for Demos. Indeed, he would do well to ponder the Scriptural injunction to beware when all men speak well of you, for the uni-

versal witness is, that during fifty years Demos has advanced with long and rapid strides, in conduct, in prudence, in self-control, in obedience to law, in wisdom, in knowledge, and in understanding. Both morally and intellectually he is equal to his task. The saying is attributed to Burke, that when the people had a feeling they were commonly in the right, although they sometimes mistook the physician. And it is because Demos is alive to his own needs, and because Demos is able to voice his own grievances, that to him may safely be entrusted the task of calling in his own physician. He is also above corruption. Three times in thirty years has Demos been tempted with a bribe. Three times has Demos returned the bribe. Household Suffrage was the first, the gift of the Tories, and in the following year Mr. Gladstone was returned to power with an overwhelming majority. The greatest money bribe that has ever been offered by a political party to the constituencies was Mr. Gladstone's proposal to remit the income tax, to free the breakfast-table, and to reduce the burden of local taxation. And the result was the first Conservative majority in thirty years. Nor did the gift of free education produce a different result. Indeed, the capture of the Constitu-

tion by Demos may fitly be compared to the conquest of England by the Danes. As in the ninth century, the introduction of a rougher and a stronger element, free from the trammels of civilization, brought about a reinvigoration of the national polity, so now the introduction into political and parliamentary institutions of a more strenuous life and a less highly civilized strain, has infused society with a greater moral earnestness.

However, these considerations will blind no one to the fact that Democracy, after all, is neither more nor less than a tremendous experiment. Happily, that class of politicians is numerically insignificant which teaches the divine right of Demos as a necessary article of political orthodoxy; whose perorations are a command to let the full tide of Democracy flow on un hindered, bringing blessings to this great nation. But the class exists. It may be well, therefore, to remind such people that the salvation of Demos is not yet assured. By all means, let him work out his final destiny. But let him do so, not in a spirit of exultant optimism, but in a spirit of fear and trembling. Doubtless the opportunity of Demos is great. But no less great will be his shame if he fail.—*Westminster Review*.

THE SPECTROSCOPE IN RECENT CHEMISTRY.

BY R. A. GREGORY.

It may be taken as a rule, to which there are few exceptions, that great scientific discoveries are not made by intending the mind upon them; they do not come as the result of one man of science saying to another, "Go to, let us make this or that discovery," but are rather the unexpected conclusions deduced from facts accumulated with no other end in view than the extension of natural knowledge. Whither an investigation will lead, the man of science knows not. His the task to explore the realm of nature, and no divine guidance is vouchsafed to him, whereby he can pierce the darkness and catch a sight of the scene beyond. But

whatever road he takes is a road to knowledge, and though, after devoting the labors of a lifetime to a research, he may find that the same amount of progress could have been made by a much shorter route, he has the satisfaction of knowing that on his way he opened up many new fields of inquiry.

The scientific investigator is an explorer of nature's domains; he is, perhaps, better compared to a detective, for his methods of work are precisely the same. The crimes upon which he is engaged are natural phenomena, and by following up one clew after another, he aims at discovering the causes which produce them. As in the case of the

detective of fiction, nothing must escape his observation; he carefully examines everything connected with the case he has in hand, and then forms a theory as to how and by whom the deed was accomplished. Suspicion sometimes falls upon some innocent forces or molecules, and circumstantial evidence may be so convincing that they are convicted and their guilt is proclaimed to the scientific world, but such cases form only a very small proportion of the whole. Two recent discoveries in chemistry bear out the analogy. That eminent detective in chemistry, Cavendish, lighted upon traces of a new constituent of the atmosphere, but he did not inquire into the cause of them. A century passed before this clew was followed up, and found to point to a stranger among the known elements in our aerial envelope. After considerable difficulty, the offender was caught, confined, and labelled; and under the exciting influence of electric shocks, it was made to disport itself before an admiring public at scientific soirées and conversaziones. The capture of this strange gas from the air led to the identification of a solar element that had been wanted on the earth for a quarter of a century. This gas was literally "run to earth;" and like its companion, it was placed in solitary confinement for the exhibition of its peculiarities to the curious. Naturally the scientific world was excited at the successful capture of two individuals that had escaped detection for so long, and since the prisoners have been in custody facts have come out which have greatly increased the interest in them. Chemists were, certainly, a little disconcerted that they should so persistently have overlooked one of the components of air, but their embarrassment is to some extent relieved by the knowledge that the astronomical spectroscopist failed to recognize a gas which is now known to be easily and copiously obtainable from fairly common minerals, though he had probably met with it in the laboratory scores of times. The physicist has also been brought to see the depths of his ignorance on some points connected with the kinetic theory of gases, so that the whole world of physical science has

been disturbed by the imprisonment and characteristics of the two gaseous prisoners lately arrested.

If the whole history of science be searched, probably no better examples of two widely different ways to scientific discovery could be found than is afforded by the researches which have recently led to the discovery of Argon, and the identification of Helium. The demonstration of a new constituent in the earth's atmosphere, and the conclusion that this component—argon—must be added to the list of seventy odd elements, is a veritable triumph for experimental philosophy, obtained only after many years of what may truly be termed tantalizing work. With helium the case was very different. An experiment, conducted with one end in view, led to a chance observation of the highest significance. Quite unintentionally, a discovery was made even more valuable to astronomical science than the isolation of argon seems likely to be to chemistry. This, as well as the difference between the two investigations, will be more clearly seen after a statement of the circumstances attached to each case.

For a number of years Lord Rayleigh, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, has been making experiments to determine, with the utmost degree of accuracy, the densities of nitrogen and other gases. The point eventually brought out by his researches was, that nitrogen extracted from the atmosphere was about one-half per cent. heavier than nitrogen obtained from various chemical compounds. It was first thought that the difference might be caused by contamination with common impurities; that, in fact, an ingredient specifically heavier than nitrogen was mixed with the gas derived from air, or one lighter, hydrogen, for example, was blended with the nitrogen made from compounds. Not for an instant was it supposed, in the earlier stages of the work, that any new substance was the cause of the discrepancy, and especially was it considered improbable that the greater density of the atmospheric nitrogen was due to the presence of an unknown constituent of air. For it was hardly thinkable that a gas, which is now known to surround

us in enormous quantities on all sides, could have escaped detection in the thousands of analyses to which chemists have subjected our aerial envelope, in all sorts of places and under all kinds of conditions. Such, however, were the facts, and so great is the reliance placed upon Lord Rayleigh's work, that no physicist thought of questioning the accuracy of his results, however much they might be at variance with the observations of chemists. After the definitive results had been published, and after the discrepancy between the weights of equal bulks of atmospheric and chemical nitrogen had been talked over in scientific circles, Professor Ramsay joined with Lord Rayleigh in the endeavor to discover the cause of the anomaly. Following up the indications of the experiments, both workers extracted nitrogen gas from air, and then endeavored to eliminate it, in order to see if a residue composed of any other gas would be left. Both were successful in detecting and isolating the unknown and heavier constituents, though by different methods. The existence of a gas new to science was proved by many lines of evidence, and the abnormal density of atmospheric nitrogen was shown to be due to the presence of this body in air. Into the questions of the chemical nature of the gas it is not now proposed to enter. The story of the discovery is briefly told in illustration of the patient work and tedious experimentation that had to be carried out, before the teaching of the results came to be understood.

The reality of argon having been established, evidently the next thing to do was to examine, so far as possible, the nitrogen from different sources, to see whether it was nitrogen mixed with argon or with argon compounds. In the furtherance of this research for chemical combinations of argon, Professor Ramsay was led to experiment upon cleveite, a rare Norwegian mineral, which had been found to give off, when boiled with weak sulphuric acid, two per cent. of a gas supposed to be nitrogen. The question to be decided was: "Did this gas contain any argon, either free or combined?" Never was an inquiry answered in a more definite

manner than by Professor Ramsay's experiments. The gas proved to contain only a trace of nitrogen. To determine readily the character of the remainder, some of it was sealed up in a glass tube, through which an electric current was passed—this being the usual method of making a gas luminous, so that the quality of its light can be observed by means of the spectroscope. The light passed into this marvellous instrument of research, and was sifted into its component parts by the prism. And when the bright lines into which it was resolved were observed, they were found to comprise a number of prominent rays of which the origin was not known; in other words, the gas which had been believed to be nitrogen was something quite different. One of these bright rays was especially brilliant. At first sight it seemed to be the badge of sodium—and it might well have been passed as such, for the spectroscopist expects to find sodium in everything, and the line seen occupies very nearly the place of a sodium ray in the light scale. To settle the matter, Professor Ramsay sent a tube, filled with the gas, to Mr. Crookes, who undertook to make a full spectroscopic study of its contents. Mr. Crookes possesses a powerful spectroscope, and, like all experienced workers with this instrument, he knows by heart the collections of lines into which the prism breaks up the light from different luminous gases and vapors. Upon electrically illuminating the gaseous contents of the tube, he saw the bright yellow line, apparently occupying the place of sodium in the spectrum. Two tests, however, proved that this ubiquitous element was not being observed. When viewed with a fairly powerful spectroscope, the sodium badge, which looks like a single bright line in an instrument having small capacity for dispersing light, is seen to consist of two lines very close together. But observation showed that the conspicuous band of yellow light was not a twin-line at all; it remained rigorously single whatever power was brought to bear upon it. To clinch the matter, sodium light was thrown into the spectroscope simultaneously with the light from the

new gas, and the two sources of luminosity were then found to be of two distinct qualities. The pair of sodium lines were observed in their customary positions, and a very little higher up in the light-scale, the strange line found a place.

The line seen in the light of gas from cleveite was strange to terrestrial laboratories, but not new to spectroscopic science; it was identified as a line belonging to helium, an element only previously observed in analyses of solar light. This was a discovery, the full significance of which can only be appreciated by workers in solar physics. To astronomers it is just as important as the isolation of argon is to chemists, though it was arrived at much less laboriously. Not a man of science, but would be content to spend many years of work to achieve the result, yet by simply adding weak oil of vitriol to cleveite, and investigating with the spectroscope the gas evolved, it was possible to prove the existence of terrestrial helium. It is not, perhaps, too much to believe that spectroscopists had observed the spectrum of this element in their laboratories before; but either for want of time and efficient instruments, or because they lacked perspicacity, they did not appreciate the strangeness of the view, and so missed a remarkable discovery well within their reach.

The brilliant line now identified has been observed in solar phenomena for more than a quarter of a century. During the total solar eclipse of 1868, the spectroscope showed that the red flames or prominences visible here and there around the sun's edge, when the dark body of the moon had cut off the dazzling light of the sun's visible surface, consisted of luminous gases, chief among which was hydrogen. Shortly afterward, Mr. Norman Lockyer perfected his method of observing solar prominences at any time when the sun is shining; and he then found that, in addition to hydrogen, the light of these tremendous flames commonly exhibited in the spectroscope a yellow line, which had no counterpart among the dark lines seen when ordinary sunlight is analyzed; nor could any terrestrial substance be found to emit radi-

ations of the same quality. The conclusion indicated by the observations was, that the substance which emitted the enigmatical light was the exclusive possession of bodies at the intense temperature of the sun, and for this reason Prof. Lockyer gave it the name helium—the element of the sun. For twenty-six years, solar observers have watched the helium line, and have wondered at its mysterious extra-terrestrial character. It is now known that the name is a misnomer. The position, in the light scale, of the line from cleveite gas, has been found to agree with that of the line due to the hypothetical element, helium. To establish the identity beyond the possibility of a doubt, a direct comparison of the cleveite line with the helium line has been made. To do this, a tube containing the new gas was electrically illuminated, and so arranged that its light could be seen in a spectroscope at the same time as the light from a solar prominence containing helium. As, under these conditions, the two lines appeared to be identical in position, the discovery seems almost established beyond all question.

There are, however, dissentients from this view. Prof. Runge, a well-known and trustworthy worker with the spectroscope, has given reasons for believing that the conclusion has been arrived at a little too hastily. An examination of the terrestrial gas has shown him that the conspicuous yellow line it bears is double; therefore, he argues, and with some force, that it cannot be identical with helium proper, unless the characteristic line of that solar element is also shown to be double, and with the two components in the same position on the light scale as those measured by him in the laboratory. Dr. Huggins has since examined the solar line and finds it to be rigorously single, so the difference remains to be explained. It is just possible that, assuming the difference pointed out by Professor Runge to be established, the duplex character of the yellow badge of terrestrial helium is due to the gas being observed under conditions different from those which obtain on the sun. Fortunately, the case for the identity of the gas from

cleveite with helium gas, does not depend entirely upon the coincidence of the solar spectrum-line with a line observable in the laboratory. Five or six characteristic rays of terrestrial helium have been proved by Professor Lockyer to match bright lines which appear most frequently in the analyzed light of solar prominences. Dr. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory, finds the same agreement in the light of terrestrial and solar material, so there seems little room for scepticism in the matter.

It may be thought that the identification of another terrestrial element in the sun, or rather the existence of another solar substance on the earth, is not a matter of the highest importance. But helium is not as other elements are; it is unique in many ways; it is a characteristic component of that tempest-tossed sea of luminosity—the solar chromosphere—out of which the prominences spurt and spout, now rising in jets for thousands of miles, and anon hanging for hours or days together in fantastic forms over the turbulent stratum from which they rise. Evidence has been brought forward that at the great temperature of the sun, bodies we regard as elements are broken up, or dissociated, into more elementary forms of matter; and it has been suggested that helium is the primordial substance into which all elements can be resolved by proper means. Chemists, generally, regard the theory with disfavor, and stamp as heretics those who give it consideration. But now that helium has been found on the earth, we are within reasonable reach of some further inquiry on the subject.

The promise of the future in regard to knowledge of the nature and properties of helium is not likely to be an empty one, for the gas has already been found in from fifteen to twenty different minerals, though not associated with argon, which has never yet been obtained from minerals. But, though argon has not a mineral source, helium is so easily enticed from its seclusion that workers with the spectroscope are a trifle depressed at its belated discovery. As a matter of fact, spectroscopists have in recent years confined their

attention too exclusively to problems in celestial chemistry, and have somewhat neglected the spectroscopy of the common substances which form the earth's crust; if this were not the case, argon and helium would have been discovered long ago. But a new era has now commenced, and the spectroscope will take a more prominent place in chemical analysis of the future than it has in the past.

The two new gases have already furnished astronomy with a number of valuable facts. Shortly after the discovery of argon had been proclaimed, some one pointed out that a strong line in its spectrum occupied about the same position as the ray which characterizes the light of the misty material of which nebulae are composed. Little attention need be paid, however, to this accidental, and not very close, coincidence. A single swallow does not make a summer, nor is the coincidence of one of the many lines in the spectrum of argon, with a line in nebular spectra, sufficient to base any argument upon, even if the terrestrial and celestial rays exactly corresponded with one another. A more important fact is that lines due to helium are undoubtedly found among those into which the light of nebulae is broken up by the prism. And Professor Lockyer has carried the matter still further in an astronomical direction, by comparing the spectra of the gases (consisting chiefly of helium) obtained from various minerals, with the spectra of certain stars.

It is now commonly known that the chemical constitution of the atmosphere of a star can be determined by means of the spectroscope, which breaks up the composite stellar beams into the component parts, and presents to the observer a faint strip of light usually crossed transversely by dark lines. These sombre rays are the tongues of elements which make up a star's gaseous envelope, and astronomers have long been engaged in finding terrestrial interpreters of their languages. One after another substances on the earth have had their spectra brought side by side with analyzed starlight, with the result that many stellar rays have been found to have

terrestrial equivalents. But much still remains to be done; the sun is a star which can be studied under the best conditions, yet the origins of about two-thirds of its spectrum-lines still remain a mystery, while, in the case of the more distant suns distributed through interstellar space, the satisfaction at the information which the spectroscope has drawn from them concerning their constitution is greatly impaired by the knowledge that so much remains a mystery.

Professor Lockyer's comparison of star spectra with the spectra of the new gases obtained by heating various minerals in a vacuum, has enabled him to reduce the number of enigmatical rays in starlight. He has found that the lines due to helium are exactly matched by lines in the spectra of a certain type of stars, as well as by lines in the solar chromosphere, and has thus been able to demonstrate a relation between the new gases and solar and stellar phenomena. His conclusion as to the results which are likely to follow from this, is very sanguine. In a paper recently read before the Royal Society, he said: "We appear to be in presence of the *vera causa*, not of two or three, but of many of the lines which, so far, have been classed as "unknown" by students, both of solar and stellar chemistry; and, if this be confirmed, we are evidently in the presence of a new order of gases of the highest importance to celestial chemistry, though, perhaps, they may be of small value to chemists, because their compounds and associated elements are, for the most part, hidden deep in the earth's interior." The thought expressed in the latter part of the quotation is a very suggestive one, and it indicates the reason why the state of knowledge of the chemistry of the sun and stars remains so imperfect. It is known with some degree of completeness how far the common elements upon the earth are found in stars, but of the gases which, in all probability, are occluded in the heavier minerals, we are only just beginning to acquire information, though *a priori* considerations point to them for the solution of many extra-terrestrial spectroscopic phenomena. No wonder,

then, that Professor Lockyer regards the future study of the actions and reactions of the new order of gases as full of promise of a terrestrial chemistry of paramount importance in connection with questions of stellar evolution. So many facts seem to justify this hope, that it is almost a pity to say anything which will diminish the satisfaction derived by spectroscopists from contemplation of the new vista. It is just as well to bear in mind, however, that there are limits to the possibilities of spectroscopy. We know, for instance, that solar prominences, and the sea of flame from which they rise, are largely composed of helium; of that there is no doubt whatever, nevertheless, if the sun could be taken away into space until it had dwindled into a star, the spectroscope would fail then to reveal the existence of helium, though the constitution of the sun had not altered a jot. Even though most stars fail to show helium in the spectroscope, this is no proof that helium is absent from them, and the same reasoning can be applied to other elements.

There are other reasons for regarding as incomplete the knowledge gained by the spectroscope as to the constitution of the sun and stars, or as affording evidence of the presence of a particular gas in a gaseous mixture. Recent experiments have shown Professor Ramsay that if a small proportion of nitrogen or hydrogen be introduced into a vessel containing argon or helium, the characteristic spectra of the two latter gases are completely masked, that is to say, if only spectroscopic evidence were relied upon, the verdict would be that neither argon nor helium were present in the mixture. Indeed, quantitative experiments have brought out the astonishing fact that from five to ten per cent. of nitrogen entirely obscures the characteristic yellow line of helium. Probably the laboratory conditions differ from those of the sun, but if they were the same we should have to conclude that a small percentage of nitrogen in the sun's chromosphere would have prevented us from ever seeing helium. Spectroscopic astronomers have reason to be proud of the achievements of their instruments of research, but the consideration of such facts as

those referred to will show them that what is known may be as nothing compared with what is not known about the chemical constitution of celestial bodies.

The testimony afforded by the spectroscopic as to the nature of celestial things is, therefore, imperfect. In pre-spectroscopic times, meteorites were the messengers which gave the world a faint conception of extra-terrestrial matter. The mode of origin of these objects is not exactly understood, but they are generally regarded as fragmentary products of eruptions on the sun, stars, or planets. But leaving the question of origin at present out of consideration, it is evident that meteorites should be able to assist in correlating terrestrial and celestial chemistry. An examination of "holy things fallen from heaven" furnished Professor Lockyer with the foundation upon which he built his meteoritic hypothesis a few years ago, and Professor Ramsay has now greatly added to the interest attached to those masses of iron and stony matter, for he has found both argon and helium in a meteorite which fell at Augusta County, Virginia. A few ounces of the meteorite were placed in a glass tube and heated. The gas driven off proved for the most part to be hydrogen, but after subtracting this and other well-known gases, the residue was found, by spectroscopic examination, to consist of the two new gases which have created such a sensation in scientific circles. Argon and helium have thus been proved to be contained in meteoritic matter, and the question naturally arises: How did they get there? Professor Ramsay suggests that the meteorite was once part of a stellar body at a high temperature, having an atmosphere in which hydrogen, argon, and helium existed, with other gases. In this atmosphere the mass was heated to fusion, to be finally ejected by some volcanic force. But plausible as this explanation is, it must remain only an unconfirmed theory, for, in the first place, it is possible, though very improbable, that the meteorite was ejected by a terrestrial volcano; and, secondly, there is not sufficient evidence that the meteorite could not have de-

rived its argon from the earth's atmosphere, and the small proportion of its helium from the upper limits of the atmosphere. Assuming the theory to be true, the meteorite affords direct evidence of the existence of argon and helium in stellar atmospheres.

Helium has not yet been found in the air, nor is it likely to be. As with hydrogen, its atoms are so light that the earth is unable to hold them, and their energy is sufficient to carry them eventually outside the sphere of influence of our globe. This brings us to a very important point raised by investigations of the energy of argon and helium atoms. The molecules of every gas are known to be dashing about in all directions, with a velocity depending upon the temperature. When a gas is heated, these motions are increased, so that a rise of temperature means an increase of the energy of the molecules. Now the amount of heat expended upon the gas can be expressed in terms of energy, for heat is a form of energy; and the energy used up in making the molecules travel faster and further can be found by observing the rise of temperature, when the gas is enclosed in a vessel, and when it is allowed to expand. Accurate experiments show that the energy supplied is not all accounted for by the measurable effects produced. Some of it is apparently used up in giving relative motion to the different parts of the molecule, which may consist of one or more atoms. To some extent the energy thus used internally depends upon the number of atoms in a molecule, therefore measurements of the amount of this energy give a clew to the constitution of gaseous molecules. Now, in the case of argon and helium, and also in that of mercury vapor, the energy absorbed by atomic motions is extremely small—practically, all the energy supplied is taken up by the increased motions of the molecules. The conclusion drawn from this is that, in these gases, the atom and the molecule are synonymous, or, in scientific terms, that they are monatomic gases. So far all is plain sailing, but when the spectra of such gases come to be considered, the theory is found wanting. According to one view, the luminosity of a

gas through which an electric current is passing is due to the vibrations of the atoms in the molecule, so that a monatomic gas could not be made luminous, and therefore could have no spectrum. This theory is at once confuted by the fact that mercury vapor, argon, and helium can be made luminous, and all three have characteristic spectra. As a matter of fact, the theory upon which the case for the monatomicity of these elements rests leaves the optical properties out of count. The most feasible view seems to be that the luminosity of a gas through which an electric current is passing, and, therefore, the spectrum of the gas, is due to vibrations of the hypothetical ether surrounding the molecules, and not to the vibrations of the molecules themselves. If this be so, it should be possible to deduce the phenomena of spectroscopy from the electro-magnetic theory of light, now accepted by physicists. This theory to account for the spectra of gases has yet to pass through the fire of criticism, and one of the first points it has to answer is how different gaseous molecules cause the ether to vibrate differently. But whether

this theory is compatible with facts or not need not be discussed here; at any rate, argon and helium have raised some very nice points over which chemists, mathematicians, and physicists may wrangle for some time to come.

One other point remains to be mentioned. Two lines in the spectrum of argon appear to be exactly coincident with two in the spectrum of helium. This and other considerations indicate that argon and helium contain, as some common constituent, a gas not yet isolated. Professor Ramsay regards the presence of the third new gas as almost certain, and Professor Lockyer hints at the existence of several more. Surely more startling statements were never before precipitated upon the world of science. But whatever results future work may lead to, it can already be said, without fear of contradiction, that since spectrum analysis became an accomplished fact, no new elements have held out greater promise of assistance in unravelling mysteries of celestial constitutions than argon and helium, and the gases which are associated with them.—*Fortnightly Review*.

IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

BY E. A. FITZGERALD.

[MR. EDWARD A. FITZGERALD, a member of the Alpine Club, was first attracted to New Zealand by accounts of unexplored peaks and glaciers of the Mount Cook group in the South Island. He went out in the autumn of 1894, accompanied by the excellent Swiss guide Mathias Zurbriggen, of Macengnaga—famous for his ascent with Eckenstein of the Dent Blanche by its face, and for his mountain work in the Himalayas when he went with Sir W. Martin Conway in 1892. On arriving in New Zealand, Mr. FitzGerald found that Mount Cook had already been ascended by the enterprise of several members of the Alpine Club of the country. So, as his object was to ascend virgin peaks only, he thought it unnecessary to attempt this mountain. After his return to Christchurch, his

guide ascended it alone from motives of curiosity. The record of Mr. FitzGerald's achievement in New Zealand introduces us to five new peaks—namely, Sealy, Silberhorn, Tasman, Haidinger, and, chief of all, Sefton—the Matterhorn of the range—an apparently inaccessible peak of crumbling rock and sheer precipice. From this new point of outlook Mr. FitzGerald perceived what led to his discovery of the pass which has now received his name, and across which the range has for the first time been traversed to the west coast. The Government had been for many years anxious to discover a route which would render the gold-washing district accessible from Christchurch without the detour around the island which has hitherto been necessary. Several parties of explorers had started

with this object in connection with the Government Survey, but hitherto their persevering efforts had not met with success. In an article published by Mr. A. P. Harper (Hon. Sec. New Zealand Alpine Society) in the *Geographical Journal* for January 1893, this failure is attributed chiefly to the difficulty of carrying sufficient provision through the bush, and to the uncertainty of the climate. The route discovered by Mr. FitzGerald includes only some twenty minutes of glacier, and might easily be rendered accessible as a bridle-path. Mr. FitzGerald's numerous photographs of these new regions are not yet available, but the following extracts from his journal will indicate the importance as well as the difficulty and danger of the service he has rendered to the colony of New Zealand and to all lovers of Alpine adventure. Mr. FitzGerald chose as his centre of operations the Hermitage, a small hotel (closed owing to bankruptcy) in the Hooker valley, accessible in four or five days by coach from Christchurch. Here he encamped on January 5, 1895. Our first extract from his journal describes his successful ascent of Mount Sealy. The reader should bear in mind that in New Zealand the average snow-line comes down to some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, while the valleys range from 2000 to 3000 feet; thus, a mountain like Sefton, which is only 10,359 feet above the sea level, is in reality as high above the Hooker valley as the Matterhorn is above Zermatt.]

I decided to leave Mount Sefton alone for a few days, and to try the ascent of Mount Sealy. Mount Sealy has been frequently attempted by the leading members of the New Zealand Alpine Club. In 1891 Messrs. Harper and Johnson tried it from Birchhill Creek, but were obliged to turn back before reaching Barrow's Saddle, on account of the weather, which was so thick that they could not see a few yards in front of them. Since then Messrs. Fife and Graham attempted it from the Mueller Glacier, but were driven back by the rottenness of the rocks. Mr. Fife described it as "a terror to climb!" Mr. Mannering has

also tried the mountain, but weather has prevented him. Mr. Malcolm Ross, of Dunedin, attempted the climb, but unfortunately made a slight mistake as to the identity of the peak, climbing a knob on the range some 6000 feet in height. This ascent he described in a little pamphlet of his entitled "Aorangi," and published by the New Zealand Government.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of January 24 we started, and climbing first Mount Ollivier (6298 feet) we skirted along the Sealy range and ascended the mountain by the eastern arête. After a difficult climb over extremely rotten rocks we reached the summit at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed there about an hour and returned by the same route, reaching the Hermitage about 10 P.M.

[The next ascent was that of Tasman and Silberhorn combined, on February 5. Mr. FitzGerald had attempted these peaks, accompanied by Messrs. Ollivier and Clark of the New Zealand Alpine Club, on January 15, on which occasion they bivouacked on the Hochstetter ridge from January 15 to 17, and reached a point within some 1500 feet of the summit of the Silberhorn, whence they were driven back by the weather.

On February 5, Mr. FitzGerald made the ascent with Zurbriggen and Clark.]

February 4.—Adamson came up this morning and took away all the blankets, as they belonged to the furniture of the Hermitage Hotel, which is to be sold by auction. He was also about to take away the knives and forks, plates, and cooking utensils. He, however, took pity on our misery, and left us one tin plate, with a spoon and a fork. We now decided to go up to the bivouac on the Hochstetter ridge. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock we started out, fully equipped, and laden with three days' provisions. After many halts, we arrived at our destination at six in the evening. We found our tent and all the things we had left on the previous occasion in good order. We put up the tent, and, laying down a large piece of mackintosh sheeting I had brought up, made ourselves fairly com-

fortable. We arranged to start next morning at about two. The weather looked very promising, and we had every hope of a successful ascent next day.

February 5.—At about one o'clock Zurbriggen roused us up. It is a long and complicated operation to heat water with a Russian furnace that will not burn properly. First, it would flare up in huge flames, making a fearful noise, and making us fear that it would burst; then, at times, it would not burn at all; and almost invariably when the water was on the point of boiling it would go out and have to be refilled, an operation taking some five minutes. We, however, got off at last at 2.30. The weather looked very promising. We took only one rucksack with us. We now toiled up the steep crumbly rocks by the light of the lantern. There was no moon, as on our last attempt, and we found the walking very difficult, especially as great care had to be exercised not to drop stones down on one another. We knew the route, though, by this time, and in an hour we stood on the edge of Glacier Dome, and at the foot of the great plateau. Here we stopped to put on the rope. The night seemed to me to be too warm, and the snow, at first, too bad. However, it improved just before dawn, and the weather became intensely cold. We crossed over the plateau, and, as before, made straight for the arête of the Silberhorn. We did not stop a moment to rest until we were on the first rocks of the arête, knowing the value of time from our last experience, when, had we been a couple of hours earlier, we should have succeeded in reaching our peak. At 5.40 we stopped for breakfast at the first rocks of the arête. Zurbriggen screwed the long nails we had with us into Clark's boots, and we put on our crampons. At 6.10 we were off, zigzagging our way up the ice névé. Our crampons here saved our cutting steps, as we had done the time before. I put Clark last on the rope, and he managed to scramble up somehow with the assistance of the rope. He was very keen to make the ascent, so I did not like to leave him behind. We soon reached the spot

where we had to turn the big crevasse and seracs that we had thought on the former occasion would prove an impassable barrier to our ascent.

Here we found everything greatly changed. Some new crevasses had opened up, and some of the biggest blocks of seracs had fallen. After a little time and patience, however, we succeeded in threading our way through this, and started on the last bit of the arête of Silberhorn. This we found very steep. We passed the place where we had turned back the time before; the notch I had cut out of the ridge was still quite perceptible, although filled up with new snow. Our steps, of course, were entirely effaced. I could not help noticing that we were very much farther off here than we had thought on the day when we turned back. From this place to the summit of the Silberhorn took us an hour and ten minutes. We had to cut steps all the way. Zurbriggen made very small ones, and I hollowed them out so that they would do for Clark, who had no crampons. Also we wished to have good steps for the descent, as we had a vivid recollection of our descent the last time, when we were nearly blown off our feet. As it turned out, these large steps proved our salvation. At 10.30 we reached the peak. The wind was now blowing up so strong, and the clouds were gathering so fast in the north-west, that we held consultation as to whether we should continue or turn back. Mount Tasman now rose above us with a very steep arête, all cut across by crevasses, and we calculated that we should have three hours' work before us. We at last decided to go on a little to the foot of the ascent. To do this we had to descend some way down the face of the Silberhorn, as we were cut off by a huge bergschrund from the arête leading straight from Silberhorn to Tasman. I was surprised to find that Silberhorn was such an independent peak—by itself, as it were. It looks from below like a mere knob on the arête of Tasman, but in reality it stands out quite by itself, and is a distinct peak, there being a marked col between it and Tasman. After going down some little way, and skirting along the west face, we reached this

col, and arrived at the final arête of Tasman a little past 11 A.M.

The wind was now blowing a gale, and white fleecy clouds encircled us on every side, so that at one minute we were in the midst of thick mist, and at another minute the sun shone through, and we could see the peak for a moment. Here we stopped again to decide whether to push on or not. It seemed a pity to turn back when we were so near our goal. We therefore resolved not to be beaten, and so, leaving everything that we had with us in a small hole that we hollowed out of the ice, we started out with the determination to reach the summit at all costs. A steep wall of ice rose up here, nearly perpendicular, where the glacier had broken away from the arête. This wall was about thirty feet high, and took us some time to manage. We now put Clark in the middle, and Zurbruggen started off working in magnificent style. The ice rattled down on our heads, cutting our faces and hands. I spent my time enlarging every step as much as possible, having the descent always in view. We were now almost totally enveloped in the mist. In about half an hour we had passed this wall, and were now upon the snow névé of the arête. We continued now for half an hour, when suddenly the summit loomed up in a most unexpected way, not twenty yards from us. I was excessively surprised when we reached it, as I had expected a sharp, conical peak of ice or snow from the nature of the mountain. It, however, turned out to be quite a little plateau, triangular in form, and large enough to have pitched a couple of good tents upon.

As we were on the summit, the clouds cleared for a moment, and I was able to see down the arête leading to Lendenfeldt. If it were possible to get on to this arête, the last part leading to the summit would certainly be easier than our route up from the Silberhorn; but it would be difficult and perhaps dangerous to reach the arête, owing to the nature of the overhanging glaciers around. We commenced the descent almost at once; it was too cold to stop, and the wind seemed to cut right through us. As I had ex-

pected, the wind had filled up almost all our steps with fine powdery snow. I went first, then came Clark, and Zurbruggen brought up the rear. I had to hollow out each step coming down. The nasty steep bits of the arête leading down from the Silberhorn were still before us, so we advanced as quickly as possible. The wind was blowing a terrific gale now, but fortunately we were sheltered coming down to the col, as we had cut up on the east side of the arête. When we regained the col, I took several photographs, but owing to the narrowness of the arête and the wind, and the general sense of hurry, I was not able to do much. It was now half-past one, and the weather seemed to be getting worse every moment. We hurried on to the Silberhorn, and there at once began our descent.

Here the steps were cut in the crest of the arête, and we were exposed to the full blast of the nor'wester. We had to move very carefully, and if it had not been for the large steps we had hollowed out in the morning, I don't know how we should have got down. We got on all right till we reached the first crevasse on the arête. Here there is a corner of ice that has to be turned, and a large covered crevasse to be crossed. I got to the edge, and then turning round, I made Clark come near me, so that I might jump. As I jumped, however, he unfortunately pulled the rope, landing me in the centre of the very frail bridge. I heard it crack, and I called out to Zurbruggen, who was round the corner on the south-west side of the arête and out of sight, to hold tight, and in a moment the whole thing gave way under me with a tremendous crash. I fell for about twelve feet, and some of the large blocks of ice that fell with me hit me on the head, stunning me for a moment. The rope held tight, and in a moment I regained my senses. I at once wedged myself with my back on one side and my feet on the other, and in this position I managed to cut a couple of steps, one on each side of the crevasse. I then with some difficulty got into these, and was then soon able to cut my way out. The others could not assist me at all, as they were

so badly placed themselves. I then undid myself from the rope, and let the others make a detour so as to come to me. They were not able to cross where I had crossed, as the whole bridge was broken in. I sat down for a little to regain my senses; I was not really hurt, but I was considerably shaken by the fall, and my head was rather painful. However, after I had taken a mouthful of brandy I felt better, and we recommenced our descent. It was now snowing and blowing so furiously that it was all I could do to find our tracks of the morning, and frequently we had to wander about quite a little time before finding them. At half-past four we reached the last rocks of the arête, and commenced our descent into the great snow plateau. Here I sent Zurbriggen on ahead. The weather was now lifting slightly, and we had no trouble in crossing the plateau; the snow, however, was very soft, and we had a good deal of difficulty with some of the crevasses. We soon reached Glacier Dome, and scrambled down the rocks. We had one very narrow escape here from a stone rolled down by Clark. We arrived about 6.30 at our tent bivouac, and were delighted to find that it was quite dry and uninjured by the wind. The time occupied by the ascent and descent was sixteen hours, out of which we had fourteen and a half on the rope. We were much fatigued, as the whole day had been almost incessant work at step-cutting.

On February 8 Haidinger was successfully ascended.

February 6.—This morning I decided to send Clark and Zurbriggen down to the Ball hut for some more provisions. I told them to come up on the following day, as there were sufficient provisions for me in camp till then. They left at ten in the morning. I spent the day in drying our effects, and generally arranging and mending the tent, which was in a most dilapidated condition. As night came on the weather turned bad again; and at nine o'clock in the evening I had to go out and tie an extra rope to the tent-poles, fearing that the whole

thing, with myself inside, would be blown down the couloir leading to the Hochstetter Glacier. I sat up most of the night, holding on to the tent-pole, when an unusually hard gust seemed to nearly blow the whole thing over. The sides of the tent flapped in the wind, and made a most tremendous noise.

February 7.—Early in the morning a stone avalanche came down the couloir near the tent, but luckily none of the stones hit it. At sunrise the weather cleared, and the wind changed, and blew gently from the south-west. In the afternoon Zurbriggen arrived; he had been rather anxious on my account that night at the Ball hut, as he said that the wind blew so hard that he even feared the roof would be torn off the hut. Clark arrived a little later. We now had provisions for several days, so I determined to try Haidinger next. Zurbriggen went out to see if we could go straight across the head of the Freshfield Glacier, and thus reach the arête leading to Mount Haidinger from the col between it and Mount Haast. He arrived late in the evening, saying that it was impossible, as there were enormous crevasses cutting us off. We therefore decided that we would go up the Glacier Dome, then, skirting along the plateau under the arête of Haast, finally strike that arête, and thus continue to Haast; then, if there was time, go on to Haidinger. So we determined to make an early start.

February 8.—About half-past twelve Zurbriggen woke us up; we did our best to make an early start of it, but everything seemed to block our progress, and it was not till a quarter past two that we managed to leave our bivouac. In an hour we were on the last rocks of the Hochstetter ridge. The morning was intensely cold, and the snow in excellent condition. We now turned off to the right, and travelled along the snow plateau for about half an hour. Then we tried to turn up the second couloir from the Hochstetter rock that leads on to the arête going up to Haast. Here we found ourselves cut off by an immense bergschrund, so we had to retrace our steps, and take the arête from the very begin-

ning. Here we were some time crossing a large crevasse by lantern light. Once on the arête we found that the rocks were in a most fearfully rotten condition; the slightest touch would at times bring down masses of stone, and we had to be very careful lest these stones in falling should strike either one of us or the rope. At six o'clock we stopped for a bit of breakfast; the sun had now risen, and the day looked promising.

Haidinger appeared most hopelessly far off from here. I took some photographs of it, and also of Haast from this point. In half an hour we were off again. We went as fast as the rotten condition of the rocks would permit. After we had gone a good way up the Haast arête, we thought we might cut across the face of the mountain, and get on to the head of the Freshfield Glacier, and so to the col we wished to reach. We accordingly set out to accomplish this traverse, but soon found that we had got ourselves on to a very dangerous place; stones came whizzing by every moment, and we had to run as fast as we could, although the incline was difficult. At last we reached a rib, where we could rest in safety for a few moments. From here we saw that we had to cross the glacier at a point where it was strewn with avalanche débris. Above, some large seracs, just at the col, seemed to threaten to sweep our path. We now began to discuss what we had best do. It was evident that we could reach the Haidinger arête in a short time from there, but then the mountain itself looked so far off. At last we determined to try it, so we started out, and crossed the head of the glacier as quickly as we could. By about eight o'clock we had passed the dangerous part, and now had to go up a steep slope on to the col. There was a large bergschrund here that rose up with its further lip some ten feet or more above the lower. Here I got on to Zurbriggen's shoulders, and Clark steadied me; then I planted my ice-axe into the snow, and Zurbriggen, putting his ice-axe under my feet, managed to shove me up. This was accomplished after some failures and some rather unpleasant falls. Once I

had reached the upper lip, I cut a large step for myself, and planting my ice-axe well into the snow, I pulled Clark up; then both of us together managed to haul Zurbriggen up. We now continued toward the arête, and in a few minutes we were on it.

Here a most magnificent view opened out before us. All the west coast, with its green valleys and lagoons, lay at our feet; the sea beyond was enveloped in a mass of clouds lying quite low, giving the appearance of a vast desert of sand; the sun was beating down fiercely, and we suffered a good deal from the heat. Right at our feet lay the great névé of the Fox Glacier. We now commenced the ascent along the arête; the walking was not bad, and we found that we progressed faster than we thought. Almost all of it was snow, except one small bit of rock halfway between the col and the summit of Haidinger. Just as we were approaching the peak, about a hundred feet below the top, we struck a patch of blue ice. We turned, and bearing away to the left, we gained some rocks. Here a huge boulder was detached by one of us, and it was one of the largest blocks I have ever seen fall; it went down in tremendous bounds till it reached the Fox Glacier; jumping the bergschrund, it shot right on to the glacier, and remained standing there alone, far away from any other rocks that had fallen. At 10.20 we reached the summit. The day was a perfect one; not a breath of wind stirred. After we had partaken of some refreshment, and had drunk a bottle of claret (Zurbriggen always insisted on taking a bottle of wine up these peaks, as he said it was so useful to leave as a record of the ascent), we laid ourselves down and slept for about a couple of hours.

I have never seen such magnificent weather upon any peak. I noticed that almost all the rocks on the summit had been fused by lightning; they were all cracked and covered with little bubbles, and blackened over these. I took many photographs from the summit, while Zurbriggen smoked his regulation cigar. At ordinary times he smoked a pipe, but when on the summit of a peak he says he always

does honor to it by smoking a cigar. At one we commenced our descent. We came down without incident worthy of record to where we had left our knapsack, just after crossing the worst part of the Freshfield Glacier in the morning. It was then about half-past two, and I stopped to take some photographs of these overhanging seracs. We then crossed over without accident to the arête of Haast. We found the rocks still looser now that the sun had thawed out all the ice that had bound them in the morning. We had several slight accidents, and some nasty cuts. At half-past six we regained our bivouac, thoroughly wearied from the day's work. We found the ground unusually hard to sleep on that night.

[From the time of his arrival Mount Sefton had been the object of Mr. Fitzgerald's ambition. His first attempt was made on January 11, in the company of Messrs. Ollivier, Mannering, and Adamson, but the weather proved hopeless. On January 22 he started alone with Zurbriggen, arranging with Mr. Barrow to signal to them from the Hermitage in case the barometer should fall. So violent a wind, however, rose that they turned back—only to discover too late that the day proved fine! On each occasion they passed the night in a bivouac just below the snow-line. On January 25 and 29 and on February 12 similar attempts were made by them with no better results. On February 13 they again reached the bivouac, and on the 14th the ascent was made at last.]

February 13.—At about eight o'clock we reached the bivouac, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. This time we had the sleeping-bags that Clark had brought up before. The moon rose soon after we arrived and gave most magnificent light, so at about midnight we decided to start. Zurbriggen lit a fire and made some tea; we took some provisions, and I took my camera, and we divided our loads into two rucksacks. We put on our crampons and roped ourselves together at the bivouac, as we knew there was some steep ice just at the start.

February 14.—At 12.45 we were off.

We climbed up toward the Footstool for about an hour on the glacier, winding our way between huge crevasses which had opened out in every direction since our last attempt. After we reached the last rocks we started out to cross the plateau toward Sefton. Here we found the glacier in a terrible condition; some of the ice bridges were very thin and treacherous; however, as it was extremely cold, we managed to get over them safely. We had to wind in and out among these seracs to get through, and although the moon gave us a great deal of light we found it very difficult work. Part of the glacier hung above us in an ominous fashion, and as we passed over the *débris* of former ice avalanches, we kept looking up anxiously lest some of the pinnacles that appeared as if they were tottering above us should fall. After a time we came to an enormous crevasse about a couple of hundred feet in width, which ran the whole width of the glacier and blocked us completely. This it was impossible to pass, as it was very deep, and both sides of it were vertical. We had therefore to skirt along the edge of it until we reached the rock ridge which rises out of the Huddleston glacier, and leads to the col between Sefton and the Footstool. Here we had to get down into a crevasse to get to the rocks, as the glacier had broken away to such an extent that there was a great deal of space between it and the rocks. We now found that we were in the path of falling stones. We therefore gained the rocks as quickly as possible, and began scrambling on to the arête. We found the rocks extremely loose and in a most dangerous condition. I have never seen anything like the way in which they seemed to be balanced one on top of another, as if by the hand of man; sometimes the slightest touch would bring down tons of stone. We had to be very careful, especially in the rather uncertain light. The rope every once in a while would catch against some stone and bring down whole avalanches of stone. At about a quarter past five we reached the last rocks of this arête. There now extended before us a long snow ridge, extremely steep, leading to the col. We began cutting steps up

this, as we found that it was hard ice, and that our crampons were not sufficiently sharp to hold safely to it. They were, however, of great assistance to us, as the steps we cut were very small; in fact, had we not had them, we should have lost fully three hours here.

The dawn now began to break, and a cold wind sprang up with it from the south-west. At half-past six we stood on the saddle between Sefton and the Footstool. The view here is magnificent. We could see all down the wooded valley of the Copeland leading to the Karangarua River and the West Coast. We could see far out to sea, covered with light filmy clouds. Mount Cook looked most imposing from here, its ice-cap being just tinged with the rising sun. Below us lay the Hooker Valley, still in the dark shadow, and we wondered if our friends at the Hermitage could see us. As we found out afterwards, our progress up to the col had been watched by them from day-break. They had seen us cutting steps, and could even distinguish the rope through the telescope which I had left with them. On the Copeland side of Sefton there is a tremendous precipice going down quite perpendicularly from the col to a glacier very far below. This precipice must be fully 5000 feet sheer drop; the rock arête that leads to the summit of Sefton looked absolutely impossible. In places it seemed more than perpendicular, and in many places it was swept by falling stones.

We stopped here for a moment to eat a box of sardines and a few biscuits; this being the first halt we had made since leaving the bivouac. We determined to leave everything here. I did not take my photographic camera, as it would have hindered me too much, climbing on the rocks. We expected to find our work cut out for us from here, and we certainly did. At seven we were off, in the lightest marching order. We were roped with about thirty feet of Alpine Club rope, and carried besides 150 feet of Buckingham's thin cord, tested to bear 4 cwt. strain, and a couple of long iron staples with a ring at one end of them to drive into the rocks coming down, should we have any very difficult *mauvais pas*. Zurbruggen insisted upon taking a bot-

tle of claret. He said we must have something to leave on the summit. I assured him that it would get broken, but I slipped it into my pocket. The first bit of rock that we tried was about as rotten as anything I have ever seen. The minute we set foot upon it, it began crumbling away. - The arête here is very thin, like a knife-edge, and it actually leans over on the Copeland side. Every time Zurbruggen stepped, and the stones crumbled down, I could feel the whole thing trembling. We were intensely relieved to get off this and to get on to the solid part of the mountain, if any of it can be called solid. Now, instead of small crumbling stones, we had large boulders, prepared to give way at the slightest touch. The side we started to climb was almost perpendicular; the greatest care had to be exercised, especially on Zurbruggen's part, as I was necessarily vertically below him almost the whole time, and a small stone falling from his feet might have injured me very badly. It was certainly wonderful how he managed, and I have never seen a finer display of mountain-craft and rock-climbing than on this day.

In about an hour of this work, we reached a place where it was not quite so steep, and we could advance a little quicker. In front of us rose what we had always thought to be the worst part, looking at it from the Hermitage. Looking at it from where we were now, it seemed worse if anything. The rock was slightly better, but, on the other hand, the loose pieces were so much larger, that we had to redouble our care. Zurbruggen now crossed over on to the Copeland side of this bit; it was just about perpendicular here for about 300 feet, and we were almost on the crest of the arête, with some 6000 feet almost sheer drop below us, both on the Copeland and the Mueller side. There seemed some peculiarly insecure rocks here; sometimes we had to throw them down purposely. We moved here one at a time, with the utmost precaution. I carried the two ice-axes in my hand; I found these considerably in my way in climbing. All of a sudden, as I was coming up one place, a large boulder that I touched with my right hand gave way

with a great crash, falling on my chest. Zurbriggen was just about to take the ice-axes from me. I had them in my left hand and was handing them to him; the slack rope between us lay coiled at his feet; the stone as it fell hurled me down head first. I fell for about eight feet, when I felt the rope jerk, and I struck against the side of the mountain with great force. I was afraid lest I should be stunned, and drop the two ice-axes in my hand, for I knew that on these our lives depended; we should never have succeeded in getting down the glacier through all the seracs without them. After the rope had jerked me up, I felt it slip and give way, and I came down slowly for a couple of yards. I thought Zurbriggen was being wrenched from his position, and I was just considering how it would feel dashing down the 6000 feet below us, and how many times we should strike the rocks on our way down. I saw the rock that I had dislodged going down in big bounds; as far as I remember, it struck the side three times, and then took an enormous plunge of about 2000 feet, and landed in a crevasse in a glacier which has now been named the Tuckett Glacier. Then I felt the rope stop, and pull me up short. I called out to Zurbriggen, and asked him if he were solidly placed—I was swinging like a pendulum with my back to the mountain, scarcely touching the rock face. I should have required to make a great effort to turn round and grasp the rocks, and I was afraid that the strain which would necessarily be placed on the rope from this effort would dislodge Zurbriggen. He thought that I had been half killed, as he saw the rock fall almost on top of me. As a matter of fact, it struck my chest and glanced off to the right under my right arm, thus saving me. His first words were, "Are you very much hurt?" I answered, "No," and again I asked him was he firmly placed? "No," he said, "I am very badly situated here. Turn as soon as you can, as I cannot hold on much longer." I gave a kick at the rocks with one foot and managed to swing myself round. Luckily there was a ledge near me, and I was able to get some handhold almost at

once. I then scrambled up a little way and passed the ice-axes to Zurbriggen. I held on to these during the whole manœuvre. We were in too bad a place to stop or to speak to one another, so Zurbriggen climbed up a little further and got himself into a firm position; then I scrambled up after him, and in about ten minutes we had passed this steep bit.

Here we sat a moment and took a mouthful of brandy to recover ourselves, for our nerves had been badly shaken by what had been so nearly a fatal accident. At the time we did not think so much of it, as we had to keep our nerve and take immediate action; but when it was all over, we felt the effects of it, and we both sat there for about half an hour before we could move again. I was considerably hurt by the stone; it made a cut in my side which did not heal for a couple of weeks, and which bled a good deal. However, we determined to go on and finish the ascent. I found that Zurbriggen, when I fell, snatched up the coil of rope at his feet. Luckily, he picked up the right piece in the coil, so that soon he was able to bring me nearly to rest, but the strain was so great upon him, and he was so badly placed, that he had to let the rope slip through his fingers to ease his position while he placed himself a little better. This operation cut all the skin off his fingers, as the rope heated, slipping through his hands, and burnt him with the friction. When he was able finally to stop me, he said that had I been unable to turn and grasp the rocks he must have been dragged from his position. He declared that in all his life he had never been so nearly killed. Two strands of the rope were cut clean through by the falling rock.

There was another very bad place a few steps higher up. This we managed to climb without incident. When we got to the top of it we saw that it would be possible to cross the face and to get on to some rocks on the Copeland side that led straight to the summit. The face here was snow, and we had to cross this diagonally to get to the rock. The snow was in very bad condition, and there were also falling stones. As we crossed it we feared

very much lest we should start an avalanche, and we were obliged to plunge our ice-axes in as deeply as possible at every step. On reaching the point where we intended to take to the rocks again, we had some difficulty in getting on to them. They were quite smooth, and went up perpendicularly for some distance. I got on to Zurbriggen's shoulders—he suggested, by the way, that he should have got on mine—but I preferred the other method. Then, taking his ice-axe, he shoved me up as high as he could, and here, after a good deal of stretching and wriggling, I was able to get handhold and gradually to draw myself up to a ledge. Here I made myself firm, and putting the rope round a projecting rock, Zurbriggen climbed up by it. We gained the arête from here in about twenty minutes. The last bit before reaching the peak is comparatively flat, and I walked along it without any difficulty. On the one side we looked down to the Hermitage and on the other straight down into the Copeland. As I learned afterward, we were plainly visible against the sky-line by those who were looking at us through a telescope from the Hermitage. At 10.25 we stood upon the actual summit, which is in the form of an ice-cone. Here I planted my ice-axe—it was Mr. Mannering's ice-axe, by the way, that he had lent me. They say that they saw this from below. I tied a red rag to it, that we had brought with us for this purpose—a bit of the inside of an old mackintosh lined with red. We then went down a little on the Copeland side to get out of the cutting wind that was blowing, and we had our bottle of claret, and Zurbriggen smoked his usual cigar.

We could not help thinking of the descent a little, and wondering how we should fare, so we were not perhaps quite so cheerful as we had been upon the other peaks. Soon we came down a little to the first rocks, above which rises the snow dome of the summit. Here we built a large stone cairn, and writing the date and our names on a piece of paper, we put it into the empty bottle, and, corking it up again, placed it in a safe cleft in the rocks about 4 feet above the cairn. I remember

now that I misdated the card, writing the 15th for the 14th. This cairn that we built is now plainly visible from the Hermitage; they saw us building it quite plainly from there.

At 11.40 we commenced our descent. I came first and Zurbriggen brought up the rear. We came down without any incident to the place where the first dip commences. Here we drove one of the iron staples firmly into the rock, then taking the thin rope and tying it round myself, I came down the whole length of it, about 150 feet. Here I untied myself and got out of the line of descent of any stones that Zurbriggen might send down when he came. He passed the rope through the ring, and came down holding it double in his hand. When he came to the end of it, he let go one end of the rope and drew it all down after him. We repeated this operation at the next steep place, where we had had our accident coming up. This time we got down quite safely, and at 2.20 we again stood on the col between Sefton and the Footstool. Here we ate a few biscuits, and after I had taken some photographs, we put on our crampons and came down the snow arête. We were now in great difficulty, for the snow that lay on the ice was all soft. I had to cut steps all the way down through this and on to the hard ice. Our crampons were of very little use, for snowballs formed themselves in them, and we had to cut them out with the points of our ice axes. At 5 o'clock we at last reached the rocks. Here we took off our crampons and made haste to come down the rocks, as there was very little light left. We came down these without incident, and gained the glacier; the sun had heated the snow during the day, and it was extremely soft, so that the ice-bridges we had come over safely in the morning now proved a serious danger and obstacle to us. We had to make innumerable detours among the seracs. During this time several avalanches thundered down uncomfortably near us. We walked as fast as we could, but just as we were about to cross the last ice-bridge, and Zurbriggen was in the act of putting his foot on it, most of it gave way with a thundering crash. I heard it falling

down, striking the sides, and the sound reverberated for a long time. He had only time to leap back and to call out to me, "Draw in the rope." We retreated as fast as we could, for we were afraid that the bit we were standing on was going to slip down into the crevasse, the ice-bridge being apparently its only support, and most of that was broken. It cracked in an ominous fashion, but luckily it held us up.

It was now getting dark, and we feared that we should have to spend the night out on the glacier. We had to retrace our steps a long way, until we could find another passage. This we at last found over a very fragile and soft bridge; it, however, just held us as we crawled across. We had now passed the worst bit, and soon we gained the rocks above the bivouac. We could see Clark down at the bivouac. He had lighted a fire, and we knew that he was warming something for us; so, running down as fast as we could, we reached him at half-past eight, and were soon drinking a bottle of champagne that Mr. Adamson very kindly sent up from the Hermitage. Clark also had some hot tea ready for us, which soon followed. I was bruised all over from my fall, and also from sundry stones that had struck me from time to time during the day. I remained a little while at the bivouac and rested myself. Zurbriggen said he would sleep the night there, as he was too tired to continue. I wanted, though, very much to get to the Hermitage if possible that night, as I feared that in the morning I should be almost too stiff to move, so at 9.15 I started down with Clark. I took a lantern with me, but I soon put this out, for it seemed to make me fall over all sorts of imaginary stones. Soon the moon rose. I fell down once, and literally went to sleep before I could get up. Clark had to come and shake me to wake me. We reached the Hermitage at 1 o'clock, after twenty-four hours of hard and anxious work. Adamson got up and made me some soup, as we had gone the whole day on half a tin of sardines and three biscuits. He then told me how they had plainly seen me on the summit, and in fact seen us climbing the whole way.

[On February 24th Mr. FitzGerald started with Zurbriggen for the Pass to the West Coast.]

February 24.—At five o'clock in the morning we started out to cross into the Copeland, and so down to the West Coast. I took with me my camera and two extra rolls of the Eastman Company's films, each capable of taking fifty photographs. We took two of Silver's self-cooking tins, and a small box of fruit-biscuits; we also took the regulation bottle of wine. We took a small piece of mackintosh sheeting to sleep under, and a small tin bottle to carry water in, which we could use also to boil water. We went straight up the Hooker Valley by the Ball Pass path: here we had left a knapsack the time before when we went up the Hooker Valley, with some dry things in it. We took this sack and cut straight across the glacier. The mists and clouds, that up till now had been banked in the valley, cleared as the sun rose, and we soon had a most magnificent view of Cook. We went up a torrent bed straight under the saddle we were making for; the walking soon began to be very rough. At the head of this torrent we found a long couloir partly filled with old avalanche snow. Here we took to the rocks on the left, but as they were very bad and crumbly, we cut across the couloir and scrambled on to the ridge to the right. If we had gone on and taken the next route but one, we should have had no difficulty in getting up, but it would have been slightly longer; we preferred the shorter but more difficult route. When we got to the top of this rib we found a small snow dome; from here we could plainly see our col not far off. We sat down here to rest for a little, and several "keas"* came around us. Zurbriggen tried to catch these; they came very near him, but he was not quite able to do it. They seemed chiefly interested in a nickel-plated drinking-cup I had laid down on the rocks a few feet from me. They came up to it, examined it, pecked at it, and finally flew away all together to a neighboring rock, where

* Red and green parrots.

they seemed to hold a consultation. Then they commenced to make a tremendous noise. We threw stones at them, but they would not go away. Then they seemed to decide to have another look, for they all came back in a body together, and renewed their investigations. At eleven o'clock we left here, and continued up across the glacier till we reached the col. We put on the rope for this bit; it took us twenty five minutes in all.

We now stood upon the divide between the West Coast and the Mackenzie country. The route we had come by was rather rough, but future tourists could, as I have said, come very easily by taking the second rib; in fact, a mule-track could be built from the Hermitage to within about twenty-five minutes of the Saddle. This last twenty-five minutes lies over a very easy glacier, and horses no doubt could be easily got to cross it. The pass closely resembles, in fact, that of the Monte Moro in Switzerland, leading from Macugnaga to Mattmark. Over this pass there is a similar piece of glacier, but they take horses across it during the summer season, and even, I believe, in winter they have succeeded in crossing it with horses. We stayed some time upon this saddle, which I understand has been named FitzGerald. I took many photographs from here. On the Copeland side there was a slope of loose stones, not at all steep, leading into the Marchant Valley, so that the route on the West Coast side could be made without touching snow. A track here could be built with the greatest ease, as the slopes are very gradual. We drank a bottle of wine that we had with us, and I found out that this was Zurbriggen's birthday, as well as his festa or patron saint's day.

Clouds now began to gather again, and we began to fear that bad weather would overtake us. At about four o'clock we had reached the Marchant River, that flows out of the Marchant Glacier. Soon the clouds up the Marchant Glacier seemed to break away, and suddenly, as if a veil had been lifted, the twin peaks of Stokes rose up, some 8000 feet above us. It was a magnificent sight, these two peaks,

showing up suddenly through the mist, as if set in a frame. The clouds seemed to hesitate for a moment; then, as if by magic, they rolled back, and closing up again, the peaks disappeared. The whole thing did not last over about twenty seconds. We waited for another such view, but the clouds got thicker and thicker, so we started down the river-bed, determined to make as much of the remaining daylight as we could. For a little we stuck to the river-bed, the walking in which was very rough; some huge boulders soon blocked our way, and we had to take to the scrub on the left. This we found to be very dense. At first we tried to creep under it, but, finding this impossible, we next tried to crawl over it. This we found was also impossible. The only thing was to fight one's way slowly on. We went on in this way, tearing our clothes and our hands and faces, till, at the end of an hour's hard work, we saw that we had progressed 150 feet. This would never do if we wished to get down the valley before starving, so we had recourse to the river-bed again. Here, by some difficult climbing, we managed to get over the boulders; it was slow work, and extremely fatiguing. At 6.30 we decided to bivouac for the night near a big stone close to the river-bed. We lit a fire here, and made ourselves some tea, and, wrapping ourselves up in the thin mackintosh sheeting, we laid ourselves down to sleep on the place that we had lit the fire on, first having cleared away the hot embers. The dew was very heavy during the night, and in the morning when we awoke we found ourselves extremely wet.

February 25.—We made a fire again, and dried ourselves as best we could. At daylight we were off, and again the fearful business of climbing over these big boulders recommenced. Sometimes we would crawl through small holes, and thus get under the rocks, and sometimes through large caves; sometimes we would have to take to the bush for a few feet to circumvent some large rock; we found our rucksacks very much in the way here. At times, when we tried to crawl through a hole, the sack, suddenly catching one in the back, would

throw one forward; sometimes one of us would stick so fast in some hole that the other had to come and extricate him from it. It was dull, cloudy weather, and we feared the rain very much, as it would have made the river rise, and thus we might have had to return the way we came, for it is necessary to cross either the Copeland or the Karangarua River to get out of the valley. At about 9.30 we reached the bed of the valley, where there is a junction between the Strauchan and the Marchant streams. Here we flattered ourselves that the worst was over, but as a matter of fact it was only to begin. We had now literally to fight our way down, sometimes over and sometimes under great boulders; sometimes a small detour through the forest scrub became necessary, and over an hour was spent in going a distance of twenty or thirty yards.

At about 10.30 we halted to rest for a little, and have some tea. The sun now came out, and we were able to see a little where we were. The whole valley was deeply wooded high up on both sides and down to the river; there was only one way to get through, and that was following the river-bed. At 11.30 we started out again. Soon the river narrowed into a kind of gorge, with huge boulders lying about. Here we had to take to the forest, and to force our way through a dense maze of scrub, lawyers, and supplejacks. The scrub was not quite as bad as it had been higher up, but one got so entangled in the creepers that sometimes it was impossible to move for several minutes. Zurbriggen at one time got completely pinned down for about ten minutes. I could not come to his rescue, as I was fighting my way through a bit of bush myself, but I could hear him giving his opinion of West Coast scrub, in a rather lengthy harangue, in five languages. At about 2 p.m. we reached the end of this gorge, where the river begins to widen out a little as it comes to the Welcome Flats. Here we rested for some time, and Zurbriggen attempted to catch some ducks that seemed for a moment to be quite tame. He could get within two yards of them, but they would then invariably fly away, mocking all his efforts.

These are what are called the blue or mountain ducks, and are most excellent to eat. We would have given anything to have had one of them, as our provisions had given out the day before, and the only thing that we had was what is called Juno tobacco, a curious sort of evil-smelling black bar. It had one very good quality, and that was that after smoking a pipeful of it, one had absolutely no desire for food. I can recommend it as being much more efficacious than kola biscuits or meat lozenges.

The walking was now fairly good, and we progressed rapidly. The Welcome Flats, as they were called by the explorer Douglas, when two years previously he explored this valley as far as the junction of the Marchant and Strauchan streams, are a level bit of ground about four miles in length and about half a mile broad. The stream here almost forms a lake, it widens out to such an extent. They were certainly well named, for never was a flat bit of ground more acceptable to the weary traveller than these were to us as we came down. At about a quarter past four we reached the end of these plains. The weather had been much too hazy for us to see very much; we had not been able to get a view of the celebrated sierra spoken of so enthusiastically by Mr. Douglas in his report, published by the Government, of Copeland Valley. At about five we recommenced our former work, forcing our way down between great boulders in the river-bed, or tearing our way through the scrub. Some of the rocks here were quite the largest I have ever seen; one a little further down proved on measurement to be 300 feet by 200 feet by 110, and some others seemed to me to be even larger. At 6.30 we stopped, and prepared to bivouac among some great boulders. The weather was looking very promising, so we did not think it necessary to protect ourselves from possible rain. No sooner had we lit our fire and made ourselves comfortable than it began to rain. This is one of the typical instances of the pleasant climate of the West Coast. I have come to the conclusion that the more promising the weather looks, the more likely it is to rain. The inverse of

this problem I believe holds equally good.

February 26th.—The rain fell lightly during the night, but as morning began to dawn we had to shelter ourselves in a hole, as it came down in torrents. We waited a little, hoping that it would clear. We were very hungry by this time, not having eaten since the 24th, and again we had to have recourse to Juno. I find it unpleasant the first thing in the morning for breakfast, but its magic effect still worked, and all sense of hunger left me, though I distinctly felt unwell after it. At 6.30 we started, thinking that if we were not quick in getting down we should be unable to ford the river, as we knew we must before we reached the Karangarua. The work was now most unpleasant, and besides, it was dangerous, as it was almost impossible to keep our feet upon the slippery, wet, water-worn stones, and beneath us the torrent rushed with great force. If we had once fallen in we must surely have been drowned. Also, when we had to force a passage through the bush, we got so wet, and our clothes got so heavy in consequence, that we had to stop and wring the water out of them. The river now runs through a gorge, and we had to keep in the woods all the time. The underbrush here was not quite so thick, and we were able to make better time. Toward about 10 o'clock the rain ceased, and the sun came out. We stopped for a little to dry our clothes, and lying down upon a flat rock, forgot our miseries for a time in sleep.

We were now distinctly feeling the effects of want of food, and we got exhausted much quicker than on the previous day. We started off again soon, determined to try and make a push for Scott's Homestead that evening. At about two in the afternoon we came to the end of the gorge. Here we could walk comfortably, relatively speaking, on the river-bank. We soon passed Architect Creek, and came into more open country. We saw here numerous tracks of wild cattle. We now began to look out for a good ford, as the river was high, and we thought the sooner we could cross it the better. All the places thus far,

however, had seemed hopeless. At about five we got to the place Douglas had marked in his map as Harvest Ford. It looked very bad here, but I determined to try it, as it was our only chance of getting to Scott's house that night. Zurbriggen was for waiting till the morning, for he said the water would go down, as it was a glacier-fed stream, but the weather looked very threatening, and I feared lest a heavy storm of rain might make it impossible for days. We took out the long thin rope, and I tied myself to one end of it, and started in. I went a few feet, but suddenly I fell into a hole; Zurbriggen drew me back quickly, and I came out more like a drowned rat than anything I can think of. The water was very cold. We then consulted as to what we had best do. Zurbriggen was very much against crossing; he does not like the water at all. After a few minutes, however, when I had recovered my breath, I thought I would try again a little higher up. We went through the same manoeuvre, only this time with more success. I got across the worst part of it successfully, and into shallow water on the other side. Zurbriggen, however, did not seem inclined to come, so I crossed back again to him, and tying the rope round him and making a loop in it that he could hold with one hand, I made him enter the water, while I went a little above him up stream, to give him confidence. In this way we got across successfully. The whole passage was about a hundred yards, and the river-bed was very bad, being full of holes in the most unexpected places. On getting to *terra firma*, we sat down and wrung our clothes out as best we could.

It was getting late now, so we thought it best to hurry on as fast as we could. The walking was fairly easy, and we were able to make good time. Soon we passed the junction of the Copeland and Karangarua Rivers. Here we were astonished at seeing a footprint in the sand; we could not imagine whose it could possibly be, or what object any one had in coming up this desolate valley. Soon we reached a track cut through the forest; this was still more surprising to us. As it looked in our direction, we followed it,

thinking to strike what was marked in my map, published by the Geographical Society of London, as the South Road. I did not know at that time that this road existed only in the prolific imagination of certain surveyors and map-makers. The road, I believe, was marked out, but never made. It was getting quite dark now, and we walked as quickly as we could, hoping to get through the forest before the night overtook us. We had not gone far before we saw looming up in front of us a large tent with a fire burning in front of it. It was now dim twilight, and this apparition appeared so suddenly before us that we were quite startled. Then we heard the gruff voice of a man accosting us from the interior of the tent. A moment later he emerged, evidently as much surprised at the meeting as we were. He did not seem to understand where we had come from. On asking him whose camp this was, I found that it was Mr. Harper's, who had just come down from his exploration of the Twain and Karangarua Valleys. He was now apparently on his way up the Copeland Valley on the same errand that brought us over—namely, to find a passage from the West Coast to the Hermitage by some possible saddle at the head of the Marchant. Harper himself was at Scott's house, this man told me, and was intending to start next day. We sat down to rest ourselves a little, and we had some hot cocoa. I found out from Dick—that was Harper's man—that we were only an hour from Scott's house, but that the house was difficult to find in the dark, as there were two branches of the Karangarua River to

ford, the house being situated on an island. After about half an hour's walking we at length reached the first ford; this we found rather cold work, but, thanks to Dick's excellent guiding, we crossed without incident. The next ford was also successfully managed without accident, and we landed on the island formed by the river on which Scott's homestead stood. We had considerable difficulty in finding the house, which is hidden away in the bush, so that it can only be approached from one direction. For about an hour we wandered about, following an intricate maze of paths; there seemed to be always a path, and one followed it on, expecting to get somewhere, but unfortunately found that it gradually disappeared in the bush, and finally vanished completely, defying all our efforts to find it. At last, about nine o'clock, we found the house. Here I met Harper for the first time. We had been corresponding for a long time previous to this, trying to arrange some place to meet; but as Harper's letters had always taken two months to reach me, and mine had never reached him at all, we had never been able to arrange upon any rendezvous. They gave us some food at once, for we were really in a starving condition. We had now been on the tramp for sixty-four hours from the Hermitage, with only about half a day's provisions.

[The remainder of the Journal contains an account of the difficult return journey to the Hermitage by the Fox and Franz Joseph Glaciers and the Ball Hut.]—*Contemporary Review*.

OUR VILLAGE--POOR NEIGHBORS.

BY E. B. HARRISON.

"To-morrow the leaves will fall,
But I only think of the gold of the harvests
to come;
So glorious the splendor will be of those
harvests to come,
That we never think again of the leaves
that are falling."

—*Bard of the Dimbovitza.*

You may very commonly hear it said

by those whose fortune it is to live in the country that they have no neighbors. "A beautiful spot," they say, "but we are badly off for neighbors;" or "our nearest neighbor is five miles away." Now it is certain that neighbors can only exist in the country. In the town, we are all jostled up together

like the animals in the Noah's Ark of our childhood, greatly to the detriment of many of us; and although it is true that we live side by side there, in long rows of houses, so similar in appearance, that without a number we should hardly recognize our own front doors; which of us, if his number stood at 12, would admit that he had duties and social obligations toward Nos. 11 and 13? No. 12 has a way of scornfully qualifying them as "next door," by which he means to convey that he has no sort of connection with them. He probably does not even know their names.

How different is all this in the country! The dweller in the country who is literally without neighbors, or who is not on friendly terms with those he has, is indeed to be pitied. Everything in the country depends upon your neighbor. There is the right-of-way through an adjacent park, the stroll through a neighbor's friendly woods, the socialistic joy of the little towing-path from which the merest wayfarer may feel that he owns whole estates. The peace of parishes has been known to hang upon—a pheasant, or it may be—a fox, or perchance it is that time-honored grievance—the right to a certain pew in church. And then what robust likings and dislikings in the country! Your neighbor that you like—how pleasant to ride with him or to walk, to meet him in the cricket-field or at tennis, on the hill-side at golf, to hunt with him or to shoot—and on long winter evenings in the sacred hour before dinner—how delightful to sit in the curtained room round the fire, when, under the gentle stimulus of the teacup, the best talk of the day is done! While for the neighbor that you dislike—for no particular reason most likely—what a salt and savor does it not give to life!

But the word "neighbor" is used in the country in far too restricted a sense. The man who complains that he "is badly off for neighbors" is probably living close to some two hundred families, with many of whom he might, if he would, have friendly and very pleasant relations. Our ancestors in this respect were wiser than we. They were more complete country-men and

country-women. They built their houses, for the most part, close to the village, some very lordly mansions actually face the village street, and their owners shared in the life of the village community even while they dominated it. To-day all that has changed. The great parks and houses have a constant succession of fresh owners, and the old simple relations between the "House" and the "Cottage" have ceased. The peasant watches, in his slow critical way, the arrival of the family from town, the young ladies with their smart London clothes, the young men, who look as if they did not know much about the "lond," and his mind reverts to "t'ould Squoire," and he recalls how he has heard tell "thoot Squoire and his own grandfather had stubbed Thornaby Waste." They had taken their time; Squoire couldn't afford to put more than one man on the job; his grandfather had been that man, and Squoire and he together had done the country good service. Yes! the old relations have ceased, with all that there was of dignity and friendliness about them. And there has not yet been time for new relations to spring up.

It is a great thing in the country to live in a small house. For one thing, you are less likely to inherit a game-feud, nor is the feud of the family pew included in your lease, and you are at once on an easy footing with the village folk. The village knows exactly (for did not the villagers plant them?) the fruit-bearing capacities of your trees; whether or no you are likely to have a good supply of walnuts; and they are ready to declare that you must be short of roses, "for that creeper o' yourn, he warn't never no good for nothing." It follows that simple offerings come to your door. The carpenter finding your creeper doing even less well than usual, sends up a great basket of Gloire de Dijon roses from off his own more favored porch. Gifts of damsons, greengages, walnuts and mushrooms follow in due course, while you in return make your little offerings of anything which you are known to do well in. All this is possible because you live in a small house, and your estate is not oppressed with "glass." It

is possible too to become on terms of real intimacy with the sages of the village—possible, that is, if you are willing to serve a long apprenticeship. The peasant is a cautious being: it takes him a long time to make up his mind about his would-be friend. And if he is slow in answering you, it is that he is trying to make out what you would like him to say. It is only when the replies come freely, and in an adverse sense to your questionings, that you may begin to feel that you are making way. But when once you have established your right to his confidence, how pleasant it is! What kindness and yet what dignity he shows, what bright flashes of humor, and curious pieces of knowledge, with strange intermixture of folk-lore and pagan superstitions! For, be it noticed, your peasant is a very pagan at heart.

The children of the village too, when they see you tramping the lanes, sometimes hot and dusty, sometimes as well-covered with mud as they are themselves, will make friends, and share their confidences with you, of marbles, and cricket, and birds' eggs. They will show you where the wild strawberries grow, and tell you strange stories of snakes and "pincher-bobs," and of how they have seen the mother viper in self-defence devouring her young.

The children of the village form a happy link between the old world and the new. The fathers and mothers look with pride, if also with a tinge of suspicion, upon the education that all their children now receive. How different from their own young days, when many a child left school unable to read or to write! The parents have now realized the meaning and value of passing certain standards, though they take care that the children shall understand of how little account in their eyes is all book-learning. The modern village child is certainly not likely to underrate his own importance, and the cynical remarks of his grandfather and his mother are possibly a very useful makeweight against the glory of reaching the seventh standard. The other day, the writer was joined in a ramble along the lanes by a little urchin who had become friendly over the gift of a

cricket-ball, with a little advice as to his wicket-defence. "I say," said the boy, "d'y'er know, I'm in the sixth standard, I am." There was nothing for it but compliments and congratulations. "I say," continued he, "I'm only eleven year old, I am." "And what standard do you think I'm in?" returned his friend. "Doano," said the boy. "I'm in the twenty-fifth standard, I am," was the reply. The child gasped and promptly disappeared in a hedge, where one may hope that he pondered over this hard saying. It is much to his credit that he has forgiven the little joke at his expense.

"Our village" is not very far from London. It would be possible to cover the whole distance in a single day on a good horse. It lies off the high road. It is not on the way to anything. On the stillest summer night you may hardly hear the roll of the distant train down the valley. But the air is full of the song of the nightingale, the cry of the night-jar and the owl. The village lies in a clearing, in what has been a great forest country, under the shadow of protecting downs. It would be difficult in all England to find a more old-world place. The houses cluster round a broad-spreading green, devoted to the sports of the village children, and on holidays to cricket. A tall maypole still overtops the roofs, and the country folk still dance and feast around it at the annual fair in early summer. The maypole is the glory of the countryside, for by it there hangs a tale. Some sixty years ago, the old maypole, which had long shown signs of decay, was uprooted in a great storm, and was so badly injured in its fall, that it was found impossible to set it up again. The village took the loss greatly to heart. It is impossible to say exactly what the feeling toward the old maypole had been; but one night, a party of determined young fellows marched out some seven miles to a lonely heath where stood another maypole, deserted and uncared for. They tore it up and bore it home in triumph on their shoulders; and when the village woke next morning, there lay the miracle of a new sound maypole on the green. Mine host-at the inn saw the importance of the event, and lent his

aid, and the new pole arose on the ruins of the old, with oak bottom and iron girders to make all secure. The exploit was commemorated in a song, long sung in the village, in which the daring and the huge stature of the leader of the expedition were set forth. It does not appear that any complaint was made, or that retribution was exacted. But "Lord love ye, nobody cared for nothing sixty years ago."

There is no shop in our village, no post-office, no baker's shop even, though there is a cottage where you may buy loaves. If you are so extravagant as to want "butcher's" meat, you must go some miles to fetch it. The doctor lives six miles away, the druggist seven; but you are not expected to be ill, and for the rest, barter and exchange are the habits of the place. It must always be remembered that the surest test by which you may tell whether you are really in the country or whether you are merely making believe in some suburban district is the test of payment. In the true country you seldom pay outright for anything. You sell a bit of hay—you are repaid in straw or corn. You want to make a fence—one person "thinks" he can find the wood, a second person "draws" the wood, and a third person sets up the fence. Problem—who and what are you to pay?

There is an exquisite sense of peace and serenity about our village. Time has mellowed everything to a perfect harmony. Forest trees shade every lane, and from every rising ground you may see the great downs, blue or black, with here and there a sparkle of white in the far-away clefts of chalk near the sea. A spirit of content seems to rest upon the inhabitants. "He is an afternoon sort of a chap" is a common expression, and indeed it would be difficult to conceive of any strenuous endeavor or spirit of revolt in such a Sleepy Hollow. The advent of a parish council even cannot stir its repose.

And indeed the villagers have cause for content. They live, for the most part, round the village green, in large roomy and most picturesque old houses, with high roofs and gables, and grand stacks of chimneys. The ancient malt-house, with its imposing out-buildings

and delightful dwelling-house, stands on one side of the green, the village smithy on the other, and all the houses have large gardens bright with flowers. We may suppose that the village with its surroundings looked in the year 1795 just as it does to-day. Dominating all the rest rises the parish church, its gray stone in striking contrast with the glowing reds and browns of the village roofs. The church dates from the thirteenth century, and from its size and importance would seem to suggest a time when the worshippers must have been far more numerous than they could be to-day.

There is, of course, a reverse to the picture. Picturesque old houses have a way of letting in the rain; and wells dating from the seventeen hundreds may very probably not yield a satisfactory water-supply. The great open hearth, with maybe a settle on either side in the chimney-corner, gives distinction to the cottage parlor, but alas! this open hearth, with a hook in the chimney, and a hanging pot, are too often the only kitchen appliances. On the other hand, the house rent is fabulously low; there is always a good garden, and there is so much waste land that every one in our village keeps a cow or a goat, a donkey, pigs or poultry, while wood may be had for the trouble of picking it up, and fern litter, for the animals, for the cutting. Winter, too, brings no phantoms of cold and famine to our doors. The peasant in the woodland country can always find work, for, when the harvest is gathered, the work in the copses begins, and continues in one form or another until the spring. There are very few persons really downtrodden by poverty in our village.

We have, however, one real grievance—our distance from medical aid. It is pathetic to think how many young wives must have perished in times past because there was none to help them, or because aid came too late. A man with a broken leg to-day will think nothing of waiting a day and a night before he gets it set, having probably suffered tortures in the meantime from various rude attempts to pull it in place. But we are a robust people happily, and we have a rough and

ready way of ministering to each other, though perhaps our remedies would hardly commend themselves to the fastidiousness of the town. Hot beer, or hot home-made wine, rhubarb, or currant, or elder, we consider a "fine thing" for all the smaller ailments; "Wite Iles" cure all our aches and pains, and our remedy for whooping-cough is heroic. We hold open the patient's mouth and force four or five tiny frogs to leap down. We believe that a viper's fat is the only cure for a viper's bite, and we have always in reserve the "wise woman," who deals with the more delicate and subtle problems of "crosses in love," and the relative desirability of a fair or of a dark young man.

But come with me up the hillside and let us make the acquaintance of one of the most interesting of our neighbors. Our way lies up what in Hampshire would be called a "hanger," a steep almost precipitous lane, but which is nevertheless the high road from our village on its northern side to the nearest town. The high road is little better than a cart tract over the hill. The ground is bright with heather and bracken, and here and there are brilliant patches of metallic green, where the undergrowth was fired in early spring. On the edge of the common, perched high upon a knoll, looking down the valley, and sheltered from the wind by a few trees, stands a house. A strange house, neither cottage, nor homestead, nor gentleman's residence. It is a curious, tumble-down, rambling place, and stands like a beacon on the hillside, but a beacon that looks as if some night a storm would whirl it away. It is a most solitary spot. Curls sweep round you as you walk, with their piercing cries, and before you lies a grand prospect of downs and wooded vales, reaching to the sea. One imagines that the bailiff, or perhaps the woodreeve, but in any case an able-bodied man, will be the occupier of so lonely a dwelling, and you are surprised, when in answer to your knock, an aged and very wrinkled woman opens the door.

Mrs. Goodyer has lived in that house for more than sixty years. She had never slept out of it until some five

years since, when her husband died. She has never been to London, nor has she ever travelled in a train. Her whole heart and soul are in the place where she has spent her life. She helped to plant the trees that are now her shelter against the wind. She rose at three o'clock in the morning as a young woman, to stub up the bit of common land which makes her enclosure. She tells you that every blade of grass almost seems a part of her life. She too remembers t'ould Squire, and has many tales to tell of his kind ways, and of how he wore the last pigtail in the countryside. He it was who paid for her schooling, and the lady at the great house superintended her needlework, and initiated her into the mysteries of the still-room. She will tell you with a sigh, even yet, of the part ruffles and frills played in those early days, of the terrible burden of shirt ruffles to those who had the charge of them, and she will talk to you by the hour of the arts of preserving, of beer and wine making, for Mrs. Goodyer is pre-eminently what our grandmothers would have called "a notable woman;" and her wine, as the writer can testify, is excellent. She was born in the village, and was early married to a clever and very steady young fellow who brought her up with him to make her home at the "mast's head," sixty years ago.

What things she must have seen in those sixty years! Railways, telegraphs, the penny post, and many another change, which, though perhaps not so striking, is yet as far-reaching in its effects. But although she is firmly convinced that the human race is trying to stand upon its head, her own immediate surroundings have altered very little. Railways and the penny post have not brought a more varied life to her door. On the contrary, the country side is decidedly duller, there are fewer local events; village life has, without doubt, lost color.

Mrs. Goodyer is still active for her years. She tends a few cattle, cooks for herself, washes for herself, and carries her own wood and water each day up the hill. For sole companion she has her little granddaughter, a child of some eleven years, a strange little old-

fashioned reproduction of the grandmother. We ask Mrs. Goodyer if she is not afraid of the loneliness of the place—but she smiles, and says that when you have nothing to lose, it is wonderful how little afraid you are. She points, too, to an old-fashioned gun hanging over the chimney. "There," she says, "I keeps he loaded, and I knows how to use he; I've often," she continues, "taken he down and gone round the place in the middle of the night, but I'm most too old to be doing that now." And when you explain that it was not robbers that you were thinking of, but accident or sickness, she tells you that the child there understands. That if anything were to happen in the night, she knows that she must hurry on some clothes and run to the woodcutter's cottage about half a mile away, across the common: and the little maid smiles and nods, and you feel sure that she will carry out to the letter her grandmother's instructions. It is a sad life for the poor child, living thus far away, with the weight of an aged, possibly of a dying, grandmother upon her young shoulders, and no one but herself to stand between the old woman and death.

But let us accept Mrs. Goodyer's invitation, and go inside, and have a chat with her of bygone times. Nothing delights her so much as a good talk, if you will listen to her stories of the past, for the present seems to her far less real than the days of her vigorous womanhood.

The parlor is large and comfortable; a wide open hearth attracts you to its cheerful blaze. The walls, which were once white, are now stained in fantastic browns, the effect of smoke and wet. There are two or three chairs, an old oak dresser, a tall clock, which ticks as if it were of the same age as its mistress, and suffered from asthma, and hanging on the walls are various specimens of old iron and steel work, made in the valley long ago when this was the Birmingham of England. A huge pair of tongs that might have served St. Dunstan, and a toasting-fork of so elegant and fanciful a shape that it would certainly compel you to toast your own bread.

Mrs. Goodyer has much to tell us,

and although perhaps it is not her intention to do so, she leaves us with an impression that things are very much better on the whole than they were in the old days. She tells us of the terrible year 1834, when there was almost a famine in the place, and the distress was so great that thirty families in the parish emigrated. She tells us of how much she and her husband had suffered, and how they had been tempted to go "out" also; but they owned "beastis," and their friends had advised them to hold on to the old country as long as possible. She talks of the old outbreaks of influenza, and takes down the family Bible to show us how two of her little ones had been carried off by it in one year. She says that times are better now bread and tea and sugar are so cheap, and she says the manners of the village girls are gentler and more womanly. They do less work in the fields than formerly, and there are fewer children born out of wedlock. All this, and much more she tells us, and we come away with the impression that life in "our village" is an easier thing than it was sixty years ago; but we feel somehow that there is less of fun and enjoyment, less savor to life, that the people have lost in robustness and character.

Mrs. Goodyer, however, comes of the old stock. A few years ago her aged husband died, and as she was left quite alone, it seemed natural and prudent that she should leave her solitary wind-swept cottage and go to live with her married son, who was a small farmer down the valley. Accordingly, Mrs. Goodyer had a sale of her effects, reserving to herself a few pieces of old furniture that had come to her from her parents, and took up her abode at the farm.

It was a pretty place; the advent of the grandmother was hailed with pride and satisfaction. But the old lady drooped and pined; the air of the valley "choked" her, she said. At last she became so ill, that she told her son she felt that she must die if she could not go back to her old home upon the hill. And so in the late autumn of that year, when the cold and the frosts had begun, and the leaves had nearly all fallen from the trees, a procession

was seen moving slowly up the hill-side. It was a farm cart containing Mrs. Goodyer, sitting upon the remains of her household goods. The son led the horse, his wife and the children walked by the side. They had come to install her again in the old home.

"And from this place," she says in sad triumph, while her glittering blue

eyes flash with determination, "I will never go, for I've planted every tree and sown every blade of grass, and I love them all. And I will never go till I am carried out, feet first, to rest alongside my poor husband. An' I doan't fear snow, nor cold, nor sickness, nor death. For I'm not one of those as is so desperately fond o' life," and she smiles.—*Temple Bar.*

ON A DEVONSHIRE TROUT-STREAM.

A COLD wind is blowing from a gray sky; a wind that shifts restlessly from south-east to west and north of west, and cannot make up its mind from what quarter it shall blow, whether it shall bring rain or snow, cloud or sunshine. All around us are hills covered with yellow grass and brown trees, laurels and rhododendrons hardly less brown than the trees, and the very gorse, which one had imagined to be hardy, brown and dead after terrible weeks of frost. The ewes with their lambs to leeward of them look bored and puzzled, as though their calculations as to the time for addition to the flock had been unexpectedly upset; the lambs themselves seem hardly to have the energy to wag their tails when the time for refreshment comes. In sunny New Zealand we have seen them wag their tails over an india-rubber spout set in a troughful of milk with an energy at least equal to that which they consecrate to the founts of nature; but here at this moment they seem to have lost all heart for it. And yet the month is April and the place North Devon. The very rooks are silent and preoccupied, oppressed perhaps by the recollection that during many bitter weeks they demeaned themselves to accept dog-biscuit from human hands in a human backyard, and were glad even on such terms to escape starvation. Yet in December we saw them as busy over affairs of courtship as though the spring were already come. As to blackbirds and thrushes, they can have no song left to sing except a dirge for the hundreds of their kind that have perished in the hedgerows. The very pigeons flap away with

a guilty suspicious rapidity as though the guns had not been laid to rest two whole months ago; whereas they ought to be announcing to the world in voluptuous coos that they could, if they would, tell an interesting story about two little white eggs on a certain rude bundle of twigs in a certain *pinus insignis*. And yet though not a green leaf is to be seen, it is really April and not December, for we have nine feet of greenheart in our hand and are going a-fishing.

The sky is unpromising; is the water any better? Alas, no! though the clouds are dark the water contrives somehow to be bright; it is running low, and frets and shivers under the cross contradictory gusts of wind as though for once it took no pleasure in hurrying to the sea; pale also and clear is it, showing no trace of the rich peaty tint that we love to see. Looking up toward its source twelve or fourteen miles away, we can mark the great round hills of Exmoor dry and yellow as the fields around us, as much as to say, no water to be expected from here. It is the worst conceivable day for fishing, but we are not on that account to be balked of the pleasure of throwing a fly. We have not stolen one extra day from the streets of London for the sake of keeping the rod in its case; so let us put on a March brown and a blue-upright, the only two flies that one wants in North Devon, and let them float down the water in their most appetizing fashion. Cast and cast and cast again; it is all to no purpose. We know every stone in this little stream and are perfectly certain that there is a trout under that

stump, behind that rock, at the head of that stickle; but though we present the blue upright in its most seductive attitude not one of them will move. No matter, let us flog on, for the river is good company, and following its course is like turning over the pages of an old journal. Though no trout come up from under the roof of that overhanging oak-tree, yet there comes at any rate a reminiscence. Ten years ago, one fine September evening, we saw turn to bay under that very tree the most gallant stag that ever we had the luck to follow. Twenty miles away on the cliffs overhanging the Bristol Channel we roused him; and we can see him now as he jumped out of the heather, his coat as bright as a thoroughbred's, and made his point straight across the forest of Exmoor. Then came a desperate gallop of miles without a check over the heather that skirts the forest, over the grass of the forest itself, across the detestable wet ground where the Exmoor rivers rise, and at last down into the wooded valley of this very river. How the pack raced, and, alas, how they tailed, and how many miles separated the first horse in the race from the last! But as we plunged into the valley we noted that the leading hound was not the young one that had led the way over the forest but a veteran who had kept himself for the last; and thereby we knew that our deer was sinking. Sinking, yes! but not beaten yet. For seven more miles did he travel down the valley, now in the covert, now in the water, constantly seeking the stream to refresh himself, but unable for long to keep himself away from it; until at last he could leave it no longer, and the veteran leading hound casting himself rapidly down the bank, caught view of his quarry under the oak tree and lifted up a great gruff voice to tell us of his triumph. People who know the bay of hounds in the mass only do not realize that the voice of a single hound is hardly distinguishable from the voice of a sheep-dog; but it was not many seconds before the veteran's solo was increased to a chorus, and presently there was a little group of weary men, horses, and hounds gathered round a motionless brown body,

and we knew that a historic run was over and that we must get our horses home somehow.

Cast and cast and cast; the wind for the moment is less cold, the river winds in close under a covert, and here is a pool where we have caught many a trout, though it is an awkward place. Suddenly there is a wild clucking at our feet, and a water-hen squatters across the pool with all possible uproar. Apparently we have intruded on her domestic arrangements, for there in the hollow of an old alder-stump are seven little dirty-colored eggs, and in revenge she has spoiled the pool for us. Now the river clears itself from under the covert and flows under a railway viaduct; on that viaduct too, most unexpected of places, we have seen a red deer turn to bay and breathe his last. We pass under it and through a high iron fence into a deer-park; a park for fallow-deer, be it understood, for a red deer makes nothing of eight feet of iron rails. We have a favorite pool under some dark yew trees a little further down; a quiet, sequestered spot where fish may be hungry. No, not a sign of a trout! A heron rises and flaps slowly away two hundred yards ahead, aware of our presence long before we were aware of his. Fifty years ago there was a heronry among these very beech trees, which was destroyed by some enthusiastic anglers on account of the havoc wrought by the birds among the trout; but the herons still seem to cherish an affection for it and visit it, two, three, and four pairs of them together. Surely though they must have left a trout or two to take our fly; let us creep in under the low branches for a cast into the innermost recesses of the pool. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What is it that we have stumbled on, which makes off with such a flounder and crash? Only a fallow buck, lean and ragged, limping painfully away up the hill. He was injured in a battle for a wife in October and has been an outcast ever since, according to the inexorable law of his kind. He will recover now that he has passed through the winter, and, though the growth of his horns will almost certainly suffer, will probably be as uxorious as ever next Octo-

ber and will be killed outright for his pains.

Cast and cast and cast ! We are now on a long straight reach where no boughs lie in wait to catch the carelessly thrown fly, and where for that very reason many a small boy has been brought to make his first essay with the rod. It is a bit of vandalism, this same straight reach, being part of an elaborate plan carried out by the reigning squire at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Looking about us we see avenues and remains of avenues, beech, oak, lime, and Scotch fir stretching in every direction ; and on the hill above the bank of the stream a few hundred yards below us is a sort of parody on a Grecian temple. A century ago there were three or four dozen of such temples scattered about on various eminent sites, with the idea apparently of presenting to the spectator a landscape after the classical manner wherever he may turn his eyes. Obelisks, pyramids, a triumphal arch, a sham castle and a sham village served to provide an interesting object at the end of every avenue, and still furnish a puzzle to the rustic stranger ; though time and westerly gales have destroyed many of the avenues, and reduced others to isolated clumps. Did ever quainter fashion than this pseudo-classical formalism invade rural England ? The surprising thing too is that these toys were for the most part uncommonly well built, and easily converted, when the fashion passed away, into habitable dwellings, so that the sham church has become a real cottage, and the Grecian temple a home for the British gamekeeper.

Now the river passes out of the deer-park and swings itself freely under the oak-coppice woods once more. And see, there is some one fishing before us, the miller, the instructor of our youth in the gentle art and the best trout-fisherman in North Devon. His rod is made out of half-a-dozen scraps of rods with a joint of unmistakable ashplant in the middle ; but he will take more trout with it than other men with the finest creation from the Strand. " Can't move a fish," he answers to our interested inquiry. "'Tis a surprising thing," he adds reflec-

tively in his richest Devon, " that all the beggars should be of the same mind ;" and undoubtedly if human beings could occasionally show the same unanimity as trout, the world would be governed far more easily than it is.

And now the river buries itself under overhanging beech trees ; there is covert on one side and an orchard on the other, so that it is useless to attempt it with a rod. Still this hidden reach is, we blush to confess, singularly well known to us, for there is a weir at the head of it, and consequently, when the water is low in the autumn, a good many salmon are sometimes compelled to wait for a flood in the lower pools. Now the sight of a salmon lying for weeks under the same rock, and refusing, very naturally, to be beguiled by any lure that may be offered him is more than a boy can bear ; and so it came about that one fine day, many years ago, two boys came down stealthily through the beech trees armed with a trolling-rod and sixty yards of strong line, with a large cod-hook attached to the end thereof. Arrived at the scene of action, one of them cut a hazel wand and made that also fast to the cod-hook, and therewith stepped into the water, leaving his companion on the bank with the rod. We seem still to see him as he peered into the pool, and then quietly lay down on his side in the water and thrust the fateful wand gently down ; we can remember his face growing redder and redder as his arm disappeared deeper and deeper into the pool, till the water lapped first to his lips and then to his nose, when with a convulsive jerk he struck his blow and left hold of the wand. Before we knew what had happened a great fourteen-pound salmon came tearing down the pool like a flash of light, making a wave like a torpedo-boat down the shallows. Frantic exhortations to hold him up and give him the butt were utterly thrown away, for it was all that we could do, between the strength of the fish and our own uncontrollable laughter, to hold the rod at all. Away went the whole sixty yards of line with a dismal scream ; the fish disappeared from sight ; and then the strain on the

rod ceased and the first salmon was gone. No matter; there were still two more of them under the same rock. The process was repeated over a second fish, which frightened us out of our wits by jumping straight into the overhanging boughs, from whence, after a brief but desperate struggle, in which we took an active share, he soon managed to kick himself free. The third fish, like the first, went down stream at express speed, completely overpowering the tenant of the rod, and would probably have made his escape also had not the other sinner in desperation seized the line in the water and hauled him in hand over hand. Having captured our fish, there arose the awkward question what we should do with him, for we knew that no one would believe us if we said that we had caught him fairly; so we put him into a shallow from which he could not escape, and studied him attentively for an hour or so, poking him up when he seemed to be feeble and stroking him down when he showed signs of irritation; finally we decided to let him go. That fish was not in his former place under the rock when we came to look for him next day.

In truth the salmon in these upper waters are a sad nuisance. Under stress of agricultural improvement, drainage, and the like, these little streams have lost their former even flow; they are either in high flood or else reduced to a mere trickle. The rain on the hills, instead of oozing down to the rivers drop by drop, is hurried into them by a thousand artificial channels, and causes them to rise and fall with almost mercurial rapidity. A salmon starts up from the sea on the top of a flood and finds, before he has travelled very far, that the water is too low to allow him to travel further. So there he remains in the pool of his choice, refusing any lure offered to him by man, devouring all the young trout within reach, and steadily losing condition. When winter comes with constant heavy rain he makes his way up almost to the peat-beds where the waters rise; but he does not come back. No matter how red and lank and miserable he be, he is picked out of the shallows with net

or gaff or spear, and makes a meal for the laborer on the moor,—small blame to the laborer. It may be asked what about the law? Well, without hinting at the name of the watershed to which we refer, we may say that from the tidal water to the peat-bog the Fishery Acts are a dead letter, for the very simple reason that there is not the will in the one case nor the power in the other to enforce them. In the estuary the net-fishermen capture and sell salmon during the close season with hardly even a show of concealment. Why? Because they are Conservatives and the borough magistrates Radicals; and the Radicals hope to gain their votes in municipal and general elections by allowing the Conservatives to break the law. Considering the extreme timidity of small borough magistrates, the result would probably be the same if the parties were to exchange opinions. The fishermen, too, are a lawless lot, and would make no great matter of killing an obnoxious water-bailiff. A very few years ago, when a courageous magistrate ventured to impose a heavy penalty on one of them, his companions in the court there and then stormed the bench and drove the occupants to fly for their lives. Even so, it was difficult to find more than one magistrate who would give evidence against them. Such are among the unrecognized beauties of local government.

But we have wandered far away from the river, though we can never throw a fly in it without reflecting, not without sadness, on the old days when we never flogged patiently over two miles of water without catching at least a dozen if not two dozen little trout. Let us cast on, though with faint hope, yet with all our old attention to favorite spots. What is this? Actually a fish tugging hard at the blue upright. He fights well, this absurd little six-ounce creature, as hard as though he were a five-pound grilse, so different from the heavier but more torpid trout in more celebrated streams. He is soon on the bank and has ceased his fighting for ever; but probably there is another in the same rock basin waiting for what heaven will send him. Yes, there is another, and a third and a fourth and a fifth; this is more like

old days. Small they are, like all the fish in these moor streams; but our tackle is light enough to give them plenty of play, and they certainly make the most of it. Why, we wonder, do these same brook-trout when turned into an equally small and rapid stream in New Zealand grow to average a pound in weight, and in the case of individual monsters to scale even eight pounds? But we are not in New Zealand now, and must be content with home and its humble six-ounce fish. We have fished the rock basin till it will yield us no more, and go on down the stream with better hope. Not a fish moves for the next six hundred yards, and we settle down to dreaming and despair once more. A tiny tributary with a mere trickle of water, flowing into a miniature pool little bigger than a portmanteau and overhung with laurels, distracts us for a moment from the river. Let us shorten our line for just one cast at the tail of the pool. Ah, we were right! Up comes a little fellow with savage energy, and tries hard to make away up stream, which, however, must by no means be permitted lest he disturb his neighbors. Another cast, so soon as he is disposed of, just a foot above the last, brings another to the bank; and a third cast, a little higher again, attracts two more, one to each fly, so that we have the satisfaction of playing them together within a space the size of a hip-bath, and ultimately landing them both. Now why should there be four hungry trout in that cupful of water and not one in the river ten yards away?

The river-bank becomes high now, and we scramble down to fish from the foot of it. A wild flutter of wings and a diabolical sound of crowing sends our heart into our mouth, and away sails a great pied cock-pheasant in a panic of haste. Well we know that bird; he is the only pied pheasant in the place, and he has managed to survive through four seasons, so that his spurs must be at least an inch long. Year after year he has given us a chance of killing him; and year after year, needless to say, owing to an unprecedented combination of adverse circumstances, we have failed to bring him to bag. The result is that he is always

associated with our own name by beaters and gamekeepers, and has become, in fact, a perpetual reproach to us. Moreover, he has always taken care to show himself exactly when a gallery of spectators has been present to witness our failure. The ill-omened bird is hardly out of sight, and we have not resumed our work with the rod, when, as usual, a keeper suddenly appears on the scene. We are delighted to see him, for we have been friends since boyhood, but we wish he would smother his smile more successfully. Even if the pied cock be still in the land of the living, the shooting-season is at any rate over, and by-gones should be by-gones.

What a miserable creature one feels with one's pasty London face alongside a fresh-looking rustic; and yet we are as truly countrybred as even this man, and might be such as he is but for our fate. He too was taken up to London, and might have been a rich and portly butler by this time, but that, being a gamekeeper's son, he threw up high wages and soft living, and preferred the much severer but freer calling of his father. He is full of news, which he imparts as he follows us down the bank. He supposes we have heard that poor John M. is dead. Yes, with sorrow we have; how was it? Well, no one very well knows; but they found his pony-cart smashed up in the hedge-trough, the pony grazing a few hundred yards further on, and poor John insensible in the road. They took him home and all the neighbors came in and holloed down the ear of him, but he never spoke again and was dead in a couple of hours. "Did you holloa down the ear of him too?" we ask. "Oh yes, sir, holloed so loud as I could, but I couldn't make 'un hear, nor no one else, though we all tried." Poor John's death-bed rises before us as a strange mixture of tragedy and comedy, and we are fain to change the subject. What other news? "Well, Philip H. is dead too. He shot himself accidental in the head with a revolver years ago when he was a marine, and the doctor considers it was the bullet a-moving; but Philip went to chapel Sunday and prayed violent against Jimmy Smith as a 'biter

and slanderer; and after that he was took with fits. Doctor said he was to be kept quiet; but all the chapel folks went up and prayed, and cried, and screamed over him, and I forget how many fits it was he had, more than a hundred I think they said, Monday and Tuesday; and Wednesday he died. And Jimmy saith he sha'n't go to chapel no more to be called 'biter and slanderer, for he never spoke no harm of Philip; and he was in church last Sunday and Sunday before; and they do tell me he means to join the choir, though I never heard tell that he could sing." Poor Philip! So a bullet in your head (and even before the advent of the bullet, that head was not a very clear one), has added a recruit to the ranks of Anglicanism, and the chapel knows your rather gruesome eloquence no more.

Well, what else? Why, of course we have heard that old Mary is dead; she was a hundred and two years old for certain. Yes, we remember old Mary well, and her stories of the terrible years of the great war when the people lived on black bread and had not too much of that. To this day not a poor man in the district will eat brown bread, owing to the memories that have survived from those days. We have heard her tell too of the time when she was a parish 'prentice, and every market-day went up to that awkward corner in the old pack-road, lest her master returning drunk to the farm should miss the turning and break his neck. "The parson preached a beautiful sermon on a long and blameless life," continues the keeper; "but old Charlotte up to the almshouse, who's ninety-two you know, sir, *she* saith that, when she was a maid, old Mary wasn't no better than she should have been." Charitable old Charlotte! but there is in this reminiscence no malicious intention, but simply desire to add to her own importance. For what profit is it to remember the village scandals of the year of Waterloo and not repeat them eighty years after?

But the budget of news is not exhausted yet. A forest-deer has come down off the moor into those very coverts around us. Harry saw him one evening and saith he was a regular

monster, as big as a bullock; but Harry was coming back from market, so one can't depend on what he saith. Foxes there be in plenty; he bolted one out of a rabbit-burrow not three weeks ago when ferreting. "Do you mind the time, sir, when we found one the same way some years back?" he adds. Indeed we do, for it was a curious sight. The terriers barked at every hole in the burrow with unusual keenness; but for some reason the ferret soon came back to us, and could not be induced to try again. So we then put in another ferret, a very large one, with a line, in order to see what he could do. He stayed in for some time, and could only be drawn back with great difficulty an inch at a time; but at last, after digging toward him for some way, we brought him to the light, and there to our amazement we found his teeth closed fast in the throat of a vixen, in such sort that she could neither hurt him nor shake him off. We released her, and away she went little the worse, leaving six little cubs behind her, every one of which, however, she transported on the very same night to an earth three miles away. The ferret also was none the worse, though so savage after his desperate encounter that it was awkward work to handle him.

It is lucky for us that we have had a companion all this time, for not a trout will look at our flies. The river now bends under overhanging woods again for a short distance, and the keeper, unable to follow us further, wishes us good-day. We really must have a fish out of the pool at the entrance to the covert, where the water pours so merrily over the shallow gravel ridge into the rock bed. Yes, they are hungry here, though why hungrier than elsewhere is a mystery. Five are brought to the bank in quick succession, and a sixth, whom we judge to have been a half-pounder, after a desperate tussle manages to beat us. And now we must go through the covert for a time before we can fish again. Never have we seen it look so wintry before in April; not a tuft of green on the larches, not a sign of resurrection in the brown lifeless bracken; a few primroses, it is true, here and there,

but not the carpet that there should be. For all that one can judge from the appearance of things, there might well be a woodcock lying by that holly tree where the warm spring bubbles out of the moss to join the river. Let us see at any rate. No; we can hear a scampering of tiny feet over dead leaves, but not the bright flip-flap of the brown, long-billed bird. He is gone back to Norway, presumably, and is flying three gun-shots high across the fiords in a sober straightforward fashion, instead of ducking and diving among the trees as is his habit in England. The rustle of feet ceases, and we catch a glimpse of a little bushy brush disappearing round the bole of a great beech tree. Look out for the appearance of two little bright eyes on the other side in a second or two. There they are; are all the squirrels that we see of the female sex that they are so curious, or is there something in the diet of nuts and young pine-shoots that makes them inveterate sight-seers? Let us get back to the shooting-path and out of the covert. Stay, what is this print on the soft clay? Surely the slot of a deer, and not only of a deer but of a stag. Let us follow it up and make sure. Yes, a stag beyond all doubt; the footprint will hold all four fingers of our hand, and must be three inches wide at the heel,—a good stag. Here on deeper ground we can trace the mark of his dew-claws, blunt and divergent; the claws of the hind-feet are uneven too, and the slot of each hind-foot falls little in advance of the fore-foot,—in all cervine probability a very good stag. Here he has left the path and wandered up into the covert, we think we know whither, to a snug corner in a little hollow that is beloved of all wild animals, sunny and windless, a dry spot in wet ground. Seventy years ago the red-deer made it a favorite lair, and now that, after having first narrowly escaped extermination, they again resort to these coverts, they have re-

turned to it once more. If there be a fox in the covert he will be found not very far from the same spot; and if there be no fox there will be two or three wild cock-pheasants, for they all love that same corner, presumably for the same reason, and community of taste, like misfortune, makes strange bed-fellows. We once saw a hare, a fox, and a brace of hinds emerge in quick succession one after another along the same track, from the head of acombe on Exmoor.

The afternoon is wearing on, and we have two dozen trout, so we must fish down one last favorite reach and turn homeward. One little fellow we secure at the first cast, and then not a fish will move. With an honest and unselfish desire to do justice to the river we flog down the reach a second time, but without result, and turning round find a small boy, with a broad grin and a telegram, standing at our elbow. He has apparently been so deeply interested in our efforts as to forget the object of his mission. "I zeed a sight of fish as I come down," he says without attempting to present the telegram. "Did you, boy? Then don't get going in after them, or you'll get drowned." He grins broader than ever, the young rogue; and we shrewdly suspect that he is a past master of the noble art of groping trout; but we can make allowance for him, for we know by experience how delightful the pursuit can be in the hot summer days when the water is low. No need to open the telegram, for we know too well what is in it. "Here, boy, here's some fish for you. Run home and tell your mother to cook them for your supper." Pray Heaven he may stay in the country, and not become a pale-faced counter-skipper in a town. A last look at his chubby cheeks and a final glance at the water; and good-bye to running streams and healthy faces until September. — *Macmillan's Magazine.*

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

BY GEORGE FORBES.

THERE is no class of professional men who travel so much as engineers. Their experiences are often full of interest, and at times not devoid of excitement. Yet how seldom it is that any account of these travels is found in print. This is partly due to the fact that it all seems to the principal actor to be all in the day's work, and hardly worth committing to paper. But there is also a certain pleasure in having a store of experiences to relate to one's more intimate friends, which the vulgar crowd cannot read in a book.

At the present moment I am tempted to curb this natural reticence with the object of narrating my experiences of the last few years, which I believe are unique in our profession. Our engineers are often called upon to travel in difficult countries, and to accomplish what look like impossibilities. But it is by no means an every-day occurrence for the financial men in a great country like the United States, who are not in the habit of minimizing the capabilities of their fellow-countrymen, to invite a foreigner to carry out one of the greatest works of modern times in that country. Some people say that the Americans are perhaps too much inclined to look upon their countrymen as the inventors of Electricity. It is, then, all the more surprising that the work about which the English engineer was asked to advise them was the electrical utilization of Niagara Falls. It must, however, be remembered that this work involved entirely new problems and designs, while the American electrician has less capability of evolving entirely new plans, or designing entirely new machinery, than of adapting his past experience, exactly as it stands, to new conditions. It was for this reason that one of the ablest of American engineers said in public three years ago that it was impossible to transmit the power of the Falls to Buffalo, some twenty miles, so as to make it pay; whereas we have now established the fact that the limit of dis-

tance is to be counted by hundreds of miles.

There are two great mistakes commonly made as to Americans. One is, that they are original inventors; the other is, that they are humorous. Neither of these propositions is true. It is true that if asked to create a knitting-machine, or a type-writer, or a reaper, they will put together well-known mechanical devices to accomplish the result. But this is designing, not inventing; and the cause of so much work of this kind being done in America is the high price of labor, which must be replaced by steam and machinery. So with humor, with of course some brilliant exceptions, their periodical literature is filled with so-called wit, but it smells strongly of the midnight oil. I remember an incident related to me by an editor of a weekly journal. He said, "Yesterday a poor miserable man came into my office and laid before me some manuscript and said, 'O Mr. —, I wish you would look through these jokes and pick out any you can use. I was working at them all last night, and I need money badly to bury my poor wife.'"

Invention and humor require a gift of imagination, the same gift that shows itself in poetry and letters, in music, painting, and sculpture; and in no one of these directions has this gift of imagination been found to predominate among Americans.

I have given these reasons why it was perhaps natural to have recourse to a European to take hold of this great and entirely novel problem. Another reason is that all their electricians who may have had a wide practical experience are tied to manufacturing companies, and cannot be looked upon as independent either in thought or action; and since it was pretty certain that any plans that might be adopted would have much of novelty in them, and would be opposed in the first place both by scientific men and by the manufacturers, it required that the man selected should have nothing to gain

or lose by the friendship or hostility of these two classes of men.

When I had finished my work at Niagara Falls the chairman (or president, as he is there called) of the company wrote me a letter, in the course of which he incidentally mentioned some of the reasons why I had been invited to carry out this work. These are given later on in this article.

Passing now from these digressions, let us come to the Falls themselves. I have no talent for pictorial description, and they are well known to a large number of my readers. I will only say that the river Niagara leaves Lake Erie at the City of Buffalo and meanders, innocently enough, through level plains for sixteen or eighteen miles, passing on the two sides of the Grand Island and then opening out into a wide lake-like expanse a mile wide, where, a mile above the Falls, the current becomes more swift. It then is parted in two by Goat Island, the narrow part dashing down by furious rapids to the American Fall, which is a straight curtain of water shooting down a perpendicular height of 160 feet. The wider branch makes a turn round Goat Island and is very wide, and the breakers dance merrily in the sunshine, until the waters concentrate themselves at the Horse-shoe or Canadian, Fall—the greatest volume of water being at the V-shaped apex in the centre, where the depths of water at the lip is sufficient to impart a brilliant emerald color to the water. From the Falls downward for many miles the river runs through a precipitous gorge. For the first mile it is sluggish, but with gurgling upheavals of the water from below. Then come the terrible whirlpool rapids where Captain Webb was drowned. After that a sulky repentant river creeps to Lake Ontario.

There are three things at the Falls themselves which rivet the attention. 1. The water takes four or five seconds to fall, and in doing so it assumes the most fantastic forms of drapery. 2. The mist and spray rising from the base of either Fall is drifted by the wind, or in a calm rises in a cloud 1000 feet in height. 3. The third feature is the noise. You have not only the rushing noise of the Rapids, but

also a booming, at times resembling a thunderclap, when the somewhat intermittent flow tumbles upon the water beneath, and shakes the foundations of houses half a mile away. The village or town of Niagara Falls on the American side of the river is built of wood. It is dirty, and the streets are bad. Its industry is the catering to excursionists. Cheap restaurants, merry-go-rounds, itinerant photographers, and museums of Indian and other curiosities are the chief features. The last are mostly impostures, always excepting the world-famed "Katie & Libby's Stores," where genuine curios are to be found, and many pleasing souvenirs. This village is remarkably conducive to the concoction of lies, and the Falls lend themselves to the art. The prophets of this cult are the hackmen (cab-drivers), who earn the gratitude of the excursionist by the thrill of their narratives. I believe, however, I have reliable evidence for some remarkable statements. 1. On the 1st of April 1848 the Falls ran nearly dry owing to a stoppage by ice and a strong east wind on the lakes. 2. A drifting ship, drawing sixteen feet of water, went over the deepest part of the lip of the Horse-shoe Fall. 3. A steamer called the Maid of the Mist, built at the Falls, traversed the Whirlpool Rapids in order to escape creditors, and reached Lake Ontario in safety. I cannot, however, vouch for the generally-accepted statement that in doing so she turned a complete somersault. 4. At the Whirlpool there is a path descending to the water to a spot where they catch the bodies that float there. There is an average of one suicide a month, and they are invariably trapped by the Whirlpool. 5. There is another true story which is rather startling. A hundred yards above the brink of the American Fall a rock ten feet square projects for a foot above the water in mid-stream. One morning the inhabitants awoke and saw a man sitting on it. The noise of the Rapids prevented verbal communication. They did not, do not, and never will know how he got there. He stayed there thirty-six hours. The people telegraphed to Buffalo, and the railway company sent one excursion train after another for thirty-

six hours to see the man on the rock. They painted signs and stuck them up for the man to read, saying, "We will save you." Two hundred yards above there is a bridge. From this, by ropes, they floated rafts with provisions to him. At the end of his stay a big one came for him to get on. What they were going to do with him if they got him in this seething rapid I know not. He tried and failed, and went over the Fall, and that is all!

People are differently affected by their first sight of the Falls. Some say, "How disappointing!" others, "How magnificent!" Some (Colonel Bob Ingersoll was the first to say this to me, but I have heard the same from others), "How horrible!" and others say, "How seductive! I want to go over with the water."

The Falls in winter are totally different from what they are in summer. Every bush and tree is a work in silver filigree. The precipices are concealed behind icicles 60 feet long. Every rock in the river is the nucleus for a dome of frozen spray rising 150 feet it may be.

When you know the river you will love it; but to know it you must see it at every season and at every hour—at sunrise, noon, and by moonlight; in sunshine and storm; with the mist rising as a tower, or drifting away to unveil new points of beauty. You must know every corner, peaceful or violent; you must see it from above and from below, and from every point of view, and always you will hear that thundering boom that shakes the ground. It is best to live on the Canadian side at the Clifton House, open only in summer. The most impressive points of view are those that make you feel the smallest. Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador in London, tells me that the only true way to appreciate the grandeur is in the early morning to swim across from the Canadian to the American side, just below the Falls. He has often done it, so he ought to know.

To me the great charm of the Falls is their immutability and change. The drifting spray and varying light give the changes of a kaleidoscope, but the volume of water pouring over never

varies. They remind me of the face of a dear friend, always the same but never two moments alike. I suppose there is nothing to compare with them in size or grandeur except the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi; and Livingstone, who never exaggerated, said that these were the finer.

The "utilization of Niagara" is a hateful phrase to the lover of nature. But it must be stated at the outset that what is being done does not in the least degree affect its beauty. Only a small fraction of the water is to be used, and all the works are more than a mile above the Falls.

It is time now to leave the digressions about the beauties of Niagara to explain how it is possible to make use of this power without affecting the scenery. Now "gentle reader," do not for a moment imagine that I am going to burden you with engineering details in any part of this article. I hope to allude to them only in such a manner as to excite your interest rather than to bore you. Any one who has visited the Falls of late years knows that the land on the two sides has been appropriated by the United States and Canada respectively for national parks. The old mills which used to be in the stream above the American Fall have been removed for æsthetic purposes, and the land laid out with some attempt at good taste. On the Canadian side the same thing was done, but I regret to say that the rapacity of the Legislature of Ontario has not proved equal to withstanding the blandishments of the greedy capitalist. Two lines of rails traverse the whole of the National Park at the edge of the gorge. After the land had been confiscated by the Government, and the owners had been paid only a fraction of its true value, it is now turned into a source of revenue by the Government, and a gold mine to the capitalists, at the expense of the visitors, who can no longer enjoy the peaceful quiet which Lord Dufferin tried so hard to give them.

In spite of all that the Americans have done for preserving the beauty of the Falls, there is one terrible eyesore—a large number of mills have been erected at the edge of the precipice over the gorge. To these the water

of the upper river has been led by a canal passing through the town. This water drives water-wheels or turbines in the mills, and is then shot over as waste water down the precipice. Not only is this hideous in itself, but it is repulsive to the engineer, because of the great waste. They use only a few feet of the fall, and waste over 100 feet.

Thirty years ago an American engineer of the name of Evershed proposed a plan by which the mills should not be in view of the Falls, and by which the power might be utilized without detracting from their appearance, and the fundamental idea of this plan has now been actually executed. Mr. Evershed's idea was to take in the water from the river by a long canal a mile or two above the Falls. Along the banks of the canal mills were to be placed requiring power. At each mill a hole or shaft was to be dug in the ground to a depth of about 150 feet. The bottoms of these shafts were to be all connected by a long tunnel passing from them under the town at a gradual slope and emerging at a tunnel mouth below the Falls, on a level with the lower river. At each mill-site a water-wheel or turbine was to be placed at the bottom of the pit, which would rotate a vertical steel shaft coming to the surface. At the top this shaft would, by means of cog-wheels or belts, turn the machinery of the mill. In this way the canal was to bring water to the pit, and, having given up its power to the water-wheels, was to flow away by the tunnel into the lower river. Such a tunnel has been built, though the details of Mr. Evershed's plan have been altered. The result is that the factories and mills are far distant from the Falls, and do not interfere with the views. The tunnel has been built so as to be capable of using 100,000 horse-power or more. There are not many manufacturing towns in the world whose steam-engines all combined would give so enormous an amount of power as this. As Dominie Sampson would say, "It is prodigious!" The tunnel-mouth can be seen from the Canadian side of the river, and looks like a mere speck compared with the volume of water which is pouring over the Falls. A single glance is sufficient

to convince anybody that even when 100,000 horse-power, or many times that, has been used, the effect will be imperceptible. But even now the water which is being used issues from the mouth with great velocity, and sets up quite a strong current across the surface of the stream.

Probably every engineer who ever visited this spot has been struck with the vast amount of power going to waste. But I am very doubtful whether its use could have been a commercial success before the electrical art had been so much developed that it was possible to distribute power by its means for all kinds of purposes.

Nevertheless, before this question had been entered upon, some New York capitalists were found who were prepared to take the matter in hand. At that date such an action was a bold stroke; but fortune in this case favored the bold, and the electrical work which I have carried out has been done at a cost which even now seems incredible to many.

In 1889 the Niagara Falls Power Company was formed to carry out this work, and their first act was to buy up all the land in the neighborhood. The capital subscribed was wholly American; and amounted to £2,000,000, about one-half of which has been spent. The acting committee consisted of railway men and lawyers. The chairman, as usual, is called a president. They like giving big names to things in America. A pond is a lake, and a hill is a mountain; they never speak of the sea, it must be called the ocean; a meeting is a convention, a dictionary is a "speller and a definer," a town is a city, a chairman is a president, and so on. The only exception I know of is that the wealthy people who own those charming country residences at Tuxedo and Lennox call them cottages. But these are not average Americans, and in that country the manners and customs, as seen by the ordinary traveller, are governed by the average man, who is not a good specimen. He is apt to be a most awful "bounder," has no taste, and does not know the meaning of the word "repose;" but you need never meet this type except in railway trains and hotels. His ideal, as one

of them told me, is to spend his nights "on the cars" and his days in getting the better of his fellow-men. But the refined American is quite different. These are mostly met in Washington and the south, and, of course, Boston is a thing apart; and as you approach this town you are told that the humming you hear is the noise of people reading Browning. Tuxedo also is a great exception, where you can have congenial society. It is a large estate with woods and lakes and forty miles of well-laid roads. Country houses or cottages have been built all over it, and there is an excellent residential club—into which, however, the female element has progressed so far as to have introduced even babies into the bedrooms!

I must really ask to be excused for such digressions, but I must tell my story in my own way or leave it alone. The chairman of the company which has utilized the Falls is Mr. E. D. Adams, well known as a banker and a reorganizer of railways. The first vice-president is Mr. F. L. Stetson, a lawyer who has also had much experience in the finance of railway companies. Mr. Cleveland, the U.S.A. President, is a partner in his law business. The second vice-president is Mr. E. A. Wickes, also a railway-man. The secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. B. Rankin, is one of the most able and energetic and charming men I met in the States. I only hope he will not utterly ruin his health by overwork. All these are very able business men, though not engineers, and the affairs of the company could hardly be in better hands.

In October 1889 the Niagara Falls Power Company was formed to carry out the great work of utilizing the Niagara Falls on so gigantic a scale that all previous attempts to use water-power at once sank into insignificance. The Cataract Construction Company was at the same time formed by the same people to carry out the work. All that they had then settled was that they would make the tunnel proposed by Evershed for carrying away the used water. They had not settled whether the mills should be brought to the power, or the power to the mills. They had no estimates of the cost. If power

were to be distributed to mills and factories, they had no notion whether it would be by means of air or water under pressure in pipes, or by wire ropes, or by electricity. None of the acting committees were engineers, but they had faith in the evolution of ideas which would culminate in success.

In order to obtain more definite ideas they invited certain engineers to prepare plans of any methods they might think best. These were to be laid before a Commission of engineers and physicists from England, France, Switzerland, and America, with Lord Kelvin as chairman.

At first I declined this invitation on the grounds that the method of competition is contrary to my professional practice, and also that with so novel a problem I would not accept any man, or combination of men, to adjudicate upon the project which I might decide upon.

Having learnt, however, accidentally, that any electrical plans to be submitted would not be of a satisfactory nature, I withdrew my refusal in order that a plan, as I conceived on proper lines, might be at least in evidence.

Up to this date there had been only one example of electric-power distribution, and that was in a small village called Oyonnaz, on the frontiers of France and Switzerland. But the problem now before me was entirely new in many ways, besides being of gigantic proportions. The object was to send *power* rather than *light* over the wires. But I found that every different user of the power would want his electricity delivered at a different pressure (it is not here necessary to understand the meaning of the words "electric pressure"). House-lighting, street-lighting, electric tramways, flour-mills, metallurgical processes, all required different "pressures." Also, if we were to carry any of this power through wires to a distance, "the pressure" must (for sake of economy) be very high during transit, and be reduced at the place where it is used.

Now let me say, without explanations, that there are two kinds of electric current—a "continuous current," always flowing in the same direction, and an "alternating current," in

which the direction of flow is reversed, it may be hundreds of times in a second.

I soon realized the fact that not only could the latter current be more easily obtained at high pressures, but that it could easily, and without moving machinery, be transformed to any required pressure at any spot when it was wanted.

Up to that date, 1890, both kinds of electric current had been used for electric lighting, but the alternating current had never been used for giving mechanical power except in an experimental way. For this reason it seemed to most people absurd to suggest its use for Niagara Falls. I would have shared this view were it not that for several years I had visited the United States and the continent of Europe to study the progress that others were making in electric work. I had thus become well acquainted with the system which Nicola Tesla, a young Montenegrin, was experimenting on at Pittsburgh, U.S.A., called a "two-phase" system. He distributes two alternating currents, one of which attains its maximum when the other is at its zero value. With these two currents a simple form of motor could be worked to supply power to shops, factories, or mills. I also had seen many things in various parts of Europe not generally known in England. Owing to these varied experiences, I had an opportunity above all others at that date of foreseeing that the alternating current would soon be very generally applied not only to light, but also to motive power.

Acting upon this knowledge, I worked out complete plans, using only machinery which could then be got in the open market, and was able to furnish complete working plans, drawings, specifications, and estimates of cost. This laborious work when concluded left no doubt in my mind that the alternating current must be adopted.

The Commission sat upon these plans, and, as I expected, denounced the alternating current, for none of them had had the experience which I possessed of the latest developments. How well I remember walking along Piccadilly with a member of the Com-

mission. He told me of this decision with an air of sympathy with my supposed misfortune. He was somewhat surprised when I replied that nothing could have given me greater satisfaction than this decided expression of opinion, "for," I said, "the alternating current will certainly be adopted at Niagara."

I heard no more from the promoters of this enterprise for over a year. It took them all this time to realize that the Commission had made a mistake. Lord Kelvin was the most violent opponent of the alternating current; and for long afterward (although he is my most esteemed and oldest scientific friend), even when I was appointed as the consulting engineer, he continued to write and cable to the company, though his opinion on this point was not asked for, telling them that they were making a "fatal mistake" if they followed my advice. His latest expression of opinion in this sense was in November 1894, when my work was practically completed. Such a line of action has hitherto been unknown among professional men. I need hardly say that this opposition on the part of so eminent a man was a stumbling-block which might well have wrecked the whole scheme; but in this and other points where my plans were at variance with the opinions of others, I was most loyally supported by the directors, and through this support alone they and I have been enabled to put the works into their present satisfactory condition.

To add to the difficulty, the highest scientific authority in the States had taken up the same position as Lord Kelvin. Fortunately, however, the year 1891 saw some great developments in the use of alternating currents for motive power in Europe over a distance of 112 miles, and our American opponent frankly confessed to a change of opinion owing to the results then attained.

Early in the year 1892 it became evident to the acting committee that the views of engineers had been undergoing a change, and that the use of alternating currents for Niagara was a necessity, thus indorsing the prophecy I had made long before. They then asked

me to act as their electrical consulting engineer, and during that year and the next and the next I was almost constantly in the States. The only real rest I ever got was in my voyages across the Atlantic. I soon came to feel at home on all the large liners. The Campania, Lucania, Umbria, Etruria, Majestic, Teutonic, and many others were havens of rest; and one always feels glad to meet old friends in Captains M'Micken (now, alas! dead), Haines, Parcell, Walker, M'Kay, Murray, and many others. The misfortune is that at most seasons the only class who travel much are American bagmen, or drummers, and they are not a favorable class to judge Americans by.

Sometimes I lived in New York, where the offices were; sometimes at Niagara, to be near the works. I did not care to go much into society, but I made some very firm friends, specially the Hewitts, and our amiable Consul-General Sir William Booker and his charming American wife. My greatest friend of former days had been S. L. M. Barlow, a well-known and remarkable man. Roscoe Conkling and I used to dine with him every Sunday. These two lawyers, both able men, on opposite sides in politics, and also in the great Stewart will case, amused and instructed me much by the exposition of their views on men and things. Both were dead now, and I had two friends the less to help me to pass these three years. Part of the time I lived at Tuxedo, an hour from New York, where you could have fishing, shooting, boating, bathing, and golf; and I shall never forget the cordial welcome I there received from the Potters, Bruzes, Lorillards, Delasfields, Fishes, Kents, Rushmores, Prestons, Van Courtlandts, Van Nests, and from Allen Lathrop and many others. The lovely scenery and genial society of this place helped me greatly to retain health during a period of anxious and arduous work.

Now I must go on to describe what has been accomplished. The tunnel of which I spoke is 21 feet high and 19 feet broad, and is horse-shoe-shaped. It was expected that no lining would be necessary, but at the outset the roof

began to fall in, and it had to be lined with four courses of bricks, increasing the cost largely and diminishing the capacity from 120,000 to 100,000 horse-power. The tunnel is 7000 feet long, mostly on a slope of 7 feet in 1000 feet. At the mouth there is a curved surface of iron for the water to flow over smoothly. The level of the water below the Falls varies a good deal. Sometimes it is far below the tunnel-mouth, at other times it is several feet above.

The plan of having a separate shaft for a mill has been adopted in only one case, the largest paper-mill in the country, where at present 3300 horse-power is being used. The paper is made out of wood-pulp, and trunks of trees have to be ground down for this purpose. This accounts for the large amount of power used.

It is intended to supply all the rest of the power from a great power-house where electricity is generated. Within this building a slot in the ground, communicating with the tunnel, has been excavated to a depth of 150 feet. It is 20 feet wide and some 150 feet long. Parallel with this slot there is a canal of great width taking in water from the river. From the canal to the slot there are water-passages from which iron pipes $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet diameter descend to the bottom of the slot. At the bottom of these the water passes into the casing of the turbines, and in passing through these develops power to the extent of 5000 horse-power for each unit. Three of these are in place. The power is given to a vertical shaft $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter except at the three bearings, where it is less. This steel shaft extends right up to the surface of the ground, and is attached at the top to the revolving part of the dynamo, which generates the electric current. Two designs of these turbines or water-wheels had been received from Swiss makers, and the selection of the best was intrusted to another English engineer, Professor W. C. Unwin. The company has, besides its powers on the American side, acquired a control of the rights on the Canadian side, rendering the undertaking international in its character, and also in the benefits to be conferred. In the autumn

of 1892 Professor Unwin accompanied me to the Falls, and he then made a study for the company of the hydraulic work to be done on the Canadian side. So that English engineering has been represented in more than one part of this great work.

In 1892, when I came to examine the plans put in by various manufacturers, I found that some of the crudest work conceivable had been submitted by the Americans. The Europeans sent some excellent designs, especially the Oerlikon Fabrik, near Zurich. But these makers were handicapped by the duty imposed on machinery imported into America. There was, however, one fatal defect in all the plans then or subsequently submitted by the manufacturers. I must explain that all the revolving parts of turbine, shaft, and dynamo have their weight supported by a hydraulic piston in the turbine—being balanced, in fact, by the water-pressure. The total weight which could be supported was thus strictly limited. Also, the designers of the turbines (Messrs. Faesch & Picard of Geneva) required that there should be a certain momentum or fly wheel effect to assist the regulation of speed. In none of the designs submitted had the revolving part of the dynamo sufficient fly-wheel effect. In every case it was necessary to add a large heavy fly-wheel; and in every case this increased the weight beyond what was permissible. The American manufacturers were entreated to alter their dynamo designs to meet this difficulty. They tried, but they were unable to do so. We were then in a most awkward dilemma, and it looked as if a serious departure from the original design of turbines must be made. Meanwhile I had been constantly working at various new designs, and at this stage I saw that, for the credit of the company, it was imperative that I should, if possible, get out a design on new lines which should have the required fly-wheel effect without too great a weight. A dynamo always consists of two main parts, a fixed and a revolving part. In every one of the many designs sent in the revolving part was central—i.e., inside of the fixed part. It occurred to me that if I could make the external

part revolve I should get a maximum of fly-wheel effect with a minimum of weight. By making the external part bell-shaped, I was able to attach the centre or top of the bell to the top of the vertical shaft, and the central fixed part resting on the floor could be reached from below. I proceeded to get out rough designs, and found, with the utmost satisfaction, that I could meet all the requirements of the turbine-makers. I also found that this design gave far greater mechanical strength to the revolving part of the dynamo—an important matter, with this forty tons revolving more than four times a second. Further, the magnetic attractions which in all the other designs increased the dangers from centrifugal force, in my design actually diminished them. It soon became evident that this happy idea of revolving the external parts completely extricated the company from the very awkward dilemma in which they had been placed. I then proceeded with a large staff of draughtsmen to get out the working drawings, and I secured an American patent as a protection to myself and my company. It was a matter of considerable satisfaction to all concerned that I had thus so simply got over the serious difficulty which at one time threatened us with starting afresh on all the machinery, turbines and all. We were now able to feel quite easy about the hydraulic and electric generating plant. The only weak part in the scheme seemed to me to be the vertical steel shaft. The officials, however, were satisfied, as it had been passed by the Swiss firm who designed the turbines (though made in Philadelphia). I had always wished to put the dynamos at the bottom of the pit close to the turbines, and I still believe that this arrangement would have served us better.

The designing of a suitable dynamo was, however, only one of a number of difficulties that had to be overcome. Some of these were of an engineering character, but others savored of "politics" in the sense in which that word is used in the States. There *politics* means intriguing, underhand dealing, and jobbery, and is always used in conversation to express that meaning.

Until I went to America the manufacturers of electrical machinery never had a consulting engineer to reckon with, but dealt directly with the financiers, who knew nothing about cost or efficiency of machinery. When they knew that I was to advise the Niagara Company, they tried by every means in their power to revert to the old plan. Every game of bluff, bounce, and threats was used, but without the least effect. One of our engineers, in another department to mine, who knew nothing of electricity, was completely taken in by one of these firms. This and other intrigues hindered me a good deal in carrying out my plans. Then, again, I had at times great difficulty in keeping the president and vice-presidents in hand. One of the latter, after he had learnt a little about ohms and volts, believed himself capable of instructing me as to which tenders I ought to recommend for acceptance, and did his best to try to influence my judgment. Most of them began to think they knew something about the subject, and that they were quite capable of settling what tests the machines should be put to. All this was generally amusing enough, but became almost tragic at times when I found them endangering the whole work. On such occasions I would write to my millionaires and tell them that if they did not do what I told them they would be personally answerable to the directors and shareholders for any disaster that might occur. This always had the desired effect, and my point was carried. I fear that at times they wished me at Jericho, but after any one of these tiffs was over I think they were glad that I had taken that line.

I have said that there were many new electrical problems to attack. One of these was a new departure on my part, which involved a very heavy piece of calculating and designing before I could be perfectly certain that my conclusions were correct. It occurred to me that with the large machinery we were using (the dynamos which I designed were three or four times as powerful as any that had then been made) it would be best to make the alternating current reverse its direction as slowly as was consistent with making a

good dynamo. This would not do so well for *lighting*, but for a *power* station like ours the advantages were powerful and numerous. The one objection that struck me was that the machines used for changing the electric pressure would be more expensive. This compelled me to design all these machines (they are called transformers), and to calculate the cost of construction. I was then agreeably surprised to find that the cost was enormously less than any one had dreamt of. At the same time, out of every 100 horse-power put into such a transformer we could get out 98½ horse-power, a result which had never been approached in smaller machines. Then, again, some of the manufacturers threatened us with patent-litigation if we used certain types of machinery, so I had to get out designs of another kind of motor to drive the mills, so that in any eventuality we should be prepared and able to go on in spite of these threats. Then our first customers wanted continuous current, and I had to select a method of making the conversion. In fact, I found myself obliged, before we advanced a step, to have all the designs ready for manufacturing all kinds of machinery, even if they were not all to be used. This work, carried out under all kinds of difficulties put in my way, was chiefly done in the summer of 1893 at the Falls. I had a lovely house in park-like grounds (as the agents say) on the banks of the placid river above the upper rapids. I went to bed early and rose at five or six in the morning, and I shall never forget the delights of these glorious summer mornings at one of the most beautiful sites in the whole neighborhood. In the afternoons I generally took a drive in a buggy on the Canadian side, where the roads were passable, and sometimes I rode. I had a nigger servant to look after the house, who differed from all his race I ever saw in his desire for work. If I did not want the gravel rolled or the grass cut, he grumbled. He always got up at five o'clock, and prepared my bath. I used to ask Jim about his previous life, and found he had been "porter" on a railway, and latterly servant in a gambling-hell in Buffalo!

He was a good servant. This house belonged to one of the Porter family, who have long owned most of the property here. A Miss Porter was once travelling in Europe, and at the *table d'hôte* her neighbor said, "Oh, if you are an American I suppose you have seen Niagara Falls?" She turned to her inquirer, and fixing him with her eyes, she said, "I own them!"

An Englishman in America should always try to retain his Englishness,—otherwise in a year or two he will be reduced to the level of an average American. Where all men think themselves equal, individuality is at a premium. An American once tried to find fault with me for pitching into my servant, because, forsooth, all men were equal. I never saw the man before, and would never see him again. So I told him that if he wished to be placed on a par with my valet I would willingly acquiesce, but he must not attempt to define my place on so short an acquaintance.

I acquired quite a reputation on the New York Central Railway from a little Englishman. I had forgotten all about it when a friend at the Falls, arriving home from New York, said he had heard of me. "How is that?" I asked in the vernacular. "Well," he said, "you seem to be able to get the better of the conductors on our railways" (the most insolent class of men in the country). "I was talking to one on the cars, and when he heard I belonged to Niagara Falls he said, 'Oh then, you know Professor Forbes.' I said I did, and he said, 'Well, there's no flies on him.' I asked him why, and he said, 'One night we were coming from New York, and in the early morning six of us conductors were in the smoking-room yarning when in comes Professor Forbes: he takes a look round and then says, "I want to smoke, but pray don't disturb yourselves, I am only a passenger;" and we all put our tails between our legs and slunk out, and then we roared with laughing to think how he had got the better of us in his quiet way.'"

These were very happy days, though I lived quite a solitary life. Of course I had anxieties and worries, but I felt quite certain of loyal support in any

case where the safety of the work was threatened.

The dynamos were at last made and tested, after most annoying delays and disingenuousness on the part of the manufacturer. The makers of the transformers and machinery for getting a continuous current, on the other hand, were prompt and obliging, and the tests came out well. Then I got bids for the appliances for transmitting power to Buffalo. All the conclusions I had arrived at from my own designs were now confirmed. Their cost per horse-power, even with my low frequency, was a fifth part of those that had been used for lighting, and the efficiency guaranteed was as I had stated. I decided on all this transmission plant, and it is not now put in only because the Buffalo people want to get the power for next to nothing. There is too much "politics" in this business at Buffalo. Another triumph I have had is, that engineers all over the world have learned to appreciate my low frequency of alternations, while we ourselves have found new merits in it at every step.

I had also arranged for special apparatus for people who had set up a factory within a mile of the powerhouse, and who wanted 1000 horse-power, and wished to be able to vary the electric pressure during the heating of their electric furnace. Arrangements for arc-lighting, for tramways and house-lighting, had also to be arranged. When this was all completed and the first plant in place, the period of construction and design gave way to a period of dividend-earning, and my continuing to take charge would have swallowed up too much of the annual income, so I concluded my engagement with the company. In writing my farewell letter, I felt how much I had been assisted by the acting directors, and I told them so while summarizing the results which we had been enabled to attain to. In this letter I said that we now had completed a work which for successful working, security against break-downs, high efficiency, and low cost, was ahead of anything that had hitherto been even dreamt of, and that I was confident of a great success from a commercial point of view.

The company, through their president, replied in cordial terms as to the satisfactory results of our co-operation, from which it may be interesting to make the following extract:—

"In our desire to secure the best theoretical results under your eminent and valuable advice, it has been most gratifying to have had your cordial co-operation up to this point, where the commercial manufacturers are ready to give us satisfactory guarantees of performance.

"When you were selected as the electrical consulting engineer of this company, we recognized that the novelty in the proposed size of units to be used in the Niagara installation, and in the character of the station proposed for the generation and distribution of power, was such that we must have the benefit of the very highest scientific advice. We further recognized that in the advocacy of the use of the alternating current and of low frequencies you were a pioneer, and we join you in the feeling of just satisfaction in the conclusion which has now been reached in respect of those features. In this, too, your independence of thought and action has been of peculiar service, while, through your original design of the stationary armature and revolving [external] field of the generators, adopted by us, you have relieved us of one most embarrassing question in connection with the relation of the generator to the turbine. Nor can we fail to recognize the value of the vast fund of information which you have brought to us concerning electrical installations in different parts of the world, and well described in your various and exhaustive reports.

"In making you this partial expression of our appreciation of your assistance during your professional connection with this company, we beg to assure you that we now part from you with the best wishes for your professional and personal success."

The letter from which I have made this extract attributes the splendid results which we attained mainly to engineering skill. I am inclined to believe that they were fully as much the result of an exercise of tact, judgment, and forbearance, combined with firmness—qualities which I do not hesitate to say that both the officers of the company and myself recognized in each other, and without which we should have found it difficult to obtain satisfaction from the manufacturers. We had the utmost difficulty in enforcing proper tests for balance of the dynamos, and the strict rule that no circuit should be suddenly opened or closed while carrying a large current. I mention these as being two matters of prime

importance, the neglect of which would have been a crime. Owing to the support I obtained from the acting directors, the whole work for which I was responsible has been put in place and set agoing without a single hitch. This is not usual in a novel work of so great magnitude. I feel confidence in asserting that so long as the instructions I insisted upon are acted on, there will be no trouble with the electrical machinery.

In jotting down these personal experiences, I may have failed to give a *coup d'œil* of the whole scheme. Now there is at the Falls a small tower of observation, like Eiffel's, 300 feet high. The last time I was there I penned a letter to the "Times," which was published at the end of the year 1894, from which I may make an extract:—

"I am perched on the top of a small Eiffel tower, lately erected, and casting my eyes up the river, over the house-tops and beyond the town, I see a new world created. There is a wide canal leading water from the river into that gigantic tower-house where three turbines are set up to drive three dynamos of 5000 horse-power each. There is the bridge to carry cables across to the transformer house. Inside the tower-house the water is carried down pipes 7½ feet diameter into the turbines, and thence it passes through a 7000-foot tunnel under the town, emerging below the Falls, the tunnel being capable of developing 100,000 horse-power. Far as the eye can reach extend the company's lands, with here and there a huge factory either now using the water-power, or waiting for the electric supply. One of them uses 3300 horse-power, another 300, a third one 1500, and that unfinished one requires 1000. You can see, far away, the model village for working men, and improved sewage-works with drainage, pumps for water-supply, electric light, and well-paved streets. There again is the dock where ships from all parts of the Great Lakes can unload, and there a huge expanse of reclaimed land; while the whole is swept by the company's railway, seven miles long, connecting every factory with the great trunk lines."

Since these words were written the

machinery has been set to work on its commercial task of supplying power and earning money.

The directors have no present desire to send the current to great distances. It will pay better to create a smokeless manufacturing town in the neighborhood. If required, the power could be sent much more than a hundred miles, and still be more economical than steam, even though coal is cheap there. In countries where power is much wanted, but very costly, the electrical transmission will be successful at distances of many hundreds of miles. Such

cases occur in many places where there are valuable mines but no fuel.

In conclusion, I may say that the work done at Niagara is the forerunner of much more, and already I have in hand the preparation of plans of schemes nearly as important.

I also wish to bear tribute to the kindly friendship which I almost universally experienced at the hands of American engineers. Hardly a single case occurred where any jealousy was shown at an Englishman (or rather Scotchman) being selected to carry out the work.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that the feeling which now dominates in Russia is the need of a deep, thorough, and sincere revision of all the most fundamental conditions of existence of the nation. The best men of Russia, in all classes and strata, are convinced by this time that it is no longer possible to persevere in the direction which national life has followed for a time; that to do this would mean to throw all further development on a false track; to paralyze the best energies, to vitiate national character itself, and to prepare national catastrophes, unfathomable as to their ultimate results; that an effort must be made to get out of the old grooves and to find the way to open a new phase of development.

All nations have known such periods. Western Europe, too, is feeling at this moment the need of a fundamental revision of the bases of its economical life. But nowhere is this need felt so acutely as it is in Russia. No other nation of Europe has ever had to face such national calamities as the famine years of 1891 and 1892, and to convince itself of its utter helplessness to prevent like calamities in the future; no nation has undergone such a systematic annihilation of all its organs of local self-government, and such an obstruction of all the channels in which the local constructive forces could find an issue from the present difficulties;

and none has seen such formidable weapons of repression, so obstinately applied for a succession of five-and-twenty years, to prevent the best forces from becoming active factors in national life. Nowhere else do the problems at issue involve so deeply the very first conditions, economical and political, required for the life of a nation.

The feeling I speak of is not of yesterday's birth. It dates from the famine of 1891, when thousands of men and women were brought face to face with the undescrivable misery of the peasants,* and could ascertain on the spot how the best energies of private men, and the endeavors of what then remained of local self-government, were paralyzed by the functionaries, who treated every effort going beyond mere charity as an encroachment upon their own spheres of activity. Since that memorable year, optimism or indifference being no more possible, a decided revival of public opinion has begun to take place in Russia. The whole tone of the daily press, the review, the book of economic science, and even the novel has changed; and

* More than twenty years ago an Imperial Commission concluded its report upon the state of the peasants by these words: "The peasantry is now in such a state, that a slight failure of crops will unavoidably result in a terrible famine." The prediction was only too just.

it has become evident that nothing can prevent Russian society from taking to heart the desperate condition of the down-trodden peasants, discussing what is to be done, and acting accordingly.

It must be borne in mind that Russia is, above all, an agricultural nation, and a peasant nation; and that the misery or the wealth of the peasant is the misery or the wealth of the whole community. Not that Russia has no industries. On the contrary, her industries have immensely grown during the last three decades. But, as she has no foreign markets worth speaking of for her manufactures, and has not that class, so numerous in this country, of people drawing large incomes from the world-trade—the colonies, or the loans to, and the capital engaged in, all countries of the world—the chief customer of the Russian industries is the Russian peasant.

The cottage industries are peasant industries, the very climate compelling the agricultural population to manufacture something during the long winter months; they give occupation to at least 8,000,000 people, and are valued at a minimum of 180,000,000*l.* a year—that is, nearly twice the productivity of the great industries. But few of them are for the rich,* the immense mass of their produce being consumed by the peasants. Even the big industries (which employ only 1,500,000 workers in European Russia proper) have their chief customers among the scores of millions of the peasants; and they so much depend upon the peasant consumer that every autumn the output is settled for all the greater factories of the empire for the next twelve months at the Nizhniy Novgorod fair, after the prospects of the year's crop have become known. The nation thus lives almost entirely on her agricultural produce, and the peasant is by far the chief producer in agriculture. Out of the 303,000,000 acres cultivated in Russia, the peasants own and cultivate 204,000,000 acres; and they cultivate in addition another

67,000,000 acres rented from the landlords; so that less than one-tenth of the aggregate fields of the country are kept under culture by means of hired labor.

In order to understand Russia one must therefore imagine a compact mass of nearly 80,000,000 peasants, who grow nine-tenths of all the cereals grown, and maintain both the industries and the main bulk of the trade. For them the railways upon which the cereals are carried to the centres for export; for them the passenger trains which transport millions of peasants southward, as they go in search of work on the fertile Steppes, while their wives and children till and crop their poor acres at home. For them the fleet of 2,000 steamers on the rivers; out of the commerce in the corn which they grow originate the big fortunes; and so on. Nay, the imperial revenue, which now attains nearly 101,000,000*l.*, is chiefly built of their coppers, and fluctuates according to the number of coppers which pass through the peasant's hands. In fact, it so much depends upon the peasant's condition that the years of least deficits, cheapest loans (loans are contracted every year), and least expenditure upon the interest paid on foreign loans are the years of the rich crops, such as 1888 and 1893. Good crops make the financial reputations of Ministers of Finance, because a surplus of corn in the peasant's barn means a reduction of the deficit by a dozen of million pounds; while the two last famine years cost the State 24,000,000*l.* of direct relief, over 2,000,000*l.* spent in relief works, and over 10,000,000*l.* of decrease in the revenue.*

What is, then, the life of those millions to whom Russia owes all the gorgeous luxury lately displayed at St. Petersburg, her railways, her immense army, her fleet of fifty ironclads, and her large State revenue?

* The budget estimates are usually made upon the averages of the three preceding years, while the very bad crops recur on the average each ten to eleven years. This is why years of surprising surpluses in the revenue are so closely followed by years of equally considerable deficits. In fact, the estimates, to be of practical value, ought to be based on ten to twelve years' averages.

* Such are the "Paris" hats, the "Vienna" bent furniture, both of good quality, some silk and lace, the cutlery, the toys, the optical instruments fabricated in the middle provinces.

Certainly, no West European is capable of fathoming the poverty of the Russian peasant. A table and a wooden bench around the log walls; no trace of bedding, the sheepskin or the woollen over-cloth being taken off the shoulders to serve as mattress, bed-cloth, and blanket; no trace of pillow, even in the house of the "rich" peasant—that is all the furniture of the Russian *izba*. Nay, a piece of cotton or linen rag and a scrap of paper are a luxury which the doctor and the midwife look in vain for in a peasant household.

Food itself is often wanting. When it was stated in this country, in 1891, that each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ subscribed to the famine relief fund would sustain an adult for eight months, till the next crop, the statement was met with incredulity. But this is really what the peasant lives upon for twelve months in ordinary times. And those who, on coming to Russia, are greeted with bread and salt, certainly have not the faintest idea of how difficult it is for the peasant to have enough of black rye bread and salt all the year round; how every year, in seven households out of ten, the question where to earn some bread for to-morrow, or to borrow a few pounds of flour, worries husband and wife for at least three or four months every year. The fact is that Russia produces no surplus of cereals. If all the rye and wheat grown every year remained in the country, and not one single bushel of it were exported, European Russia would have an average of 520 lbs. of rye and wheat per head of population—that is, the lowest amount required for one inhabitant's food, and nearly two bushels less per inhabitant than what is really consumed of cereals in this country or in France.* But Russia exports on the average one-third part of her crops,†

* It exported forty-eight per cent. of the crops during the three years which immediately preceded the famine.

† The Russian agricultural statistics, collected by means of thousands of correspondents scattered in every district, are quite reliable, as has been shown wherever they have been verified by the local statisticians. About the productivity of Russia see the excellent work and maps of Borkovsky, published by the Russian Geographical Society (*Memoirs*:

and consequently that much is wanted for the food of the population. So that "chronic starvation," as Tolstoi wrote, is the real normal condition of the great bulk of the Russian peasants.*

Every year the peasant is compelled to sell in the autumn the corn he needs for his own food, although he knows that he will have to buy his bread in the spring at a higher price. He has no other means to pay the taxes. A few months before the conclusion of the last 3½ per cent. conversion loan it was announced, with much booming in the European Press, that in the budget of 1893 all "ordinary" and "extraordinary" expenditure had been covered "by an extraordinary increase of the ordinary revenue."† The reality was, as we know from our correspondents, as also from the Russian Press itself, that the most vigorous measures had been taken for flogging out of the peasants as much as possible of their arrears. The shameful "executions," so truly described by Tolstoi in *The Kingdom of God in Ourselves*, were repeated all over Russia. Happy were those peasants who succeeded in borrowing some money at 7 or 8 per cent. *per month* from the very Orthodox Russian money-lenders without the Jewish pale, or at 5 per cent. *per month*

Statistical Section, vol. xii.). Also the many works of the Agricultural Department and the Central Statistical Committee.

* When one lady (V. D. Pushkina) began to distribute to the peasants, during the famine, fifty-four lbs. of rye flour, eighteen lbs. of potatoes, and six lbs. of millet per head, and per month, she was told, of course, on all sides, that never, not even after the best crop, does the peasant live on such rich fare. The remark was quite correct. Still better was her reply: "Well, let them have, at least, this year what they need."

† To understand this phraseology one must know that the Russian budget consists of two parts: the *ordinary* revenue and expenditure, and the *extraordinary* revenue and expenditure. The former includes *all* revenue, but it does not include *all* expenditure—the outlays for re-armament, new railways, sea-ports, etc., being inscribed in the extraordinary budget. In order to avoid the word "deficit," which yearly attains from 10,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 20,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, an "extraordinary revenue" is inscribed in the budget, and it consists of the war contributions, never paid by Turkey and Khiva, and of what is realized through loans. The extraordinary revenue thus simply means loans contracted to meet the deficit. In 1893,

from the Jewish money-lenders within the pale! And so it goes on every year, good or bad crop alike, until a more general failure of crops throws thirty millions of people into the clutches of starvation with its necessary sequel of hunger-typhus, dysentery or cholera, diphtheria and what not. In such years thousands of households will lose their last cow and horse. And no cow in the house means that the famishing mother, crying herself at the sight of her dried breast, will feed her dying child with chewed sour rye bread; and no horse means that the husband will harness in the plough his lads and lasses, and, seizing the plough with his hands, he will push and pull it across the hard, dry, unmanured clay. Thereupon he may have the honor of being complimented "for his energy" by the official *Village Messenger* (*Selskiy Vyestnik*) (December 1892), a sister organ to the *Official Messenger*, published by the Ministry of Interior for the enlightenment of the peasants. And the official organ will have the courage to ask its correspondent to send in more information as to the crops obtained in these "interesting experiments!" Who knows? Perhaps the human team will pay, after all, the taxes due to the State!*

Round this dominating fact—the undesirable misery of the peasant—all the great problems of Russian life are grouped. And when we consult the

owing to a good crop, and the stringent measures taken for the recovery of arrears, the real revenue, however, covered for the first time all expenditure; and when this became known a new loan was immediately contracted for "conversion purposes."

* Scores of budgets of peasant households have been published by Russian statisticians. I take the following figures from an average deducted by M. Scherbina out of seventy-five average households in a middle Russia province: The taxes and rents make 11. 5s. per soul. For cattle, tools, and other farming needs, 15s. Furniture and vessel, 10d.; tea and sugar, 1s.; fish, 11d.; meat, 10d.; salt, 7½d.; kerosene oil, 5½d.; soap, 2½d. (wooden ash is used for washing); dress and boots, 4s. 5d. All per soul and per year. The average household containing six souls, its total yearly expenditure for taxes, rent, and living is 15l. 15s., a figure which very well agrees with what is known from hundreds of other researches. The rouble is equal to 2s.

several hundreds of volumes of inquiries, researches, and so on, published on this subject, we find that all of them agree in the following conclusions: For the extensive culture, with very little cattle and almost no manure, which the peasants now carry on, their allotments are too small. They were too small thirty years ago at the time of the emancipation, and they are still smaller now that the population has increased by one-third.* Consequently the rents and taxes alone, in an immense number of cases, are two or three times higher than what can be obtained from the allotment land under the present modes of culture. As for a more intensive and more profitable culture, the peasants have neither the necessary means nor the necessary knowledge to undertake it. At the same time they must not reckon upon finding occupation on the landlords' estates; and very few of them will find occupation in industry. We continually read, indeed, in the Press of the Party of Return to Serfdom (the *kryepostniki* or *esclavagistes*) interminable complaints of the landlords finding no hands for the culture of their estates. To remedy this, the said Press has advocated the abolition of the village community, and the creation of millions of paupers by law; the abolition of the justices of the peace; the introduction of police chiefs nominated by the nobility; the creation of a nobility bank for privileged loans at the expense of the State Exchequer, and so on.† But the reality is that few landlords care to cultivate their estates. The 140,000,000%—that is, a sum equal to the contribution levied by Germany upon France—which they have received from the Government, either as a compensation for the loss of serfdom rights (the so-called redemption of land now repaid by the peasants), or as loans from the State's banks, have been squandered in maintaining the old standard of living; and, apart from the Western and the Baltic provinces, the land-

* Two-fifths of the liberated peasants have received less land than what was recognized as the strictly necessary minimum for living upon by the Emancipation Law itself.

† Of these measures, only the first was refused by Alexander the Third.

lords prefer simply to rent their lands to the peasants.*

The Russian peasant has thus himself to create the very means for earning a few coppers wherewith to get the living which he cannot get out of his allotment. And this is what he endeavors to do, in so far as he can do anything under the burden of his misery. Wherever there is a village of which the peasants are less miserable, they buy artificial manure, or enter into small associations for buying a plough, or even a threshing machine. The so-called drunkards, who, by the way, have reduced their consumption of spirits by one-half since their emancipation,† till every available square yard of their allotments (92 per cent. of the total area), they undertake to pay rack-rents only to get land to work upon, and they spend in agricultural improvements the pennies spared upon their food—when these pennies are not taken by some new indirect or direct tax, which is more often the case. They work fourteen and sixteen hours a day for the sweater in the cottage industries; they walk hundreds of miles to other provinces in order to find work; and when they look for any aid from without, be it only for getting instruction, or for finding a miserable loan of a few pounds of flour, in time of need, they find no one to help them out of their desperate condition.

And yet there is in Russia a consid-

* Let us take a typical province of middle Russia—Kursk—with a productive soil and plenty of landlords. Out of about 3,500 big estates, the *zemstvo* statisticians have described 1,757. There are a few quite model and prosperous farms in their number; but on from 24 to 54 per cent. of these estates (36 on the average) there is no landlords' farming whatever; all land is rented to the peasants. In 871 estates, representing an aggregate of 991,000 acres, only 4,672 hired laborers are employed—one for each 183 acres. In 662 estates, covering another 602,000 acres, and partly cultivated by the landlords, there are only 1,433 ploughs and 1,535 soos (one horsed, of the old Roman type). For each 100 acres of land actually tilled these landlords keep one horse, and one pair of oxen for each 286 acres; 3·3 acres out of each hundred are manured, which means one manuring each thirty years.

† Six-tenths of a gallon per year and per inhabitant in 1893, as against 1½ in 1863.

erable portion of society which only wants not to be prevented from coming to the aid of the peasants. This class of reformers are certainly not socialists; still less are they revolutionists; but this is the class against which the Imperial Government has most bitterly struggled for the last five-and-twenty years. The immense part which Russian society took in the emancipation of the serfs and all subsequent reforms is by this time a fact of written history.* As soon as Alexander the Second had manifested his intention of liberating the serfs—"with land," and not as landless paupers—the whole of the hard work which had to be done in order to elaborate the countless details of the scheme, and to fight step by step against the reactionists who wanted to maintain serfdom, or at least the most of it, was accomplished by thousands of volunteers. Men like N. Milutine, Tchernyshevsky (his reward was, as known, eighteen years of hard labor and imprisonment in a Siberian hamlet near the Polar circle), Aksakoff, Professor Byelayeff, Herzen in London, and a legion of less known men, accomplished that work in the press or in the local committees. The liberation of the serfs, and the series of reforms which logically followed out of it (local self-government, reform of judicial law, reform of military service, and so on), were the work of these volunteers.

These men fully understood, however, that after the serfs had been set free, the first next step was to give them some education; accordingly, thousands of Sunday and evening schools were organized by volunteers, and supplied with volunteer teachers. Methods for the rapid teaching of spelling were elaborated; books for reading, some of which are unrivalled in West Europe, were published. Russia began to be covered with free schools for both children and adults. But then, all of a sudden, came the reaction. In a few schools the teaching had taken an anti-autocratic character: one teacher, for instance, had

* See Skrebitzkiy's *History of the Emancipation*; A. Leroy Beaulieu's works, especially the later one (*Un homme d'Etat russe*), and many others.

taken the expenses of the Imperial family as an exercise in the addition of long rows of huge figures! This was sufficient for all schools being closed at once.

On this question of education of the masses began the estrangement between Alexander the Second and Russian society. On the 5th (17th) of March, 1861—the day that the emancipation was promulgated—he was the most popular man in Europe, ranking in popularity with Garibaldi and Lincoln. But one year later he was no longer the same man. New and totally different persons had taken hold of him. He had had enough of reforms, and the reforms already prepared (the *zemstvo*, the judicial law) were promulgated during the next four years, only to be mutilated immediately after their promulgation. After the Polish uprising of 1863 the reaction was victorious over the whole line.

Thereupon began a struggle which is unique in history, and has lasted since for over thirty years in succession. A struggle in which Russian society continually found out new channels for coming to the aid of the peasants; and the Imperial power, armed with all its formidable weapons, systematically destroyed these channels and stifled these efforts in their birth—without, it must be owned, ever obtaining a complete victory.

An example will better illustrate the character of this struggle. A lady, let us say, wants to open a school for her ex-serfs. She surmounts the many, varied, and unexpected obstacles put in her way by all sorts of functionaries; she obtains by prodigies of diplomacy the permission to open the school, and looks for a lady teacher. Naturally she applies to one of the teachers' seminaries, or to a pedagogical school for girls. There she finds two sorts of women: if I am allowed to use two Russianisms, she finds the "careerist" and the "popularist." The former evidently would not do for the poor, lonely life of a Russian village and the hard work in view. So, after having taken her precautions for not falling upon a "nihilist," the lady makes her choice from among the "popularists." In a few months the young school-mis-

tress is worshipped by the children; she is on friendly terms with the lady, the elder peasants, and even the *bat-yushka* (the village priest), especially if he belongs to the old type of priests and cares not to increase his income by taking possession of the school. But she belongs to that independent type of women whom we know well in England. She addresses the school inspector as if she ignored that he is a bearer of supreme power; she shows no special deference to the *ispravnik* of old or to the modern *zemskiy nachalnik*, and if the latter belongs to the type of the flogging brutes, now in demand, she decidedly avoids him. This is enough. In a few months the idyll must come to an end; the teacher is a "suspect," and the good lady must part with her and begin anew her peregrinations in the teachers' seminaries.

Is there one school among the hundred schools which were opened either by private persons or by the District and County Councils, where the same would not have happened more than once? Village schools, technical schools, teachers' schools, universities, have all had the same history.

Few in Western Europe know that Russia has by this time 343 good lycées for girls with nearly 100,000 pupils, and a number of intermediate schools preparatory to the university, and that in the year 1886 we had four ladies' universities, with over 1,800 students, where the same education was given as in the State's universities, by the same professors, and with the same examinations. All this was the work of Russian women themselves, and was achieved with remarkable perseverance against the will of the Government. The universities lived without asking a penny from the State, and their pupils certainly were not more revolutionist than the "new woman" of England is. But the opinion prevailed at the Court that a woman can properly educate her children only when she is uneducated herself, and in 1887-88 all ladies' universities were closed. True that one has again been opened at St. Petersburg; but—the teaching of natural sciences dealing with life has been prohibited in the natural science faculty! What need be added more?

The same happened with the lady doctors. In 1888 Russia had 997 lady doctors who had got their degrees, either at the St. Petersburg high medical school or at some West European University. The highest praise was always bestowed on their work, both by the Medical Department and the provincial and municipal authorities. In the villages, and for the poorer quarters of the big cities, they proved invaluable.* But all this again was swept away by the Government.

The same tactics have been prosecuted with regard to the universities for male students. The money necessary for opening a Siberian university had been long subscribed by Siberians, and more subscriptions were promised if the university were opened at Irkutsk. After long years of opposition the Government finally yielded to the pressure: the university was opened at Tomsk—but with two faculties only: law and medicine. Natural sciences were found as dangerous for male students in Siberia as they are for lady students at St. Petersburg. As to the teaching in the universities, need I name the professors of European reputation who were compelled to leave their chairs rather than to continue every day the petty war against the Ministry of Public Enlightenment?

Some friends of progress in Russia as elsewhere will perhaps remark, on reading these lines, that all these are things of the past, and perhaps they will ask, why should we touch old wounds? But we cannot understand the present condition of Russia without knowing that past. And the great dilemma stands to-day exactly as it stood throughout the last thirty-two years: Will Russian society have the right to take the necessary measures for spreading education in the country? Or, will it be prevented from so doing, and the gigantic task of providing education for 120 million people be undertaken by the Imperial power itself, through its functionaries?—

* See the report of the St. Petersburg municipality, which accompanied its vote of 15,000 roubles for the reopening of the Medical Academy for ladies. One-third of the lady doctors are in the service of the County and District Councils.

which means, as experience has shown, simply preventing the great mass of the Russians from receiving any education whatever.

The same dilemma stands there, even more impressive, when we turn our eyes toward any other field of activity. Perhaps no other nation of Europe has at this moment such an amount of *constructive* forces, ready to work in the interest of the masses, with no other hope of reward than the work itself. But for thirty years the Government has stood always in their way, jealously obstructing all channels in which they might have found an issue for their activity.

Various channels had been opened by the laws of 1861-66, which granted quite a system of self-government. In virtue of these laws, the primary unit of the organization is the village community, endowed with extensive rights. It owns the lands allotted to the peasants, and its folk-mote distributes the allotments and assesses the taxes imposed by the central and the provincial government. It has the right to open schools, to appoint a doctor or a midwife, to permit the opening of a public-house on its territory or to refuse the permission; it rents and buys land as a judicial personality; it has even the right of punishing its members—even to banish them to Siberia. Then, the village communities are united in *volostes*, or cantons, and all householders of the *voloste* nominate their own executive, and elect a peasant tribunal which pronounces its sentences in civil and criminal matters, according to the unwritten common law.

The village community and the *voloste* being peasant institutions only,* there was next the self-government in which all classes of the population (peasants, artisans, merchants, clergy, and nobles) co-operated. The *zemstvos*—that is, District Councils in the districts, and County Councils for the provinces—were elected by the three orders of peasants, clergy, and nobles, and each council nominated its own

* Only in Poland the *voloste* comprises the landlords as well, but not the clergy. For additional details see the present writer's articles, "Russia," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*.

executive; while in the towns we had the municipalities (elected Assembly and Executive), which were organized on the same plan as the *zemstvos* with a similar range of attributions. Moreover the *zemstvos* elected justices of the peace, who represented the first instance of justice, while the Assembly of all the justices of the district, and the Senate next, acted as courts of appeal against the justices' decisions. In short, Russia had obtained in 1861-66 a system of local self-government very similar as to its attributions and powers with, though different in the system of elections from, the system of self-government recently introduced in this country.* But this system, already battered by ministerial orders and by-laws under Alexander the Second, was entirely annihilated during the last reign. The peasant self-government was subordinated to special police chiefs (*zemskiy nachalnik*), nominated by the Government out of candidates named by the nobility; the justices of peace were abolished,† and replaced by the same *nachalniks*. As for the *zemstvos* and the municipalities, mere shadows of them remain, and it is announced that they will soon be entirely transformed into mere functionaries of the Crown.

No greater mistake could certainly have been committed. What was really wanted in the peasants' institutions was not police supervision, but more freedom and less misery in the village; and this last evidently could not be alleviated by an increase of the landlords' authority. As to the justices of peace, they undoubtedly were the most popular and the most successful institution in Russia. They were mostly landlords themselves, but to them Russia owes the fact that the Emancipation Act has become a reality; they have introduced into daily life the practice of considering the ex-serf as a citizen, possessed of the same personal rights as his ex-owner. And, in asking their abolition and the nomination of police chiefs, chosen by the nobles, the reac-

tionary wing of the nobles simply wanted a return to the summary proceedings of the manorial justice of old. This they have obtained to some extent. But the institution, hated by the peasants and by all intelligent men, has certainly not satisfied the reactionists, who will stop before nothing but a return to serfdom times. On all sides it is recognized a failure.

With all its imperfections, the institution of the *zemstvos* became, as years went on, more and more useful and popular in the village.* In fact, whatever progress was realized in rural life was realized through or with the aid of the *zemstvos*. Many *zemstvos* have very well-organized medical relief, or at least regular visitations of villages by doctors, and thus they have considerably decreased the fearful mortality among the peasants. The *zemstvo* midwife is now a regular member of most villages. The teachers' seminaries and the *zemstvos*' schools are undoubtedly the best in Russia; and the recent widespread and very popular movement for providing schools with model gardens or miniature farms was due to the initiation of the *zemstvos*; though started with very limited means, it is already bearing fruit. The agricultural inspectors—young men trained in practical agriculture, who travel all the summer about the villages, indicating the measures to be taken against insect pests and for general improvements of culture, and are considered as a most useful institution; the

* The composition of the Provincial and District Assemblies out of representatives of the three orders (peasants, clergy, and nobles), and the censitary provisions taken for keeping the representatives of the peasants in a minority, were, as experience has shown, a useless and vexatious precaution. Moreover, the *zemstvos*, burdened by various expenditure for the State's needs, were very much limited in their taxation rights, so that their chief ratepayer had to be the peasant. And out of the taxes paid by the peasant, the State took 88 per cent., leaving only 12 per cent. for the *zemstvos*, although the proper part of the latter ought to have been one-fourth. Consequently the arrears were mostly for the *zemstvos*; during the famine several *zemstvos* could not pay for eight and ten months their functionaries, and, the State's bank having refused the loans they applied for, they had to borrow money at 10 and 15 per cent. from private persons.

* More details about the *zemstvo* may be found in the *Manchester Guardian*, January 4 and February 19, 1899.

† They are provisionally maintained in a few towns only.

spreading of perfected agricultural machinery, and the organization of the manufacture of effective and cheap threshing machines, which was accomplished by two Ural *zemstvos*; the varied measures taken in other provinces for promoting cottage industries or organizing the sale of their produce;* the mutual insurance against fire, and so on—such are a few of the many directions in which various *zemstvos* have already done a great deal of good work. And finally, I must mention the colossal statistical work accomplished by many *zemstvos* and representing a minute house-to-house inquest, which was extended over 3,309,020 households, while all the inquests of this sort cover a total population of 27,000,000 inhabitants and represent a library of 450 volumes—a real treasury of information for all further discussions upon the economical conditions of Russia.

In a word, although heavy mistakes and irregularities have been committed by several *zemstvos*, especially at the beginning, it is a fact that a considerable improvement has lately taken place in the activities of even the most retrograde of them. And the general impression from all their work is, that almost in every direction they have accomplished something useful. Now all this has to disappear, and when we look for the reasons for that sweeping reform, we find nothing but the desire of the central Government for concentrating everything in the hands of its officials (irresponsible in reality), and of getting rid of the representative principle in every corner of Russia.

"The principle of election as a source of authority"—the *Moscow Gazette* wrote after the mutilation of the law of Municipalities—"is thus entirely abolished in the new municipal law. The law-giver does not want representation and does not try to have it. The organs of the towns' administration being now put on the footing of civil service functionaries, the law-giver needs no popular representation, as he does not need it for nominating the functionaries of any ministry. He simply intends choosing competent workers, acquainted with local conditions, and he wants nothing more." And the *Gazette* added that if the new law does not yet carry through with full consequence the idea of simple service to the Crown in lieu of representation,

* Some of them find a pretty good market in the United States.

practice will show how to "improve" it in that direction.*

No better appreciation of the policy of the last fifteen years could be made. Its leading idea was, indeed, that no one but the Imperial power, through its network and hierarchy of functionaries, must have the right to care for the local needs of the country, and to do anything for their satisfaction. This is where Russia stands now.†

I can be brief in speaking of the Press. Such as it was, with all its drawbacks, the law of 1865 undoubtedly gave certain guarantees to the writer. But the law was always trampled under the feet with disdain by the guardians of the law. By law an original book of 160 pages, or a translated book of 320 pages, could be published without preliminary censorship. And if the Ministry objected to its contents, it could seize it before its being sent to the booksellers, and prosecute the author before a court. This law, however, was taken no notice of, and when a publisher asked, either to restore him the book, or to prosecute him before a court, he was simply told that if he insisted upon his rights he would be transported to a spot "where to wolves themselves do not like going." Books and newspapers were suppressed, but no one heard of Press trials. The truth is that every Minister acted just as he was pleased to act; and one has

* *Moscow Gazette*, August 1892, 195.

† It is a fact that since the last famine Alexander the Third took several measures which were meant in the direct interest of the peasants. The considerable sums granted for the famine relief funds from the State's Exchequer; the law of inalienability of the peasants' allotments, to be kept forever by the village community; and the further reduction, in April 1894, of the Redemption Taxes, undoubtedly belong to this category. But, while trying thus to improve the condition of the peasant, measures were taken for placing the peasants under the rule of those same landlords, who began already, under the cover of law, to reintroduce the old economical and social relations between landlord and serf. The new policy was thus a sort of Caesarism, benevolent to the peasants, but on the condition of keeping them under the paternal rule of the nobles and the Church. The impossibilities of such a policy, based on two contradictory principles, would soon have become manifest if Alexander the Third had lived to continue it.

only to wonder how the Press could, nevertheless, succeed in doing what it has done for maintaining in Russia a lively interest in public affairs.

The same remark concerning the arbitrariness of the proceedings applies to the Judicial Reform Law of November 1863, which, notwithstanding all its imperfections (especially as regards the secrecy of preliminary inquest), was, nevertheless, conceived in a fair spirit, and was superior to the French law, which had been taken for a model. Little of it has, however, remained untouched. In fact, this law was only respected for the first three or four years after its promulgation. Count Pahlen, who became Minister of Justice in 1867, began its demolition by means of his "circulars." From 1878 to 1885 M. Nabokoff was at the Ministry, and his policy has been well described by Professor Stasulevitch as the policy of a captain who throws overboard the less precious part of his cargo in order to save the remainder. But he fell in 1885, and his successor, M. Manasein, who resigned a few months ago, had no such captain's scruples. The justices of peace were abolished; both administrative and judicial powers were handed over to the new police chiefs, the rights of the jury were further curtailed, the Ministry of Interior became a court of appeal for a certain category of judicial decisions, and so on. Now M. Muravioff, the present Minister of Justice, has announced in the *Official Messenger*, in December last, that the law, which he describes as a creation of theorizing cranks, will soon undergo total destruction. M. Muravioff will put things right by getting rid of the "theories" of Alexander the Second.

One point more must be noticed in connection with law. The practice of suspending and altering law by means of "Circulars," "Obligatory Interpretations," "Recommendations," and simple "Orders" has gradually become so widely spread in Russia, that by this time only the lazy one amid the "non-suspects" does not resort to this means of affirming his own will. Here are a few authenticated facts :* A *zemskiy*

nachalnik forbids "his" peasants to obey such decisions of the *zemstvo*. A district president of the nobility issues quite a code of regulations concerning schools and schoolmasters, who are supposed to be placed under the Ministry of Instruction. A chief of the police of a big city in the south-west declares to the municipality that he will not recognize its regulations concerning the annual fair, although these regulations have been approved by the Senate. Another chief of the police, at St. Petersburg, issues a written order to a tradesman to close his shop as a punishment for his insolence toward a policeman. A governor of a province issues during cholera riots an order which reads as follows : "In case of new disturbances . . . I shall re-establish order by means of the military force at my disposal, and I will hang the ringleaders on the spot, while the others will be cruelly (*zhestoko*) punished under the eyes of all." And so he did, nominating his vice-governor and two functionaries to sit as a court. Even the *Grazhdanin* found these proceedings too high-handed, the only legal tribunal, in case of military being called out, being the court-martial. In a southern province the governor orders a Jew to be transported for five years to Yakutsk in Siberia, for usury, although a special law on usury, conferring no such powers upon the governors, was issued a few months before. In a Baltic province a governor issues a circular to the *voloste* executives enjoining them not to recognize the legality of marriages contracted between Orthodox Greeks and Lutherans, and to inscribe the children of such parents as illegal, thus conferring upon the *voloste* the right to pronounce a sentence which by law can only be pronounced by the Senate, and so on. The practice of making new laws by personal decision has thus spread from the central powers downwards, and it is becoming a permanent feature of Russian life; while the numerous restrictions added to the judicial law of 1863 insure impunity for functiona-

mentioned in the Russian Press, with full names, which, I suppose, offer no interest for English readers.

* All of them have been published and

ries; so long as they profess "unbounded devotion" to the throne they can do as they like.

It is hardly necessary, after all that has been said, to dwell upon the causes of political discontent, and the manners in which discontents are treated. The subject is pretty well known by this time to English readers. Let me only add that since the day when Alexander the Second had come (in 1878) to the unfortunate idea of himself revising and increasing the sentences pronounced in the trial of the Hundred and Ninety-three, by the special court he himself had nominated for this trial, full arbitrariness in political matters became the rule. Not only were laws continually altered for restricting the rights of the accused, but the whole of the proceedings, from the first searching down to the execution of the sentence, was, in at least nine cases out of ten, a mere violation of existing laws by the omnipotent State police. For thirty years exile by simple order of the Administration has been practised on an unheard-of scale; by law it was an abuse. But a few years ago, even this abuse had been sanctioned by the Emperor. It is in virtue of Imperial decision that men and women disagreeable to the police can now be sent, without any appearance of even a sham judgment, to Siberia, imprisoned for five years in a cellular prison, or transported to the Sakhalin island. Extra-legal action has thus been rendered legal. As to the evil done to Russia by this reckless hunting down of all those who dared in thoughts and words to disagree with the Government, it only now begins to be realized. Two generations of the best and most talented youth of Russia—let people ponder about what "two generations" mean—have been sacrificed outright. The prosecution of every gifted boy and girl began in the school, and it always ended either in imprisonment and exile, or in the life of a "spotted suspect." How few, and at what sacrifice, have survived that systematic weeding out of the best forces of Russia!

Moreover, it must be borne in mind that till now Russia has in the fortress of Schlüsselburg its Bastille—not in a

metaphoric but in the strict sense of the word—and that the Bastille has till now its inmates. Men who have been condemned to hard labor, and ought to be sent to Siberia, are kept immured in the fortress on Lake Ladoga, in such conditions that the very horrors of a hard-labor convict's life in Siberia would be considered by them as a relief. They are buried alive, they can have no sort of intercourse with the outer world; and their nearest relatives are only allowed to call once a year at Schlüsselburg, and to receive a written statement: "Your son is alive," or "Your husband died this year." If there is in the world a greater refinement of cruelty, let others name it—I know none.

The above long list of problems now standing before Russia does not yet include one problem of the greatest gravity, namely, the relations between the Great Russian stem and the nationalities which enter into the composition of the Russian empire. To treat the national problems adequately I ought to treat each of them separately, as I once have treated the national question in Finland in the pages of this Review.* On the other side, the national problems in Russia are all originating from the same leading idea which has created all the present difficulties. If the dominant principle of the Government is that every manifestation of local life must be stifled, because to grant freedom to the province would mean to create "a State in the State;" if this meaningless phrase be taken as an expression of political wisdom—then, of course, no nationality has the right of leading a separate existence. All must be centralized at St. Petersburg. One State, one official Church, one official language, one centre from which all officials radiate, must be the principle—or rather the Utopia—of the Government. Finland, Poland, Georgia, must be treated as Russian provinces. War must be waged against the Georgian, Armenian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, etc.; languages and literatures. Nonconformists must be turned into orthodox Greeks, and every other

* "Finland, a Rising Nationality," *Nineteenth Century*, March 1885.

belief must be hunted down. The life of a State has its logic, and a fundamental principle involves a mass of consequences. But all this is easier said than done. The Government may, of course, treat Finland as an annexed province: worse violations of oaths by kings are recorded in history. It may prohibit the use of Polish sign-boards in Poland, and forbid a Polish or Ukrainian peasant to dictate his last will in his mother-language—the only one he knows. It may debar Georgians from teaching their mother-tongue to their children. It may order that no more than three per cent. of Jewish boys be admitted into the schools which Jews pay for like all other citizens. It may even find doctors who will refuse to admit to the Pasteur Institute an old Jew bitten by a rabid dog, because he is a Jew: this, too—Mr. Errera affirms—has happened.* But racial distinctions and history are more powerful than even the omnipotent Russian *chinovniks*. And every sensible Russian understands that the only net result of such a policy will be to prepare a succession of bloody wars, and finally to surround the territory of the Great-Russian stem with hostile States. Such policy is certainly contrary to the very spirit of the Russian nation, which admirably lives on best terms by the side of any race and religion. It is contrary to the federative spirit of the Russian, who, as a rule, prefers certainly to have in Poland a simple neighbor rather than a hostile dependency. Such a policy may be imperial, but certainly it is not national, and the sooner it passes into history the better.†

Wherever we turn our eyes we thus see an immense problem rising before

* A. Errera is the author of a concise and very calm book on the Jewish question, *Les Juifs russes—Emancipation ou Extermination*, now translated into English.

† Jews' baiting may be said to contradict that statement. But I have already shown elsewhere that in 1882, when Jewish quarters were wrecked in south-west Russia, Greeks' baiting took place in south Russia, and Russians' baiting in the south-west. In one or two places on the Volga, the houses of the Russian usurers were wrecked at the same time by the peasants.

us, and imperatively demanding an immediate solution. Russia stands now in the same position as it stood after the Crimean catastrophe, when all bases of its economical and political life had to be revised from top to bottom. And all the problems at issue now merge into one great question which dominates all the others: Will Russia—the Russia which lives in the villages and towns scattered on its territory—have the possibility of taking into its own hands, in every village, province, and territory, the task of responding to the daily growing needs of the population? It is not a mere question of political rights, because the question of daily bread for four months every year for the great mass of the population stands foremost. It is also not a mere question as to whether Russia shall have some sort of Parliament or not; because now that all organs of the local life of the country have been annihilated, the problem is infinitely more complicated than it was thirty or even fifteen years ago. A representative Assembly, by the side of which the present centralisation and the present overwhelming powers of the central Government would be maintained, can be of no avail. And as to the Assembly of Notables which had been summoned by Alexander the Second on the 1st (13th) of March, 1881, a few hours before his death, but the law of which was never promulgated by Alexander the Third,* it had a quite different meaning in 1881, when the *zemstvos* did exist, than it would have now that these institutions have been wrecked. If the preponderance which was given in Loris Melikoff's scheme to the representatives of the central Government over those who were meant to represent the country (and now after the reform of the *zemstvos* would only represent the Government or the nobility) were

* See Leroy Beaulieu's *Un homme d'Etat russe*. Also *The Constitution of Loris Melikoff*, a Russian pamphlet lately published in London, and based upon papers communicated by Loris Melikoff himself. The most interesting history of the few weeks during which Alexander the Third hesitated between promulgating the last law signed by his father and keeping it back has not yet been written in full.

maintained, this would only further increase the powers of the administration as against the country. An Assembly of this kind could certainly yield no practical result. Such a havoc has been wrought in all provincial life, that nothing short of an entire revision and a total reconstruction of the inner organization of Russia will be able to put an end to this chaos. But an Assembly of Notables—still less the one which was schemed by Loris Melikoff—cannot undertake that sort of revision, and the Government will probably see itself compelled to convoke a Constituent Assembly.

But the real work of revision can be accomplished by no Assembly unless Russian society, growing conscious of the immense task which now lies upon it, itself undertakes that work in every province and local centre. And no one who knows Russia will doubt that

there is no lack of forces for accomplishing that work, and using in it all experience accumulated during the last thirty years. All seemed dead in Russia by the end of Nicholas the First's reign; but a simple hope that the work done will not be lost was sufficient for thousands of forces, unsuspected before, coming to the front, beginning the discussion of all burning questions all over Russia, and carrying by the weight and earnestness of their work the last resistances opposed to the liberation of the serfs by inertia and reaction at St. Petersburg. The same has to be done now. To expect that any power, however mighty it may be, should and could do that immense work, would simply mean to live in cloudland. The work of reconstruction is a national work, and the nation must do it itself. —*Nineteenth Century.*

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION.

BY VERNON LEE.

THE craft of the writer consists, I am convinced, in manipulating the contents of his reader's mind, that is to say, taken from the technical side as distinguished from the psychologic, in construction. Construction is not only a matter of single words or sentences, but of whole large passages and divisions; and the material which the writer manipulates is not only the single impressions, single ideas and emotions, stored up in the reader's mind and deposited there by no act of his own, but those very moods and trains of thought into which the writer, by his skilful selection of words and sentences, has grouped those single impressions, those very moods and trains of thought which were determined by the writer himself.

We have all read Mr. Stevenson's "Catriona." Early in that book there is a passage by which I can illustrate my meaning. It is David Balfour's walk to Pilrig:

"My way led over Mouter's Hill, and through an end of a clachan on the braeside among fields. There was a whirr of looms in

it went from house to house; bees hummed in the gardens; the neighbors that I saw at the doorsteps talked in a strange tongue; and I found out later that this was Picardy, a village where the French weavers wrought for the Linen Company. Here I got a fresh direction for Pilrig, my destination; and a little beyond, on the wayside, came by a gibbet and two men hanged in chains. They were dipped in tar, as the manner is; the wind span them, the chains clattered, and the birds hung about the uncanny jumping jacks and cried."

This half-page sounds as if it were an integral part of the story, one of the things which happened to the gallant but judicious David Balfour. But in my opinion it is not such a portion of the story, not an episode told for its own sake, but a qualifier of something else; in fact, nothing but an adjective on a large scale.

Let us see. The facts of the case are these: David Balfour, having at last, after the terrible adventures recorded in "Kidnapped," been saved from his enemies and come into his lawful property, with a comfortable life before him and no reason for disquietude, determines to come forward

as a witness in favour of certain Highlanders, whom it is the highest interest of the Government to put to death, altogether irrespective of whether or not they happen to be guilty in the matter about which they are accused. In order to offer his testimony in what he imagines to be the most efficacious manner, David Balfour determines to seek an interview with the Lord Advocate of Scotland; and he is now on his way to his cousin of Pilrig to obtain a letter from him for the terrible head of the law. Now if David Balfour actually has to be sent to Pilrig for the letter of introduction to the Lord Advocate, then his walk to Pilrig is an intrinsic portion of the story, and what happened to him on his walk cannot be considered save as an intrinsic portion also. This would be true enough if he were considering what actually could or must happen to a real David Balfour in a real reality, not what Stevenson wants us to think did happen to an imaginary David Balfour. If a real David Balfour was destined, through the concatenation of circumstances, to walk from Edinburgh to Pilrig by that particular road on that particular day; why, he was destined also—and could not escape his destiny—to come to the gibbet where, on that particular day, along that particular road, those two malefactors were hanging in chains.

But even supposing that Stevenson had been bound, for some reason, to make David Balfour take that particular day the particular walk which must have brought him past that gibbet; Stevenson would still have been perfectly free to omit all mention of his seeing that gibbet, as he evidently omitted mentioning a thousand other things which David Balfour must have seen and done in the course of his adventures, because the sight of that gibbet in no way affected the course of the events which Stevenson had decided to relate, any more than the quality of the porridge which David had eaten that morning. And as it happens, moreover, the very fact of David Balfour having walked that day along that road, and of the gibbet having been there, is, as we know, nothing but a make-believe on Stevenson's part, and so there can have

been no destiny at all about it. Therefore, I say that this episode, which leads to no other episode, is not an integral part of the story, but a qualifier, an adjective. It acts, not upon what happens to the hero, but on what is felt by the reader. Again, let us look into the matter. This beginning of the story is, from the nature of the facts, rather empty of tragic events; yet tragic events are what Stevenson wishes us to live through. There is something humdrum in those first proceedings of David Balfour's, which are to lead to such hairbreadth escapes. There is something not heroic enough in a young man, however heroic his intentions, going to ask for a letter of introduction to a Lord Advocate. But what can be done? If adventures are invented to fill up these first chapters, these adventures will either actually lead to something which will complicate a plot already quite as complicated as Stevenson requires, or—which is even worse—they will come to nothing, and leave the reader disappointed, incredulous, unwilling to attend further after having wasted expectations and sympathies. Here comes in the admirable invention of the gibbet. The gibbet is, so to speak, the shadow of coming events cast over the smooth earlier chapters of the book. With its grotesque and ghastly vision, it puts the reader in the state of mind desired: it means tragedy. "I was pleased," goes on David Balfour, "to be so far in the still countryside; but the shackles of the gibbet clattered in my head. . . . There might David Balfour hang, and other lads pass on their errands, and think light of him." Here the reader is not only forcibly reminded that the seemingly trumpery errand of this boy will lead to terrible dangers; but he is made to feel, by being told that David felt (which perhaps at that moment David, accustomed to the eighteenth-century habit of hanging petty thieves along the roadside might not) the ghastliness of that encounter.

And then note how this qualifier, this adjectival episode, is itself qualified. It is embedded in impressions of peacefulness: the hillside, the whirr of looms and hum of bees, and talk of neighbors on doorsteps; nay, Steven-

son has added a note which increases the sense of peacefulness by adding an element of unconcern, of foreignness, such as we all find adds so much to the peaceful effect of travel, in the fact that the village was inhabited by strangers—Frenchmen—to whom David Balfour and the Lord Advocate and the Appin murder would never mean anything. Had the gibbet been on the Edinburgh Grassmarket, and surrounded by people commenting on Highland disturbances, we should have expected some actual adventure for David Balfour; but the gibbet there, in the fields, by this peaceful foreign settlement, merely puts our mind in the right frame to be moved by the adventures which will come slowly in their due time.

This is a masterpiece of constructive craft: the desired effect is obtained without becoming involved in other effects not desired, without any debts being made with the reader; even as in the case of the properly chosen single adjective, which defines the meaning of the noun in just the desired way, without suggesting any further definition in the wrong way.

Construction—that is to say, co-ordination. It means finding out what is important and unimportant, what you can afford and cannot afford to do. It means thinking out the results of every movement you set up in the reader's mind, how that movement will work into, help, or mar the other movements which you have set up there already, or which you will require to set up there in the future. For, remember, such a movement does not die out at once. It continues and unites well or ill with its successors, as it has united well or ill with its predecessors. You must remember that in every kind of literary composition, from the smallest essay to the largest novel, you are perpetually, as in a piece of music, introducing new *themes*, and working all the themes into one another. A theme may be a description, a line of argument, a whole personage; but it always represents, on the part of the reader, a particular kind of intellectual acting and being, a particular kind of mood. Now, these moods, being concatenated in their progres-

sion, must be constantly altered by the other moods they meet; they can never be quite the same the second time they appear as the first, nor the third as the second; they must have been varied, and they ought to have been strengthened or made more subtle by the company they have kept, by the things they have elbowed, and been—however unconsciously—compared and contrasted with; they ought to have become more satisfactory to the writer as a result of their stay in the reader's mind.

A few very simple rules might be made, so simple as to sound utterly childish; yet how many writers observe them?

Do not, if you want Tom to seem a villain, put a bigger villain, Dick, by his side; but if, for instance, like Tolstoi, you want Anatole to be the trumpery wicked Don Juan, put a grand, brilliant, intrepid Don Juan—Dologhow—to reduce him to vulgar proportions. Do not, again, break off in the midst of some event, unless you wish that event to become important in the reader's mind and to react on future events; if, for some reason, you have brought a mysterious stranger forward, but do not wish anything to come of his mysteriousness, be sure you strip off his mystery as prosaically as you can, before leaving him. And, of course, *vice versa*.

I have compared literary themes to musical ones. The novel may be considered as a gigantic symphony, opera, or oratorio, with a whole orchestra. The essay is a little sonata, trio, sometimes a mere little song. But even in a song, how many melodic themes, harmonic arrangements, accents, and so forth! I could wish young writers, if they have any ear, to unravel the parts of a fugue, the themes of a Beethoven sonata. By analogy, they would learn a great many things.

Leaving such learning by musical analogy alone, I have sometimes recommended to young writers that they should draw diagrams, or rather *maps*, of their essays or stories. This is, I think, a very useful practice, not only for diminishing faults of construction in the individual story or essay, but, what is more important, for showing the young writer what amount of prog-

ress he is making, and to what extent he is becoming a craftsman. Every one will probably find his own kind of map or diagram. The one I have made use of to explain the meaning to some of my friends is as follows: Make a stroke with your pen which represents the first train of thought or mood, or the first group of facts you deal with. Then make another pen-stroke to represent the second, which shall be proportionately long or short according to the number of words or pages occupied, and which, connected with the first pen-stroke, as one articulation of a reed is with another, will deflect to the right or the left according as it contains more or less new matter; so that, if it grow insensibly from stroke number one, it will have to be almost straight, and if it contain something utterly disconnected, will be at right angles. Go on adding pen-strokes for every new train of thought, or mood, or group of facts, and writing the name along each, and being careful to indicate not merely the angle of divergence, but the respective length in lines. And then look at the whole map. If the reader's mind is to run easily along the whole story or essay, and to perceive all through the necessary connection between the parts, the pattern you will have traced will approximate most likely to a perfect circle or ellipse, the conclusion re-uniting with the beginning as in a perfect logical exposition; and the various pen-strokes, taking you gradually round this circle or ellipse, will correspond in length very exactly to the comparative importance or complexity of the matter to dispose of. But in proportion as the things have been made a mess of, the pattern will tend to the shapeless; the lines, after infinite tortuosities, deflections to the right and to the left, immense bends, sharp angles and bags of all sorts, will probably end in a pen-stroke at the other end of the paper, as far off as possible from the beginning. All this will mean that you have lacked general conception of the subject, that the connection between what you began and what you ended with is arbitrary or accidental, instead of being logical and organic. It will mean that your mind has been rambling, and that you have

been making the reader's mind ramble hopelessly, in all sorts of places you never intended; that you have wasted his time and strength and attention, like a person pretending to know his way in an intricate maze of streets, but not really knowing which turning to take. Every one of those sharp angles has meant a lack of connection, every stroke returning back upon itself a useless digression, every loop an unnecessary reiteration; and the entire shapelessness of your diagram has represented the atrocious fact that the reader, while knowing what you have been talking about, has not known why you have been talking about it—and is, but for a number of random pieces of information which he must himself rearrange, no wiser than when you began.

What will this lead to? What will it make the reader expect? What will it actually bring the reader's mind to? This is the meaning of the diagrams. For, remember, in literature all depends on what you can set the reader to do; if you confuse his ideas or waste his energy, you can no longer do anything.

I mentioned just now that in a case of bad construction the single items might be valuable, but that the reader was obliged to re-arrange them. Such re-arrangement is equivalent to re-writing the book; and, if any one is to do that, it had better not be the reader, surely, but rather a more competent writer. When the badly arranged items are themselves good, one sometimes feels a mad desire to hand them over thus to some one else. It is like good food badly cooked. I think I have scarcely ever been so tormented with the desire to get a story re-written by some competent person, or even to re-write it myself, as in the case of one of the little volumes of the Pseudonym Series, a story called "A Mystery of the Campagna." I should like every young writer to read it, as a perfect model of splendid material, imaginative and emotional, of notions and descriptions worthy of Merimée (who would have worked them into a companion piece to the wonderful "Venus d'Ille"), presented in such a way as to give the minimum of interest with the maximum of fatigue. It is a thing to

make one cry merely to think of ; such a splendid invention, such deep contagious feeling for the uncanny solemnity, the deathly fascination of the country about Rome, worked up in a way which leaves no clear impression at all, or, if any, an impression of trivial student restaurant life.

One of the chief defects of this unlucky little book of genius is that a story of about a hundred pages is narrated by four or five different persons, none of whom has any particular individuality, or any particular reason to be telling the story at all. The result is much as if you were to be made to hear a song in fragments, fragments helter-skelter, the middle first and beginning last, played on different instruments. A similar fault of construction, you will remember, makes the beginning of one of our greatest masterpieces of passion and romance, "Wuthering Heights," exceedingly difficult to read. As if the step-relations and adopted relations in the story were not sufficiently puzzling, Emily Brontë gave the narrative to several different people, at several different periods, people alternating what they have been told with what they actually witnessed. This kind of construction was a fault, if not of Emily Brontë's own time, at least of the time in which many of the books which had impressed her most had been written, notably Hoffman's, from whose "Majorat" she borrowed much for "Wuthering Heights." It is historically an old fault for the same reason which makes it a fault with beginners, namely, that it is undoubtedly easier to narrate in the first person, or as an eye-witness, and that it is easier to co-ordinate three or four sides of an event by boxing them mechanically as so many stories one in the other, than to arrange the various groups of persons and acts as in real life, and to change the point of view of the reader from one to the other. These mechanical divisions also seem to give the writer courage : it is like the series of ropes which take away the fear of swimming : one thinks one might always catch hold of one of them, but, meanwhile, one usually goes under water all the same. I have no doubt that most of the stories which

we have all written between the ages of fifteen and twenty were either in the autobiographical or the epistolary form, that they had introduction set in introduction like those of Scott, that they shifted narrator as in "Wuthering Heights," and altogether reproduced, in their immaturity, the forms of an immature period of novel-writing, just as Darwinians tell us that the feet and legs of babies reproduce the feet and legs of monkeys. For, difficult as it is to realize, the apparently simplest form of construction is by far the most difficult ; and the straightforward narrative of men and women's feelings and passions, of anything save their merest outward acts ; the narrative which makes the thing pass naturally before the reader's mind, is by far the most difficult, as it is the most perfect. You will remember that "Julie" and "Clarissa" are written in letters, "Werther" and "Adolphe" as confessions with postscripts ; nay, that even Homer and the "Arabian Nights" cannot get along save on a system of narrative within narrative ; so long does it take to get to the straightforward narrative of Thackeray, let alone that of Tolstoi. For a narrative may be in the third person, and may leave out all mention of eye-witness narration, and yet be far from what I call straightforward. Take, for instance, the form of novel adopted by George Eliot in "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," "Deronda"—in all save her masterpiece, which has the directness of an autobiography—"The Mill on the Floss." This form I should characterize as that of *the novel built up in scenes*, and it is well worth your notice because it is more or less the typical form of the English three-volume novel. It represents a compromise with that difficult thing, straightforward narrative ; and the autobiographical, the epistolary, the narration-within-narration dodges have merely been replaced by another dodge for making things easier for the writer and less efficacious for the reader, the dodge of arranging the matter as much as possible as in a play, with narrative or analytic connecting links. By this means a portion of the story is given with considerable efficacy ; the dialogue

and gesture, so to speak, are made as striking as possible; in fact, we get all the apparent lifelikeness of a play. I say the *apparent* lifelikeness, because a play is in reality excessively unlikelike, owing to the necessity of things, which could not have happened together, being united in time and place; to quantities of things being said which never could have been said nor even thought; to scenes being protracted, rendered explicit and decisive far beyond possibility, merely because of other scenes (if we may call them scenes), the hundred other fragments of speech and fragments of action which really made the particular thing happen, having to be left out. This is a necessity on the stage because the scene cannot be changed sufficiently often, and because you cannot let people remain for an instant without talking either to some one else or to themselves. But this necessity, when applied to a novel, actually mars the action, and, what is worse, alters the conception of the action, for the form in which any story is told inevitably reacts on the matter.

Take "Adam Bede." The hero is supposed to be exceedingly reserved, more than reserved, one of those strenuous natures which cannot express their feelings even to themselves, and run away and hide in a hole whenever they do know themselves to be feeling. But, owing to the division of the book into scenes, and connecting links between the scenes, one has the impression of Adam Bede perpetually *en scène*, with appropriate background of carpenter's shop or wood, and a chorus of village rustics; Adam Bede always saying something or doing something, talking to his dog, shouldering his tools, eating his breakfast, in such a way that the dulllest spectators may recognize what he is feeling and thinking. Now, to make an inexplicit personage always explain himself is only equalled by making an unanalytical person perpetually analyze himself; and, by the system of scenes, by having to represent the personage walking immersed in thoughts, hurrying along full of conflicting feelings, this is the very impression which we get, on the contrary, about Arthur and Hetty,

whose misfortunes were certainly not due to overmuch introspection.

Now you will mark that this division into scenes and connecting links occurs very much less in modern French novels: in them, indeed, when a scene is given, it is because a scene actually took place, not because a scene was a convenient way of showing what was going on; and I think you will all remember that in Tolstoi's great novels one scarcely has the sense of there being any scenes at all, not more so than in real life. Pierre's fate is not sealed in a given number of interviews with Hélène; nor is the rupture between Anna and Wronsky—although its catastrophe is brought about, as it must be, by a special incident—the result of anything save imperceptible disagreements every now and then, varied with an outbreak of jealousy. Similarly, in Tolstoi you never know how many times Levine went to the house of Kitty's parents, nor whether Pierre had twenty or two thousand interviews with Natacha; you only know that it all happens as it inevitably must, and happens, as most things in this world do, by the force of accumulated action.

There are some questions of construction in novels connected with this main question of the really narrative or partially dramatic form of construction, of the directness or complication of arrangement. One of these is the question of what I would call the *passive* description, by which I mean the setting up, as it were, of an elaborate landscape, or other background, before the characters are brought on the stage. The expression I have just used, "brought on the stage," shows you that I connect this particular mode of proceeding with the novel in scenes. And it is easy to understand that, once the writer allows himself to think of any event happening as it would on the stage, he will also wish to prepare a suitable background, and, moreover, most often a chorus and set of supernumeraries; a background which, in the reality, the principal characters would perhaps not be conscious of, and a chorus which, also in the reality, would very probably not contribute in the least to the action. Another drawback, by the way, of the construction

in scenes and connecting links is, that persons have to be invented to elicit the manifestation of the principal personage's qualities: you have to invent episodes to show the good heart of the heroine, the valor of the hero, the pedantry of the guardian, etc., and meanwhile the real action stops; or, what is much worse, the real action is most unnaturally complicated by such side business, which is merely intended to give the reader information that he either need not have at all, or ought to get in some more direct way. Note that there is all the difference in the world between an episode like that of the gallows on the road to Pilrig, which is intended to qualify the whole story by inducing a particular frame of mind in the reader, and an episode like that of Dorothea (in "Middlemarch") sharing her jewels with her sister on the very afternoon of Mr. Casaubon's first appearance, and which is merely intended to give the reader necessary information about Dorothea; information that might have been quite simply conveyed by saying, whenever it was necessary, "Now Dorothea happened to be a very ascetic person, with a childishly deliberate aversion to the vanities." This second plan would have connected Dorothea's asceticism with whatever feelings and acts really sprang from it; while the first plan merely gives you a feeling of too many things happening in one day, and of Mr. Casaubon appearing, not simply as a mere new visitor, but as the destined husband of Dorothea. For, remember that the reader tends to attribute to the personages of a book whatever feelings you set up in him, so that, if you make the reader feel that Casaubon is going to be the bridegroom, you also, in a degree, make Dorothea feel that Casaubon is to be the bridegroom. And that, even for Dorothea, is rather precipitate.

Another question of construction is the one I should call the question of *retrospects*. The retrospect is a frequent device for dashing into the action at once, and putting off the evil day of explaining why people are doing and feeling in the particular way in which we find them, on the rising of the curtain. This, again, is a dramatic device,

being indeed nothing but the narrative to or by the confidants which inevitably takes place in the third or fourth scene of the first act of a French tragedy, with the author in his own costume taking the place of the nurse, bosom friend, captain of the guard, etc. The use of this retrospect, of this sort of folding back of the narrative, and the use of a number of smaller artifices of foreshortening the narrative, seems to me not disagreeable at all in the case of the short story. The short story is necessarily much more artificial than the big novel, owing to its very shortness, owing to the initial unnaturalness of having isolated one single action or episode from the hundred others influencing it, and to the unnaturalness of having, so to speak, reduced everybody to be an orphan, or a childless widow or widower, for the sake of greater brevity. And the short story, being most often thus artificially pruned and isolated, being in a measure the artificially selected expression of a given situation, something more like a poem or little play, sometimes actually gains by the discreet display of well-carried-out artifices. While, so far as I can see, the big novel never does.

There is yet another constructive question about the novel—the most important question of all—whose existence the lay mind probably does not even suspect, but which, I am sure, exercises more than any other the mind of any one who has attempted to write a novel; even as the layman, contemplating a picture, is apt never to guess how much thought has been given to determining the place where the spectator is supposed to see from, whether from above, below, from the right or the left, and in what perspective, consequently, the various painted figures are to appear. This supreme constructive question in the novel is exactly analogous to that question in painting; and in describing the choice by the painter of the point of view, I have described also that most subtle choice of the literary craftsman: choice of the point of view whence the personages and action of a novel are to be seen. For you can see a person, or an act, in one of several ways, and connected with several other persons or acts. You can

see the person from nobody's point of view, or from the point of view of one of the other persons, or from the point of view of the analytical, judicious author. Thus, Casaubon may be seen from Dorothea's point of view, from his own point of view, from Ladislav's point of view, or from the point of view of George Eliot; or he may be merely made to talk and act without any explanation of why he is so talking and acting, and that is what I call nobody's point of view. Stories of adventure, in which the mere incident is what interests, without reference to the psychological changes producing or produced by that incident, are usually written from nobody's point of view. Much of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon is virtually written from nobody's point of view; and so are the whole of the old Norse sagas, the greater part of Homer and the "Decameron," and the whole of "Cinderella" and "Jack the Giant Killer." We moderns, who are weary of psychology—for poor psychology is indeed a weariness—often find the lack of point of view as refreshing as plain water compared with wine, or tea, or syrup. But once you get a psychological interest, once you want to know, not merely what the people did or said, but what they thought or felt, the point of view becomes inevitable, for acts and words come to exist only with reference to thoughts and feelings, and the question comes, Whose thoughts or feelings?

This is a case of construction, of craft. But it is a case where construction is most often determined by intuition, and where craft comes to be merged in feeling. For, after having separated the teachable part of writing from the unteachable, we have come at last to one of the thousand places—for there are similar places in every question, whether of choice of single words or of construction of whole books—where the teachable and the unteachable unite, where craft itself becomes but the expression of genius. So, instead of trying to settle what points of view are best, and how they can best be alternated or united, I will now state a few thoughts of mine about that which settles all questions of points of view, and alone can settle them sat-

isfactorily—the different kinds of genius of the novelist.

I believe that the characters in a novel which seem to us particularly vital are those that to all appearance have never been previously analyzed or rationally understood by the author, but are, on the contrary, those which, connected always by a sort of similar emotional atmosphere, have come to him as realities—realities emotionally borne in upon his innermost sense.

Mental science may perhaps some day, by the operation of stored-up impressions, of obscure hereditary potentialities, of all the mysteries of the subconsciousness, explain the extraordinary phenomenon of a creature being apparently invaded from within by the personality of another creature, of another creature to all intents and purposes imaginary. The mystery is evidently connected, if not identical, with the mysterious conception—not reasoned out, but merely felt, by a great actor of another man's movements, tones of voice, states of feeling. In this case, as in all other matters of artistic activity, we have all of us, if we are susceptible in that particular branch of art (otherwise we should not be thus susceptible) a rudiment of the faculty whose exceptional development constitutes the artist. And thus, from our own very trifling experience, we can perhaps, certainly not explain what happens to the great novelist in the act of creation of his great characters, but guess, without any explanation, at what does happen to him. For, in the same way that we all of us, however rudimentally, possess a scrap in ourselves of the faculty which makes the actor; so also we possess in ourselves, I think, a scrap of what makes the novelist; if we did not, neither the actor nor the novelist would find any response in us. Let me pursue this. We all possess, to a certain small degree, the very mysterious faculty of imitating, without any act of analysis, the gestures, facial expression, and tone of voice of other people; nay, more, of other people in situations in which we have never seen them. We feel that they move, look, sound like that; we feel that, under given conditions, they would necessarily move, look, and sound like that.

Why they should do so, or why we should feel that they do so, we have no notion whatever. Apparently because for that moment and to that extent we *are* those people: they have impressed us somehow, so forcibly, at some time or other, they or those like them, that a piece of them, a pattern of them, a word (one might think) of this particular vital spell, the spell which sums up their mode of being, has remained sticking in us, and is there become operative. I have to talk in allegories, in formulæ which savor of cabalistic mysticism; but I am not trying to explain, but merely to recall your own experiences; and I am sure you will recognize that these very mysterious things do happen constantly to all of us.

Now, in the same way that we all feel, every now and then, that the gestures and expression and tones of voice which we assume are those of other people and of other people in other circumstances; so likewise do we all of us occasionally feel that certain ways of facing life, certain reactions to life's various contingencies—certain acts, answers, feelings, passions—are the acts, answers, feelings, passions, the reactions to life's contingencies of persons not ourselves. We say, under the circumstances *I* should do or say so and so, but Tom, or Dick, or Harry would do or say such another thing. The matter would be quite simple if we had seen Tom, Dick, or Harry in exactly similar circumstances; we should be merely repeating what had already happened, and our forecast would be no real forecast, but a recollection. But the point is, that we have *not* seen Tom, Dick, or Harry doing or saying in the past what we thus attribute to him in the future. The matter would also be very simple if we attained to this certainty about Tom, Dick, or Harry's sayings and doings by a process of conscious reasoning. But we have not gone through any conscious reasoning; indeed, if some incredulous person challenges us to account by analysis for our conviction, we are most often unable to answer; we are occasionally even absolutely worsted in argument. We have to admit that we do not know why we think so, nay, that there is every reason to think the

contrary; and yet there, down in our heart of hearts, remains a very strong consciousness, a consciousness like that of our own existence, that Tom, Dick, or Harry would, or rather will, or rather—for it comes to that—*does* say or do that particular thing. If subsequently Tom, Dick, or Harry is so perverse as not to say or do it, that, oddly enough, does not in the least obliterate the impression of our having experienced that he did say or do it, an impression intimate, warm, unanalytical, like our impressions of having done or said certain things ourselves. The discrepancy between what we felt sure must happen and what actually did happen is, I think, due to the fact that there are two persons existing under the same name, but both existing equally—Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by himself, and Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by us; and although the conduct of these two persons may not have happened to coincide, the conduct of each has been perfectly organic, inevitable with reference to his nature. I suppose it is because we add to our experience, fragmentary as it needs must be, of other folk, the vitality, the unity of life, which is in ourselves. I suppose that, every now and then, whenever this particular thing I am speaking of happens, we have been tremendously impressed by something in another person—emotionally impressed, not intellectually, mind; and that the emotion, whether of delight or annoyance, which the person has caused in us, in some way grafts a portion of that person into our own life, into the emotions which constitute our life; and that thus our experience of the person, and our own increasing experience of ourselves, are united, and the person who is not ourselves comes to live, somehow, for our consciousness, with the same reality, the same intimate warmth, that we do.

I hazard this explanation, at best an altogether superficial one, not because I want it accepted as a necessary premise to an argument of mine, but because it may bring home what I require to make very clear—namely, the absolutely sympathetic, unanalytic, subjective creation of characters by some novelists, as distinguished from the

rational, analytic, objective creation of characters by other novelists; because I require to distinguish between the personage who has been borne in upon the novelist's intimate sense, and the personage who has been built up out of fragments of fact by the novelist's intelligent calculation. Vasari, talking of the Farnesina Palace, said that it was not "built, but really born"—*non murato ma veramente nato*. Well, some personages in novels are built up, and very well built up; and some—some personages, but how few!—are really born.

Such personages as are thus not built up, but born, seem always to have been born (and my theory of their coming into existence is founded on this) of some strong feeling on the part of their author. Sometimes it is a violent repulsion—the strongest kind of repulsion, the organic repulsion of incompatible temperaments, which makes it impossible, for all his virtues, to love our particular Dr. Fell; the reason why, we cannot tell. Our whole nature tingles with the discomfort which the creature causes in us. Such characters—I take them at random—are Tolstoi's Monsieur Karénine and Henry James's Olive Chancellor. But the greater number, as we might expect, of these really born creatures of unreality are born of love—of the deep, unreasoning, permeating satisfaction, the unceasing ramifying delight in strength and audacity; the unceasing ramifying comfort in kindliness; the unceasing ramifying pity toward weakness—born of the emotion which distinguishes the presence of all such as are, by the necessity of our individual nature and theirs, inevitably, deeply, undyingly beloved. These personages may not be lovable, or even tolerable, to the individual reader—he may thoroughly detest them. But he cannot be indifferent to them; for, born of real feeling, of the strongest of real feelings, the love of suitable temperaments, they are real, and awaken only real feeling. Such personages—we all know them!—such personages are, for instance, Colonel Newcome, Ethel Newcome; Tolstoi's Natacha, Levine, Anna, Pierre; Stendhal's immortal Duchess; and those two imperfect creatures, pardoned because

so greatly beloved, Tom Jones and Manon Lescaut. Their power—the power of these creatures born of emotion, of affinity, or repulsion—is marvellous and transcendent. It is such that even a lapse into impossibility—though that rarely comes, of course—is overlooked. The life in the creatures is such that when we are told of their doing perfectly incredible things—things we cannot believe that, being what they were, they could have done—they yet remain alive, even as real people remain alive for our feelings when we are assured that they have done things which utterly upset our conception of them. Look, for instance, at Mr. James's Olive Chancellor. It is inconceivable that she should have ever done the very thing on which the whole book rests—taken up with such a being as Verena; yet she lives. Why? Because the author has realized in her the kind of temperament—the mode of feeling and being most organically detestable to him in all woman-kind. Look again at Meredith's adorable Diana. She could not have sold the secret, being what she was. Well, does she fall to the ground? Not a bit. She remains and triumphs, because she triumphed over the heart of her author. There is the other class of personage—among whom are most of the personages of every novel, most of the companions of those not built up, but born; and among whom, I think, are all the characters of some of those whom the world accounts as the greatest philosophers of the human heart—all the characters, save Maggie and Tom, of George Eliot; all, I suspect, of the characters of Balzac.

Such are the two great categories into which all novelists may, I think, be divided, the synthetic and the analytic, those who feel and those who reason. According as he belongs to one category or the other, the novelist will make that difficult choice about points of view. The synthetic novelist, the one who does not study his personages, but *lives* them, is able to shift the point of view with incredible frequency and rapidity, like Tolstoi, who in his two great novels really *is* each of the principal persons turn about; so much so, that at first one might almost think

there was no point of view at all. The analytic novelist, on the contrary, the novelist who does not live his personages, but studies them, will be able to see his personages only from his own point of view, telling one what they are (or what he imagines they are), not what they feel inside themselves, and, at most, putting himself at the point of view of one personage or two, all the rest being given from the novelist's point of view; as in the case of George Eliot, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, whose characters are not so much living and suffering and changing creatures, as illustrations of theories of life in general, or of the life of certain classes and temperaments.

It is often said that there are many more wrong ways of doing a thing than right ones. I do not think this applies to the novel, or perhaps to any work of art. There are a great number of possible sorts of excellent novels, all very different from one another, and appealing to different classes of minds. There is the purely human novel of Thackeray, and particularly of Tolstoi—human and absolutely living; and the analytic and autobiographical novel of George Eliot, born, as regards its construction, of the memoir. There is the analytic, sociological novel of Balzac, studying the modes of life of whole classes of people. There is the novel of Zola, apparently aiming at the same thing as that of Balzac, but in reality, and for all its realistic programme, using the human crowd, the great social and commercial mechanisms invented by mankind—the shop, the mine, the bourgeois house, the Stock Exchange—as so much matter for passionate lyricism, just as Victor Hugo had used the sea and the cathedral. There is the decorative novel—the fantastic idyl of rural life or of distant lands—of Hardy and Loti; and many more sorts. There is an immense variety in good work; it appeals to so many sides of the many-sided human creature, since it always, inasmuch as it is good, appeals successfully. In bad work there is no such variety. In fact, the more one looks at it, the more one is struck at its family resemblance, and the small number of headings under which it can be catalogued. In exam-

ining it, one finds, however superficially veiled, everlastingly the same old, old faults—inefficacious use of words, scattered, illogical composition, lack of adaptation of form or thought; in other words, bad construction, waste, wear and tear of the reader's attention, incapacity of manipulating his mind, the craft of writing absent or insufficient. But that is not all. In this exceedingly monotonous thing, poor work (as monotonous as good work is rich and many-sided), we find another fatal element of sameness: lack of the particular emotional sensitiveness which, as visual sensitiveness makes the painter, makes the writer.

For writing—I return to my original theory, one-sided, perhaps, but certainly also true in great part—is the art which gives us the emotional essence of the world and of life; which gives us the moods awakened by all that is and can happen, material and spiritual, human and natural—distilled to the highest and most exquisite potency in the peculiar organism called the writer. As the painter says: "Look, here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital, all that concerns you most in the visible aspect of things, whence I have extracted it for your benefit;" so the writer on his side says: "Read; here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital in the moods and thoughts awakened by all things; here is the quintessence of vision and emotion; I have extracted it from the world and can transfer it to your mind." Hence the teachable portion of the art of writing is totally useless without that which can neither be taught nor learned—the possession of something valuable, something vital, essential, to say.

We all of us possess, as I have remarked before, a tiny sample of the quality whose abundance constitutes the special artist; we have some of the quality of the philosopher, the painter, the musician, as we have some of the quality of the hero; otherwise, philosophy, painting, music, and heroism would never appeal to us. Similarly and by the same proof, we have all in us a little of the sensitiveness of the writer. There is no one so dull or so inarticulate as never in his or her life—

say, under the stress of some terrible calamity—to have said or written some word which was memorable, never to be forgotten by him who read or heard it: in such moments we have all had the power of saying, because apparently we have had something to say; in that tremendous momentary heightening of all our perceptions we have attained to the writer's faculty of feeling and expressing the essence of things. But such moments are rare; and the small fragments of literary or artistic faculty which we all are born with, or

those are born with to whom literature and art are not mere dust and ashes, can be increased and made more efficient only to a limited degree. What we really have in our power is either to waste them in cumbering the world with work which will give no one any pleasure, or to put them to the utmost profit in giving us the highest degree of delight from the work of those who are specially endowed. Let us learn what good writing is in order to become the best possible readers.—*Contemporary Review*.

WITH THOMAS INGOLDSBY IN KENT.

BY H. MORSE STEPHENS.

TOURISTS may be moved by many considerations in their travels; they may be sentimental or unsentimental, commercial or uncommercial; they may be in search of health, sport, relaxation or the picturesque, but it is quite certain that no one ever left his home to travel without a motive of some sort. They may be antiquarians or archaeologists, bent upon the inspection of prehistoric tumuli or of ancient churches; or historians, longing to see the scene of some great historical event; or, if of a more romantic turn of mind, may desire rather to visit places which have been made immortal by poets or novelists. Every traveller in Italy knows how a knowledge of George Eliot's "Romola" increases the interest of Florence, and that Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Transformation" is the best possible supplement to a guide-book to Rome, and it may be averred that few intelligent English tourists in Belgium have ever wandered through the streets of Brussels without thinking of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and of the partings of Rawdon Crawley and Becky, and of George Osborne and Amelia, on the memorable night which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras. But it is not only in foreign countries that a knowledge of great works of imagination adds a romantic interest to travel, for many parts of England are made equally memorable by similar causes, and of all the counties of Eng-

land, Kent has, in this respect, been the most fortunate. The district round Rochester is redolent with memories of Dickens. Whoever went to that city without looking at the "Bull" where Mr. Pickwick and his friends stopped, and asking to see the Assembly Rooms, where Mr. Jingle in the coat with the Pickwickian buttons cut out the choleric little Dr. Slammer of the 97th with the widow? and many a visitor has purposely gone over to Cobham to visit the "Leather Bottle," where Mr. Tupman retired from the world to hide his grief at the perfidy of Miss Wardle. But Dickens is not the only writer of the present century who has made the county of Kent the scene of his creatures of the imagination: there is another genial humorist, who was never so happy as when he wrote of the county he loved so well, Richard Harris Barham, otherwise Thomas Ingoldsby.

Barham was a thorough Kentishman, delighting in its legends, traditions and local history, and proud of its ancient mansions and churches, and its lovely rural scenery. In his biography by his son, he is shown as always full of ardor to restore the farmhouse, which he had inherited, of Tappington, and he managed to twine many of his best legends round the old house, to which he gave the name of Tappington Everard. So realistically does he describe the old house and grounds,

and so skilfully by many sidelights and trifling hints does he elaborate the family history of an old Kentish county family, that it is difficult to believe that Tappington Everard, and the family of Ingoldsby, which had dwelt there, were alike fictions of his vivid imagination. It is hard, when wandering around Canterbury—surely one of the most fascinating of all English cities—not to believe, when in presence of one of the beautiful old English houses in the neighborhood, that one has at last discovered the real Tappington Everard. But fortunately the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" did not invent sites for his most charming tales; it is possible to visit Minster in Sheppey and see the sculptured monument of poor Grey Dolphin; any one can see, even from the train, the twin towers of the ruined church of Reculvers, commemorated in the "Brothers of Birchington;" and the roads along which the companions of Smuggler Bill galloped are real roads, and the villages through which that bravo himself passed are real villages.

Of all the stories in prose, which Mr. Barham intertwined with his poetical legends, none is better known or more liked than "Grey Dolphin, a Legend of Sheppey;" and the wanderer, who finds himself anywhere within reach of that interesting island, cannot do better than make a pilgrimage to Minster. He can spend a night or two at Sheerness, one of the dirtiest of English dockyard towns, and can by either walking or driving make a tour of the interesting part of the Isle of Sheppey in a single day. Sheerness is only interesting to a visitor who delights in inspecting dockyards, and who does not mind being aroused during the night by the hideous yell of the foghorn on the Nore lightship, or awaked in the morning by the noise of the firing of the big guns; for the lover of the picturesque it has few, if any, charms at all. Yet it is not unpleasant to sit upon one of the seats on the sea wall, and think of the little fort, built upon piles in the seventeenth century, which marked the commencement of the life of the present busy town; and a philosopher on the fate of nations might think of the

disastrous year 1667, when the Dutch under their great Admiral, De Ruyter, destroyed the little fort, before proceeding on his way to burn the English ships at Chatham, and ponder on the condition of Holland now, as compared to those days, when it was the greatest naval and commercial nation in the world. From Sheerness the admirer of the "Ingoldsby Legends" can start off to Minster to see the tomb of the Baron "who called for his boots," and the sculptured memorial of poor Grey Dolphin.

The little village of Minster is perched upon a hillside, and in the summer sun is the picture of a lovely Kentish village. In its rural quiet, it seems not three but thirty miles at least from the busy, noisy, smoky town of Sheerness, and as the traveller climbs the steep hill toward the church, he cannot help admiring the curious old cottages, and the quaint old inn, which faces the old convent gate house. This gate house is all that is now left of the great convent of Benedictine nuns founded in 673 by St. Sexburga, widow of Ercombert, King of Kent, and re-founded on a larger scale by Archbishop William of Corbeil in 1130, after its destruction by the Danes in the ninth century. This convent must have been well known to Sir Robert de Shurland, for tradition asserts that an underground passage still exists between it and Shurland House, which stands on the site of the old baronial castle, a tradition for that matter common enough in many other parts of the country. One cannot but think that if Mr. Barham had ever visited Minster himself—for there seems in his biography to be no record that he ever was in the Isle of Sheppey at all—he would have made some mention of the flurrying and scurrying of the nuns of St. Sexburga at the news of the death of Father Fothergill. But it is not with the village or with the old convent of Minster-in-Sheppey, so called to distinguish it from Minster-in-Thamet, that the admirer of Grey Dolphin is chiefly concerned; it is the church he wants to visit. It is not without some trouble that he will gain admission, for the church is not one of those which stand always open to the visitor. He

will have to go right to the other end of the village, in search of the individual who combines the offices of sexton and parish clerk, and when he has found him he will be rejoiced to find a character in which Tom Ingoldsby's self would have delighted. This Democritus, junior, or laughing philosopher will possibly inform the tourist, as he informed the writer, that he is the best doctor in the village, because he made people laugh, and will certainly amuse him, and earn his shilling more worthily than some of the lantern-jawed individuals, who, for inscrutable reasons, are generally selected as custodians of village churches. Yet he seems lamentably ignorant of the legend which gives his church its chief interest, and in no way resembles "the respectable elderly lady" (perhaps a fiction of Barham's vivid imagination) who "as she showed the monument, failed not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathizing tear to the memory of poor Grey Dolphin."

The fine tomb of Sir Robert de Shurland is on the south wall of the church, and is, considering its age, in very fair preservation. "His hands," again to quote the biographer who has made his name and story household words, "are clasped in prayer; his legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern days, bespeak him a soldier of the faith in Palestine." At his feet lies a little foot page, with a dirk in his hand, who has received no mention in the famous legend, but whose appearance must be much the same as that of the little foot page commemorated in the "Ingoldsby Penance;" by his side is represented the famous sword, which the Baron called Tickletohy, and "close behind his dexter calf lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head" surrounded by a sort of wavy fringe, which imagination may convert into an imitation of the waves of the sea. This then is the head of poor Grey Dolphin, the horse, who by his swimming won his master's pardon, and who was so ill requited for his gallant effort. Readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" will always believe that this must be Grey Dolphin, and will reject with scorn the matter-

of-fact explanation of the antiquarians, that in reality the horse's head only signifies that Sir Robert de Shurland had received a grant of the "wreck of the sea" for his manor, and was entitled to everything he could touch with the point of his lance after riding into the sea at low water as far as possible. Happily the author of "Murray's Guide to Kent" admits that this explanation is by no means satisfactory, and we may believe in Grey Dolphin, without being assured that his existence is purely a myth.

But the tomb of Sir Robert de Shurland is not the only thing worth visiting the church of Minster for; and the pilgrim to the church consecrated to Grey Dolphin by Thomas Ingoldsby will not fail to notice many other objects of interest. Foremost among these are the brasses of Sir John de Northwode and his wife, Joan de Badlesmere. Readers of the Legend will remember that John de Northwode was the name of the sheriff who led the *posse comitatus* of the county of Kent to attack the castle of Shurland at the command of St. Austin, in order to punish the baron for the murder of the friar. He will remember too how, when the doughty little baron sallied forth with Tickletohy, John de Northwode fled away with William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne; and here he will see the brass of the identical John de Northwode. This brass has a curious interest of its own. Haines in his "Monumental Brasses" says that the knight's effigy "has undergone a peculiar Procrustean process, several inches having been removed from the centre of the figure to make it equal in length to that of his wife. The legs have been restored and crossed at the ankles, an attitude apparently not contemplated by the original designer. From the style of engraving these alterations seem to have been made at the close of the 15th century." Unfortunately the modern craze for interfering with and improving (Heaven save the mark!) the works of antiquity has not left this curious brass alone. It has been restored, and a piece let in in order to make it symmetrical, with the result that the brass of the good sheriff and knight is now several inches

longer than that of his wife, and is made ridiculous by a bright patch of modern work in the midst of the engraving of the 14th century. Why is it that such curiosities cannot be left alone, and that people will meddle with things that do not concern them? Perhaps the rage for restoration will next touch the tomb of Robert de Shurland himself, and interfere with the effigy of Grey Dolphin. It is a pity that instead of meddling with the brasses, more care was not taken of the old oak rood-screen, part of which, according to the *Democritus* of a parish clerk, was used by a bygone vicar for firewood! A curious chapel on the north side of the chancel, now used as a vestry, and containing a magnificent old oak chest of the 14th century, still possesses a bell, used, according once again to our laughing friend, to call the nuns of the convent to church, but more likely, in reality, to summon the village children to school, for the parish school used to be held in this chapel, before the days of School Boards. Some of the old pews are also worth looking at, as well as the carillon keyboard, which, however, is not much used now; and then the inspection of the church of Minster-in-Sheppey is over.

From Minster the visitor will do well to walk a couple of miles further to Eastchurch, in order to have a glimpse of Shurland farm-house, which stands upon the side of Shurland Castle, the stronghold of the Baron. Mr. Barham, with that extraordinary skill he possessed of weaving all his legends into some connection with his imaginary house of Ingoldsby, says that "Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby: her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband." As a fact, Margaret Shurland, the daughter and heiress of the Baron, married William Cheyney, and her descendant, Sir Thomas Cheyney, Warden of the Cinque Ports, whose tomb is in Minster Church, built the present house of Shurland, on the site of the ancient baronial castle. Only part of this beautiful Elizabethan edifice, which is now turned into a farm-house, remains, but

the gate and gate towers still remain to perpetuate the name of Shurland, and the taste and wealth of the Baron's descendants. Not far from Shurland lies the village of Eastchurch, which possesses a fine parish church, in the perpendicular style, which has unfortunately been so very much restored that no trace of antiquity is to be discerned about it by the ordinary traveller. The most interesting thing in it is a fine Jacobean tomb of Gabriel Livesey and his wife, whose son, Sir Michael Livesey, sat in the Long Parliament as M.P. for the borough of Queenborough, and signed the death warrant of Charles I. From Eastchurch an easy walk brings the wanderer back to Sheerness, not regretting his pilgrimage to the tomb of Grey Dolphin.

It has been worth while to describe Minster at this length, because the Isle of Sheppey is very little known to the tourist, though well worth visiting, and the recollection of Mr. Barham's most delightful prose legend might be an incentive to many people who like to travel with an object; but other and better known spots in Kent are also chosen by him as the sites of some of his even more famous poetical legends. One of the most interesting of these places is Reculvers, of which the towers of the dismantled church can be seen from the railway after passing Herne Bay Station. Few places in Kent have a more interesting history. In Roman days it was the site of an ancient camp or fortress, which guarded the north mouth of the Wansum, then a broad band of sea, making the Isle of Thanet a veritable island, as Richborough, the ancient Rutupia, guarded the southern outlet. From Regulbium, its old Roman name was converted by the Saxons of Kent into Raculf Ceastre, and it was thither that King Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, retired after his baptism by St. Augustine. Apart from history, the place has an interest from the ravages of the sea, which has advanced there with much rapidity, and used to lay bare the bones of the buried dead in the churchyard. The twin towers, known as the "Sisters," have been made familiar by pictures of every sort, and the ruined church on the edge of

the cliff is as well known as any spot in Kent. The old church itself was needlessly demolished at the beginning of the present century, on account of the encroachments of the sea; but the twin towers still stand, and with the dismantled church are protected by an embankment built by the Trinity House. The towers still act as beacons and landmarks to all travellers by sea in those waters, and it may be still remembered by some who sail that way that it was the ancient custom for all mariners to doff their hats and offer a prayer to Our Lady of Reculvers, as they looked upon the twin towers. It was regarded as a good omen if the towers were clearly seen on an outward voyage from the Thames, and as a certain presage of coming evil if perchance they were concealed by fog.

The best known legend relating to them is that commemorated in their name of the "Twin Sisters." The story goes that the Abbess of the Benedictine Convent at Davington, near Faversham, was sailing to fulfil a vow made to Our Lady of Broadstairs at her chapel there, when a storm came on and the boat was wrecked. She herself was saved, but her sister was drowned; and in gratitude for her own preservation, and in memory of her sister's fate, she erected the twin towers to serve as a landmark. This is not the legend which Mr. Barham adopted; he preferred to give a more amusing interpretation of the significance of the two towers, and he gave it in his "Brothers of Birchington."

The adjacent village has grown into a sort of poets' and artists' home by the sea; the Birchington bungalows are now well known, and the whole place is sacred to the memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who made it his home and died there. All lovers of Ingoldsby know the import of the legend, the description of the two brothers, the scandalous goings-on of Robert de Birchington, and the exemplary behavior of Richard, Old Nick's mistake, and the fortunate intervention of St. Thomas à Becket.

The traveller still,
In the voyage that we talk'd about, marks on
the hill

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Overhanging the sea, the "twin towers" raised
there
By "Robert and Richard, those two pretty
men."

Both tall and upright,
And just equal in height;
The Trinity House talk'd of painting them
white,
And the thing was much spoken of some time
ago,
When the Duke, I believe—but I really don't
know—

Well—there the "Twins" stand
On the verge of the land,
To warn mariners off from the Columbine
sand,
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves,
from Old Nick.

Mr. Barham seems to have always had an especial fondness for Herne Bay and its neighborhood; it was to Herne Bay that he went when almost broken down with grief at the fearfully sudden death of his second son from cholera, and his knowledge of all the villages in the neighborhood is shown in that inimitable ballad the "Smuggler's Leap." Herne, Sturry, Grove Ferry, St. Nicholas (better known as St. Nicholas-at-Wade), Chislehurst, Upstreet and Sarre are all Kentish villages; and those who are fond of a country ride cannot do better than follow the course of Smuggler Bill or his companions, though they will have no Exciseman Gill at their horses' heels. It is curious with what felicity Mr. Barham selected the site for the last exploit of Smuggler Bill, for the bay between Swale-cliff and Reculvers was one of the chief resorts for smugglers in the whole county of Kent; the glen, or chine, as it would be termed in some parts of England, called Bishopsbourne, half way between Herne Bay and Reculvers, was particularly famous for them; and the last man killed in a smuggling affray in this part of England lost his life where the modern watering-place of Herne Bay stands, at a spot corresponding nearly with the end of William-street.

To describe every place in Kent to which the "Ingoldsby Legends" have given an added interest is not so much the purpose of this article as to touch upon some of the less well-known spots

which are mentioned in them. It cannot be said that Margate jetty derives any lustre from being associated with the "misadventure" of Mr. Simpkinson with the little vulgar boy, or that a visit to Dover would be of any use in trying to understand and enjoy the witty "Lay of the Old Woman clothed in Grey," which is entitled "A Legend of Dover." But a knowledge of the Wizard of Folkestone will serve to give an interest to the pleasant walk from Folkestone to Westenhanger, though it is difficult from the present fashionable watering-place to build up a picture of the old town two centuries ago, which is so graphically described in that well-known legend in prose. Yet there is one city, the capital of Kent, indeed, the beautiful old Cathedral city of Canterbury, which Mr. Barham seems to have loved especially, and which is the scene of two of his most popular poetical legends, "The Ghost," and "Nell Cook." The first of these poems tells the story of Nick Mason, the cobbler, and his wife, the visit of the Ghost to the former and its kindness in pointing out the iron ring of a trap-door in Canterbury Castle, and Nick's attempt to mark the spot by driving his awl into the place, and concludes—

"And still he listens with averted eye,
When gibing neighbors make "the Ghost"
their theme ;

While ever from that hour they all declare
That Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her
chair."

This poem is written in "Don Juan" metre, and never, it may be confidently asserted, have the peculiar tricks and nuances of Byron's versification been better caught. The couple of stanzas in which Mr. Barham describes the Castle are worth quoting, both from their wit and humor, and from the truth of the description, for the gas-works still exist there, more shame to the citizens of the Cathedral city:—

"The castle was a huge and antique mound,
Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
Ere those abominable guns were found,
To send cold lead through gallant war-
rior's liver.

It stands upon a gently rising ground,
Sloping down gradually to the river,
Resembling (to compare great things with
smaller)

A well scoop'd, mouldy Stilton cheese—but
taller.

"The keep, I find, 's been sadly alter'd lately,
And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honor
jealous,
In martial panoply so grand and stately,
Its walls are fill'd with money-making
fellows,
And stuff'd, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
With leaden pipes, and coals, and coke,
and bellows ;
In short, so great a change has come to pass,
'Tis now a manufactory of Gas."

Still better known is the poem of "Nell Cook, a Legend of the 'Dark Entry,'" and all lovers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" will assuredly wander round the Precincts and see the dark passage, where the jealous Nelly Cook was buried alive, and where her spirit is reported to walk. All visitors to Canterbury go to the Cathedral, and are shown over the choir and other reserved parts of the ancient building by the highly respectable vergers with the regular monotonous tale. All Chapters are not so kindly as those of Wells, and at Canterbury the traveller has to submit to the lecture of the showman, and is not allowed to look at things by himself, but is obliged to be shown round with a party. Fortunately he may wander as he lists in the Precincts, and if he remembers his "Nell Cook" will soon find his way round to the north side of the Cathedral, and loiter into the Dark Entry sacred to the "manes" of Nell. The entry is no longer "dark," however, for the arches have been opened, but the passage is still damp and bears an impress of mystery upon it. From it can be seen some of the Canons' houses, and it is easy to imagine the person of Nell Cook's clerical employer.

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and
of Greek
And learned lore he had good store—yet
health was on his cheek.
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the
bread was made of rye,
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he
had a merry eye."

The rest of the story is well known to all lovers of the "Ingoldsby Legends," down to the fate of the unfortunate souls who had chanced to meet Nell Cook's sprite on a Friday night:

"No matter who—no matter what condition,
age or sex,
But some 'get shot,' and some 'get
drown'd,' and some 'get' broken
necks ;

Some 'get run over' by a coach;—and one beyond the seas
'Got' scraped to death with oyster shells
among the Caribbees!"

Whatever their fates might have been, we have no fear of Nell Cook in this unsuperstitious age; but all the same we feel grateful to the genial humorist who has given us the incentive to wander round Canterbury Cathedral and pause awhile in the Dark Entry.

Gratitude is essentially the feeling which every one who loves the "Ingoldsby Legends" feels toward the author of those charming stories in prose and verse. Never has there lived an English humorist whose kindly wit grows more firmly in the hearts of those who know his works well; and, if popularity be a criterion of merit, no author ranks more highly among the writers of the present century. If one thinks of the wits and humorists of

Barham's time, it is easy to see that none of his generation has such an enduring and increasing popularity at the present time. Who now reads the novels of Theodore Hook? how many read anything by Maginn or Father Prout? and yet in their time these men had as high if not higher reputations than Mr. Barham. The "Ingoldsby Legends" have become classic, and it may safely be asserted that they will remain so; and wherever the English language is spoken, it may be taken as a fact that the works of Barham are known and loved. If so, enduring interest will always attach to the places of which he wrote; and Canterbury, Reculvers, and above all Minster-in-Sheppey, will be classic ground to the lovers of Thomas Ingoldsby, and many a pilgrimage will in future days be made to the tomb of Grey Dolphin.—*Temple Bar.*

MISS DE MAUPASSANT.

BY C. E. RAIMOND.

I.

THE firm of Merriman and Streake, Publishers, had sustained certain reverses. It was agreed that they had grave ground of complaint against Mr. Soames, not because of the failure of his graceful old-fashioned novel which they had good-humoredly published, but because, albeit the oldest reader in their employ, he had dissuaded them from accepting the two most successful novels of the past year. So the day came when he was formally confronted with the proofs of his inadequacy. The junior partner quoted the rapidly succeeding editions and record-breaking sales of the books his unwisdom had lost to the firm. But the culprit was unimpressed. "I have saved Merriman and Streake," he said, "from the disgrace of seeing their stamp on these vulgar inanities—and I deserve their thanks."

Mr. Streake's rejoinder was to point to a rival firm's book list in *The Pall Mall* of that afternoon. Under the

announcement of the third edition of the last book, was a brilliant array of Press opinions. "A good many people think differently," observed the junior partner. "Of course," said the old reader, "there will always be people who mistake indecency for power, and more who don't know the difference between impertinence and genius," and he gazed vindictively at the MS. he had laid down on the table some minutes before.

Mr. Streake stroked his mustache. "As I've ventured to point out," he said slowly, "we don't publish books solely to raise the literary standard." "No," said the reader stonily, "I keep that in mind." He laid down his report on the last MS. and abruptly took his departure. Mr. Streake unfolded the paper reflectively. "Very much like the report he made on *Phryne's Hour*," he thought to himself as he glanced down the brief condemnation. "We'll send that MS. to the new reader and see what he makes of it," he said later to Mr. Merriman.

"I'd rather have the opinion of a clever young fellow fresh from the University than of all the foggy men of letters in the kingdom. We'll send *Initiation* to Johns."

And they did. And Johns sent them in return a report that was hallelujah from end to end: "This is the biggest thing since *Mme. Bovary*. You've got hold of a new Flaubert! The fellow knows women like the inside of his pocket, and he has the courage of genius. It's a stupendous book."

"I really must read it myself," thought Mr. Streak. Not that he was a judge of literary values. That was not his business. He performed the far more remunerative office of recognizing and selecting what the public would buy. He read *Initiation* in a whirl of ecstasy. He was glad to hear it was like Flaubert. Not that he had read Flaubert, but that was immaterial. He was glad that Johns (who had enjoyed advantages denied to Thomas Streak) had said *Initiation* was a work of genius. It was a secondary consideration, but it did count. That the book would sell like hot cakes was a foregone conclusion. That is to say, it would sell, if they were allowed to put it on the market. Would the public stand it? The public would flock to it like lambs. They would devour it like wolves. But wouldn't they think it their duty to howl afterward? That would advertise the book, but if the book was suppressed, of what use the advertisement? Then there was that little inconvenience of the Vigilance Society and criminal prosecution. He would read it again. It seemed more extraordinary than ever. Its calm and colossal audacity left him breathless—staring. "It's a *great* book," he said to Merriman. "It'll make a fortune—if they'll stand it."

"They'll stand anything now," said Mr. Merriman. "I'll read it myself." He found that he was too old and too stiff in his mental joints to bear the impact of this new genius. The book floored him—floored, but did not conquer. "It's simply obscene," he said to Streak the next day. "The fellow's a beast."

"I assure you Johns compares him to Flaubert."

"Flaubert's a beast."

"Oh very well. I only wish the woods were full of them."

"But Flaubert isn't such a beast as this man."

"I told you this fellow had gone one better."

"That scene about the—you know—that's impossible."

"You think so? Perhaps he'd cut that."

"And the last chapter. I never read anything like it in my life."

"I told you we'd got hold of a big thing."

"It's my impression it's *too* big to hold. Too big and too slippery."

"What if I can get him to cut out some of the—a—most original passages?"

"Oh well, if he'll do that, we might consider it, I suppose. But I don't believe—"

"I shall have to run down to the Isle of Wight this week end. I'll go and talk to him."

The next morning Mr. Streak wired, R. P.: "Phil Raglan, 4 Cottage Crescent, Ventnor.—Have read *Initiation* with interest. Will you dine with me Royal Hotel Ventnor to-morrow, eight.—Thomas Streak." The reply came back before luncheon: "Sorry unable to dine. Hope to see you here Sunday after eleven.—Raglan."

Mr. Streak arrived at 4 Cottage Crescent at a quarter past the hour. He mused upon the unpretending haunts of greatness, while he waited for admittance. He decided off hand that the man who wrote *Initiation* had certainly not always lived in the Isle of Wight in a rose-covered cottage. He must have gone the pace, and squandered brilliantly a brilliant inheritance. His wild extravagances had landed him at last at 4 Cottage Crescent. "For the fellow evidently knows society through and through," thought Mr. Streak, who knew only his own small corner of scribbling Bohemia.

"Mr. Raglan?" he inquired of the servant as she turned her ear to him. The old woman favored him with a keen sidelong glance of the deaf. "Are you Mr. Streak, sir?" she asked, watching his lips. "Yes," replied the visitor. "This way, sir."

She opened the second door on the left of the small passage. "Mr. Streak," she announced.

The publisher entered a bright little room, lined with books, and fitted up like a miniature library. Two women sat by the window which overlooked a small garden behind the house. They both rose. The elder came forward. "Mr. Streak," she acknowledged languidly, "we are glad you could come. My daughter."

"I have only a left hand to offer you," said the girl with soft self-possession. Mr. Streak stared with admiration at the exquisite little person before him. She was like a Dresden China Shepherdess. But she had no crook, and her right hand rested in a sling.

"Oh, you've had an accident," ejaculated the publisher, with unconscious familiarity.

"Only sprained my wrist," she smiled bewitchingly. They sat down. The Shepherdess framed her loveliness in the rose-wreathed window. The mother sat in a weary attitude on the small sofa, and coughed. Her face was pale, and what cheerful persons call "intellectual." But so much was evident: she was an invalid with a Roman nose.

"What a charming spot," said Mr. Streak, apparently looking at the curly brown head of the little Shepherdess.

"Yes," said the girl, turning round and looking out of the window; "I think our roses have never been so beautiful before." The voice was musical, caressing. It had that beguiling quality of pretty childishness, which many men find more irresistible than a beautiful face.

Mr. Streak's intimate acquaintance with women was more or less confined to the sturdy members of his own family circle, and the dashing creatures who write books, or review them. He was quickly hypnotized by the rose-leaf daintiness of the slim little person before him. She might be seventeen, and certainly Phil Raglan, whether father or brother, had in her a heroine fit to stimulate the most fastidious fancy. She wore a white frock with a kind of lace "pinafore"—(or so the observant Streak described it afterward to Mrs. Streak)—and her slender

wrist tinkled with bangles, whenever she moved the one free hand.

"What fine weather we are having now all over England," the publisher ventured, turning to the elder woman.

"Y—Yes," she said vaguely, "very fine;" and she regarded her daughter with dreamy adoration.

Mr. Streak began to feel conscious of a growing embarrassment. Why had the author of *Initiation* turned him over to these charming but irrelevant ladies? "I'm afraid I have called too early for Mr. Raglan," he suggested, turning again to the anæmic woman on the sofa.

"For Mr. Raglan?" she said, with a slight start. "Mr. Raglan—my husband"—she looked over helplessly at the girl. "We lost my father some years ago," said the Dresden China Shepherdess with soft promptitude. "We are not business women, but we are glad to talk the book over with you."

Streak felt himself blushing—or going through some unusual and uncomfortable phase of bodily temperament. "I—a—I," he looked appealingly toward the elder lady. "Did Mr. Raglan leave an executor with whom I could—a—?" "I am his executor," said Mrs. Raglan with some surprise.

"Oh! it was not merely about terms that I hoped to see the author of *Initiation*. I—there are other things—I—I suppose—a—pardon me, but have you read your husband's novel?"

"My husband's—"

The Dresden China Shepherdess broke into a low peal of laughter. "Do you mean to say," she asked, "you thought a man wrote *Initiation*?"

Mr. Streak stared speechless. "You mean to say," he faltered, looking at the Roman nose with a new respect—"you mean to say—?"

"My daughter is the writer of the family," said the lady proudly (Mr. Streak clutched the arms of his chair). "Since there are things you wish to discuss, I'll leave you;" and Mrs. Raglan smothered a cough in her handkerchief as she got up.

"No! no! I assure you—nothing at all—nothing—that is—that—that—I

beg you not to leave us." His agitation was unmistakable. He kept repeating to himself Merriman's opinion of the last chapter and "that scene about the—you know." "I—I only wanted to learn," he turned desperately to the little Shepherdess, "how, if—in case—what your views are on the subject of—of—*format*—." *Initiation* is too long for a single volume of my 'Fin-de-siècle Series'—and it isn't long enough for the old regulation three volumes."

"Oh!" said the Shepherdess indulgently; "you want me to make it longer?"

"Well—a—I was thinking it might be—a—with some advantage it might be shortened by a chapter or two."

"Oh, no!" she ejaculated, with a new note in her voice.

"Now Philippa, darling," admonished her mother timidly, "perhaps Mr. Streak knows best."

"It's impossible! Quite impossible. You *couldn't* cut my book: it would bleed to death."

"I thought—you are very young, and—I was only suggesting—"

"Well, now, *you've* read it, Mr. Streak," she said in the voice of a dove. "What is there in *Initiation* that we could afford to cut?"

The poor man hesitated. He realized of a sudden that the room was oppressively hot.

"Shall we go over the manuscript together?" the cooing voice went on.

"Well—I think perhaps—" Mr. Streak struggled inarticulately with his feelings. The girl rose and went to the writing-table.

"If you are going to work you mustn't be disturbed," said Mrs. Raglan in a hushed voice, as she too got up.

"But I *assure* you"—Mr. Streak sprang to his feet.

"Phil can never write with me in the room," she said, looking reverently at her offspring. The girl was deftly undoing a parcel with one hand. "You always cough," said Phil, without looking up.

"I know, my dear." She pressed her handkerchief to her lips again, and held out a thin hand to the publisher.

"But the fact is"—he made a clutch at his hat—"I haven't time this morn-

ing to go into the matter. Besides, that can be attended to later—if—if we come to terms."

"Oh!" said the girl slowly, pushing the MS. away from her. "Do you mean you haven't made up your mind to publish my book?" There was a delicate scorn in her face that seemed to Streak to put him to instant disadvantage. As she stood now, with the light falling sideways on her face, it was plain she was not seventeen. "Nearer five-and-twenty," the publisher commented silently, "but deuced good-looking." However, he was a man of business. Dimples and pinafores were all very well, but—"I wired you, you remember, that *Initiation* interested me, and that it would be just as well to—a—"

"Yes," said the girl, her full lips parting in a pretty childish smile; "I was so sorry I couldn't dine." She looked ruefully down at her bandaged arm. Mr. Streak wondered if she would have accepted his invitation, had she not been physically disabled. "You mean," she continued in melting tones, "first of all we must discuss what my book is worth?" And both ladies sat down.

"Well—a—not just that—I—Mr. Merriman and I are 'interested,' as I wired you. *Initiation* is your first book, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" said the girl.

"You haven't published under your own name, have you?"

"I've never published at all. But *Initiation* is my third long book."

"I see. And the other ones—are they—a—are they at all like this one?"

"Not so likely to be popular, I think."

"Indeed? What is your opinion?" Streak turned to Mrs. Raglan.

"Oh—a—I don't—"

"My mother doesn't care for literature," said the girl kindly.

The elder lady looked a little ruffled. "You see I am ill a great deal," she said hurriedly. "Straining the eyes is so bad for the head, and Phil has written so many books. It would be impossible for me to read *all* her stories."

"Dear, you haven't read one for years."

"Why, Phil?"

"Not to the end." She patted her mother's thin hand, and smiled a heavenly pardon.

"You see," Mrs. Raglan turned nervously to the visitor, "my daughter has written ever since she was a child—long before her father sent her to Rouen."

"Oh, you've lived in France?" His glance swept both ladies.

"I haven't," said Mrs. Raglan, "I don't understand the language, and it would have been awkward. But Mr. Raglan did. These are all his books."

Streake followed her glance round the little room. He observed for the first time that the books seemed to have foreign titles, while a good proportion of them were in the familiar yellow uniform, "quite impudently French"—even in eyes unable to read them. "You went to school in France?" he asked the pinaforesd authoress.

"Yes, I was at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur for four years."

"Really! Then I suppose you're a great student."

"Oh, yes! I don't see how she stands it," said the mother solicitously. "But genius is not subject to the laws that govern most people," she added, like one who carefully cons a lesson.

"I suppose you read a great deal of fiction," Mr. Streake observed, studying the girl. She looked up at him with slightly narrowed eyes. "Not very much," she said demurely, "I haven't time." She closed her free hand over the little gold heart that hung from a necklace of seed coral, and all the bangles tinkled as they slid up her arm. "You can't expect those who write to spend their time reading other people," she said with dignity.

"No, I suppose not." Mr. Streake's tone was apologetic. "I only thought—now and then in a leisure hour—"

"In my leisure hours I observe life," said the Shepherdess.

"I see." Mr. Streake was deeply impressed. "It may interest you to know," the girl went on in the manner of the seasoned celebrity helping along a halting interviewer—"I suppose I'm the only person you've ever met who

has never read a line of Thackeray or Dickens, or any of that old lot."

"Really! how very interesting. But I suppose you've dipped into—Thomas Hardy, for instance?"

"Once I began a book of his. But that sort of thing doesn't interest me." Her long lashes drooped wearily. "Hardy is so obvious."

"Oh! you prefer Meredith?"

"Heavens, no! You see if one is born with a sensitive feeling for style one must take care of it. I remember once, travelling from Rouen to Paris some one left *Beauchamp's Career* behind him in the carriage. I read one chapter, and for weeks after I was not myself. It made me quite ill. I felt as if I had swallowed a sackful of sand and thistles. But perhaps Mr. Meredith is a friend of yours?"

"No—oh, no! We don't go in much for that kind of thing."

"I hardly thought it likely," she smiled graciously.

"My daughter reads French works," Mrs. Raglan observed with pride. "She's very like her father. He was one of the Suffolk Raglans."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Streake. "Your daughter reminds us of Flaubert."

"Flaubert!" the girl ejaculated, dropping the small gold heart in the folds of her pinafore. "I hope I'm not like Flaubert. I don't propose to exhaust myself in one book, and then go mad if I'm found guilty of a double genitive."

"No—no!" agreed the publisher, glancing at the young lady's mother to see what the deuce a "double genitive" was. Streake's impression was that the phrase was daring if not unfilial.

"I've been told," continued the girl suavely, "that I'm very like Maupassant."

"Oh—ah!—Mau'—'m—indeed! You prefer him?"

"Well, I used to read him now and then—on long journeys and that kind of thing, when there was nothing else to do. But I've given it up."

"Oh!"

"Yes, some one frightened me once by saying I was getting to write so much like him."

"You didn't care for that?"

"Well, one doesn't want to be a mere imitation—does one?"

"No, certainly not."

Plainly the girl was a genius, but at this moment she was more like an enchanting little school-girl than ever. She pushed back her soft brown curls and brought her hand round under her chin. She rested the dimple in her pink little palm and asked in a voice of silver: "Tell me what you think of my last chapter, Mr. Streaker?"

The good man gasped at the recollection, and struggled out of his low wicker-chair. "It's wonderful—wonderful," he said fervently, but not knowing quite where to look. "Good-bye, Mrs. Raglan. I will write some time next week. Good-bye." He took the fragile hand of the young authoress. "Are you ever in London?"

"No. The climate doesn't suit my mother. I never go anywhere without my mother. Good-bye."

When Streaker met Merriman on Monday morning, he overflowed with enthusiasm about the New Genius. He described her in such terms that Merriman chuckled, and made would-be humorous speeches at Streaker's expense. But the junior partner was too well pleased with himself and his "find" to care.

"I'm not surprised your Miss de Maupassant has broken her wrist writing *Initiation*," said Merriman, interrupting a flow of eloquence. "But the main thing is, will she cut out all that part that isn't fit for publication?"

Streaker felt a secret annoyance at his partner's coarseness. "What did she say," Merriman went on, "about that scene of the—?" "She didn't mention it," interrupted Streaker with an accent of indignation.

"Well, what *did* she mention?"

"I've told you we talked about Flaubert and Mau—the man that writes so like her, and about her being four years in a convent."

"You mean to say you didn't discuss her book with her?"

"No. I—we talked of other things."

"Didn't even tell her we couldn't have that last chapter?"

"No," said Streaker, a little angrily.

"You don't think she'd discuss that kind of thing with a perfect stranger."

II.

It had been decided that Streaker should write a carefully worded letter to the author of *Initiation*, explaining as delicately as possible certain obstacles in the way of publishing that work in its present form. He labored long and devotedly over the epistle, and then, with an outburst of ingenious profanity, gave up the job.

Merriman must do it. Merriman did. "How's that?" he asked after scribbling away for five minutes. The image of the little Shepherdess rose before Streaker's eyes as he read. He turned cold at Merriman's brutality of exposition.

"No, for God's sake. That'll never do. I'd rather go and see her myself than send that."

Merriman's reply was accompanied with a prolonged chuckle. "Yes, you get over such a lot of ground that way. Nothing like it."

But Streaker was not to be laughed out of running down to Ventnor again on Saturday. It was five o'clock. "Mrs. Raglan's ill with one of her headaches," said the deaf servant as she led the way to the little room. "But Miss Phil can see you." She opened the door. "Miss Phil" had apparently been standing there ever since the previous Sunday. Her arm still hung in a sling; the gold heart still nestled in the folds of her white pinafore. "How do you do?" Her voice and her bangles tinkled welcome.

They sat down. "Tea, please," she said, as the old woman shut the door. And Miss Phil nestled back in the chair in the inimitable fashion of the kitten-woman. Let it be understood by the fair, that this accomplishment of subtly caressing and yielding to the arms of a chair, or a sofa nook, is not to be attained by the athletic lady. Her spine has lost the art. It is forever incompatible with riding the bicycle. Streaker regarded Miss de Maupassant with a sense of quickening. "I had given up expecting to hear from you," she said softly.

"Well, you see"—he shifted his position in the creaking wicker-chair—"it is difficult to—One personal interview is better than twenty letters."

The girl looked at him attentively. He fancied she repressed a smile. Something in her covert satisfaction made him remember that in her leisure moments she "observed life." He creaked uncomfortably in his low seat, and then said almost brusquely: "The fact is I wrote you a letter on Monday."

"On Monday! I never got it."

"No, I tore it up."

A new animation shone in her face. "Really! I believe the only letters worth reading are those that aren't sent."

"You're very kind." Streake beamed. He was certain she had paid him a compliment. He was making himself interesting to this young genius, with the keen unerring eye for character, and instinctive—appalling—understanding of men. How had she arrived at that "last chapter"? *Can* imagination walk that perilous road alone? Or was this surface decorum a bit of clever playing? Was she—? In any case he was "seeing life" too.

"What did you say in your letter?" she asked. "Something very rash?" She smiled in a way that went to his head like wine. He creaked out of his chair, and walked to the open window. "Whether the letter was rash," he said, turning and facing her, "depends on the kind of person you are."

"Oh!" She followed him, smiling, and stood at the other side of the window, leaning daintily against the red curtain.

"I wish I knew you better," said Streake fervently.

"So do I." She drew her small forefinger along the window-sill, making invisible patterns.

"I could advise you so much better."

"Oh! *advise!*" She smiled up at him with the most provocative air in the world. He recalled one of the "steep" scenes in *Initiation*, and his head, unused to these high altitudes, began to swim.

"You need a friend," he said, "some one who has your interests at heart." He drew a step nearer. Miss de Maupassant melted into the folds of the curtain, and stared out at him coldly.

"Some one to manage your affairs," he said, feeling unaccountably snubbed.

(This was not the way the lady behaved in *Initiation*.) "Some one who has your confidence, and the privilege of plain speaking."

"I don't mind any amount of *plain speaking*." He did not catch the illuminating emphasis—he only saw the smile. It drew him closer to the enveloping red curtain.

"Be careful!" she said sharply, and all the bangles rang minute alarms.

"What is it?" He started back.

"You accidentally jarred my elbow—that's all!"

"I beg your pardon."

"You can't imagine how painful my arm is," she smiled apologetically.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"—and he looked it.

"I can't think why we don't have our tea." She crossed the room, and rang. Streake returned to the wicker chair, a sadder and a wiser man. "It is quite true I *do* need a friend," said Miss de Maupassant, curling down in her corner once more. "I need some one to realize my capacities, and help me to make the most of them. By-and-bye I shall have plenty to believe in me." Streake agreed, a trifle gloomily. "But it's *now* that some one can really help me, as you say. I wonder if you are going to be my friend?" she inquired, with an air so fetching that Streake revived a little. However, he wasn't going to fall into the same trap again.

"As I was saying," he resumed in his business manner, "you *do* need some one to advise you. Some one who can speak plainly to you without offence."

"Exactly," she nodded.

"You may not like my taking the liberty—I don't know if you know, but I'm a married man."

She stared, and bit her lip enigmatically. Streake felt it was a blow to her. "I hope," she said politely, "I hope Mrs. Streake is quite well?"

"Oh—a—thank you—Yes. What I meant to say was, being a family man, I needn't hesitate—"

"No—no—pray don't hesitate."

But he did. "I like married men," she said encouragingly, as though she were owing to exotic tastes. "Bachelors are so self-conscious."

"Oh, you find that?"

"Well, you can't make a friend of an unmarried man. He's always thinking the girl may have designs."

"Just so." Streake saw the advantage of his position. Plainly he was the person predestined to be guide, philosopher, and friend to this gifted young charmer.

"In the other case," said the girl slowly, "it is usually the married man who has the designs."

"You have a very low opinion of human nature," Streake spoke with severity. He felt his honor impugned.

"I said *usually*," repeated Miss de Maupassant calmly, as the tea came in.

"Since you recommend plain speaking," said Streake, when the old woman had retired, "I had better say at once that we can publish your book only on certain conditions."

"And those conditions?" She handed him his cup, and pushed the milk and sugar toward him across the naked tray.

"That you accept certain alterations suggested by our reader."

Miss de Maupassant drew herself up and her pinafore down. "And what are these alterations?"

"You will receive the MS. Monday with the changes marked." She took in her breath sharply. "We don't ask you to make any radical change—only a few cuts." Disdain deepened round the full red lips as she asked with dignity: "Who is your reader?"

"Oh—a—a man we have great confidence in."

"Is he a *littérateur*?"

"Oh, he's a very clever fellow."

"What has he written?"

"You see, we have *all* read your book. It doesn't depend on any one opinion."

She eyed the publisher with ill-disguised scorn. "And do you 'all' usually do this kind of thing for your authors?"

"Well—a—all books are not like *Initiation*."

"No!!!" she breathed along a scornful crescendo.

"Frankly, there are things in *Initiation* that the public won't stand."

"Then let the public skip if it can't stand."

"That's just what it won't do. We are running a great risk in publishing your story at all." She opened wide her heaven-blue eyes. "They stand this kind of thing in France," he quoted, "but here—" He shook his head.

"What 'kind of thing' do you mean?"

"Well—a—" Streake looked into his saucer. "Your last chapter, for instance."

"What's wrong with my last chapter?" He stirred the dregs in the bottom of his cup. "You said you liked it."

"It's wonderful—very fine indeed."

"Then why not publish it?"

"The critics would be awfully down on you."

"The *critics*!" She threw her curly head softly back and laughed. "You haven't got such a thing in this country."

"Not got any critics!" Streake stared.

"Not one!" she said gayly. "As for the book reviewers—" She shrugged, under her pinafore.

"They might say unpleasant things," Streake hastened to observe: "things that would be disagreeable for a lady to hear."

"I wouldn't hear them! I know better than to listen. Have some more tea?"

"No, thank you. You mustn't mind if I tell you that the papers would be sure to say *Initiation* was immoral."

"I'd just as soon they'd say that as anything else." (Streake felt that *his Initiation* was only beginning.) "The mere fact," she went on calmly, "the mere fact that they bring in the question of morals, shows how little they understand Art. They might as well bother us about Bi-metallism."

"Yes, but still—"

"Isn't it time for English Letters to be cut loose from the British Matron's apron-string?" (Streake seemed to consider the proposal.) "Why is Art so flourishing in France?" the Shepherdess asked. (Streake couldn't on the spur of the moment say why it was.) "Do you suppose we shall ever have great novelists in England while publishers are so timid? Who dares to write his best?"

"Well—one 'did,' you know."

"Exactly. *I* do, and see the result!" She threw out her little hand despairingly.

"What are your other books like?"

She shook her curls. "Farther away from the dull English fairy-tale than even *Initiation*. Plainly the bourgeois British reader and I won't agree. I look life in the face—as Maupassant did."

There was a loud double knock at the outer door. "If *you* don't publish *Initiation*," she exclaimed in a fresh accent of scorn—"I tell you frankly it's been to every publisher in London—if *you* don't do it, I'll have it translated into French."

The old woman came in with a telegram. "Why, it's for you," said the Dresden Shepherdess, handing the yellow envelope across the tray. Streaker tore it open and read:—"Johns has found story of '*Initiation*' in obscure French novel. All the striking part sheer plagiarism.—Merriman." He

read the message twice, and folded it carefully.

"I'm afraid you have bad news," said Miss de Maupassant gently.

"Yes—at least—oh, it doesn't matter." He put the telegram in his pocket. "No answer, thank you." The old woman vanished. "A—you were saying?" said Streaker vaguely.

"That if you didn't take my book, I'd bring it out in Paris."

"That would be very daring." He looked at her steadily. The liquid blue of her eyes was cloudless and untroubled. He drew out his watch. "Ha! I'm late. Good-bye, I'll write you finally about your book on Monday."

It was a hurried leave-taking. Miss de Maupassant clasped her heart of gold, and said a wistful good-bye. For one moment Streaker wavered. Then he turned and fled.

He permitted Merriman to dictate the letter that went back with the MS. on Monday.—*New Review*.

SUNSHINE AND LIFE.

BY MRS. PERCY FRANKLAND.

WE have gradually within the last few years been awakening to the novel fact that sunshine, while essential to green plant life, is by no means indispensable to the most primitive forms of vegetable existence with which we are acquainted—*i.e.*, bacteria. In fact, we have found out that if we wish to keep our microbial nursery in a healthy, flourishing condition, we must carefully banish all sources of light from our cultivations, and that a dark cupboard is one of the essential requisites of a bacteriological laboratory.

The subject was naturally too original and fascinating a one for the investigator to permit of its long remaining dormant or unexplored, and hence we have received a large number of most interesting contributions from workers in all parts of the world. Many obvious problems presented themselves at once for solution, and to a few of these I referred in an article on "Bacterial

Life and Light," which appeared in a previous issue of this Magazine.*

Much has been done since then, and while our views have in some directions been modified, they have in others been considerably extended.

Thus in one important question, that of water purification, solar enthusiasts rashly jumped at the convenient hypothesis, based on very slender experimental evidence, that sunshine was possessed of such omniscient power to slay microbes, that we might safely rely upon it to remove the noxious organisms in our streams, and might comfortably, therefore, turn sewage into our rivers. This was actually suggested in a proposal for dealing with the sewage of Cologne. But further investigations have caused us to considerably qualify our opinions in this direction, and while all due credit may be

* *Longman's Magazine*, September, 1893.

permitted to sunshine for what it can accomplish in the destruction of bacteria in water, we find that its potency is distinctly confined to the upper layers of water.

Perhaps Dr. Procacci's experiments will most clearly convey some idea of this limitation, for he made a special study of this particular phenomenon. Some drain water, containing, of course, an abundance of microbial life, was placed in cylindrical glass vessels, and only the perpendicular rays of the sun were allowed to play upon it. The column of water was about two feet high, and while a bacteriological examination at the commencement of the research showed that about 2000 microbes were present in every twenty drops of water taken from the surface, centre, and bottom of the vessel respectively, after three hours' sunshine only nine and ten were found in the surface and centre portions of the water, while at the bottom the numbers remained practically unchanged. Professor Buchner, of Munich, demonstrated the same impotence of the sun's rays to destroy bacteria much beneath the surface of water, in some ingenious experiments he made in the Starnberger See, near Munich. He lowered glass dishes containing jelly thickly sown with typhoid bacilli to different depths in the water during bright sunshine; those kept at a depth of about five feet subsequently showed no sign of life, while those immersed about ten feet developed abundant growths; in both cases the exposure was prolonged over four and a half hours.

In our own rivers Thames and Lea, Professor Percy Frankland has frequently found about twenty times more microbes in the winter than in the summer months, but it would be extremely rash to therefore infer that the comparative poverty of bacterial life was due to the greater potency of the sun's rays in the summer than in the winter. Doubtless it may contribute to this beneficial result, but we know as a matter of fact that, in the summer, these rivers receive a large proportion of spring water, which is comparatively poor in microbes, and that this factor also must not be ignored in discussing

the improved bacterial quality of these waters at this season of the year.

Another point which must be taken into consideration in regard to the effective isolation of water is its chemical composition. It has been recently shown* that the action of sunshine in destroying germs in water is very considerably increased when common salt is added to the water, and this opens up a wide field for experimental inquiry before we can accept sunshine as a reliable agent in the purification of water.

Again, we must remember that a great deal depends upon the condition of the microbe itself. If it is present in the spore or hardy form, then considerably longer will be required for its annihilation. This fact has been abundantly shown in the case of anthrax, which in the condition of spores will retain its vitality in water flooded with sunshine for considerably upward of a hundred hours, the bacilli being far more easily destroyed. We must also bear in mind that the individual vitality of the microbe is an important factor in determining its chance of survival; if it is in a healthy, vigorous condition it will resist the lethal action of sunshine for considerably longer than when its vitality has been already reduced by adverse surroundings.

It is, therefore, sufficiently obvious that the power of isolation to bacterially purify water is by no means easy of estimation, and that numerous and very varied factors have to be taken into account when we attempt to endow it with any measure of practical hygienic importance.

In connection with the vitality of anthrax germs in water, which has afforded material for so many laboratory investigations, it is of interest to consider what chance actually exists of anthrax being communicated by water. Until a couple of years ago, as far as I am aware, no instance had been recorded of anthrax having been communicated by water, until an outbreak of anthrax on a farm in the south of Russia was distinctly traced by a skilled bac-

* Percy Frankland, *Our Secret Friends and Foes*, 2nd edit., p. 188.

teriologist to the use of water from a particular well, in the sediment of which the bacillus of anthrax was discovered.

The likelihood of such contamination taking place through the drainage of soil makes it of importance to ascertain what may become of the bacilli of anthrax derived from the bodies of animals which have died of this disease, and whose carcasses have been buried and not cremated.

The anthrax bacillus cannot produce the hardy spore form within the bodies of animals, but it does outside. Now Professor Percy Frankland showed, only a few months ago, that the bacilli of anthrax taken from the blood of an animal dead of anthrax are destroyed rapidly in ordinary river Thames water, but that if the temperature of the water to which they gain access is somewhat higher than usual, such bacilli are able to sporulate or produce spores in the water, and in that hardy form can retain their vitality and virulence for several months.

That anthrax bacilli can produce spores in water under certain conditions has not hitherto been dwelt upon in discussing the question of their vitality in water, and it is of obvious importance in connection with the action of sunshine on anthrax germs in water, considering the different manner in which the spores and bacilli behave when submitted to insolation.

It was not, perhaps, unnatural that rash assumptions as to the efficacy of sunshine should have been readily accepted when such remarkable feats performed on microbes by sunshine were being continually put forward.

Among some of the most interesting of these achievements we must undoubtedly regard the diminution in the virulence or disease-producing power of such deadly microbes as those of cholera, anthrax, and tuberculosis, through simple exposure to the sun's rays. It seems almost inconceivable that by placing the cholera bacillus, for example, in the sunshine, its virulent character undergoes such a profound modification that it is actually reduced to the condition of a vaccine, and may be employed to protect animals from infection with its still viru-

lent brethren. Yet this is what has been undoubtedly shown by Dr. Palermo in very carefully conducted investigations. He was, moreover, able to indicate, within a very narrow margin, the precise amount of insolation necessary to bring about this result, for if the cholera cultures were only exposed for three hours, their toxic properties were not reduced to the condition of vaccine, but if the insolation was continued for three and a half hours up to four and a half hours, they became endowed with the requisite immunizing properties, and animals treated first with the so-called sunshine-cholera-vaccine were able subsequently to withstand otherwise fatal doses of virulent cholera cultures. Dr. Palermo also found that besides producing this subtle modification in the character of cholera bacilli, sunshine exerted a remarkable physiological change in these organisms, for when examined under the microscope they no longer exhibited their typical activity, having been deprived of all powers of movement, while those kept during the same length of time in the dark had not abated one jot of their accustomed motility.

But sunshine not only controls in this wonderful manner the action of the living bacillus, but it also operates upon the products elaborated by disease organisms. Thus the microbe producing lockjaw or tetanus may be grown in broth, and the latter may be subsequently passed through a porcelain or a Berkefeld filter, so that the resulting liquid is entirely deprived of all germ life. This tetanus-filtrate, as it is called, is endowed with very powerful toxic properties, and it will retain its lethal action even when kept for upward of three hundred days, providing it is screened from all light; but place such filtrates in diffused light and they lose their poisonous properties, requiring, however, upward of ten weeks to become entirely harmless; if, on the other hand, they be exposed to sunshine, they are completely deprived of their toxic character in from fifteen to eighteen hours. Again, as little as five hours' sunshine is sufficient to greatly modify the toxic action of diphtheria cultures, while it has also been found that two weeks' insolation exercises a

damaging effect on the poison of the rattlesnake.

Interesting as all these isolated observations are, they indicate what an immense amount yet remains to be done before we can hope to have any connected conception of the mechanism, so to speak, of insolation. At present there is too large an allowance, which we are compelled to make, for the unknown, to permit of our adequately manipulating this marvellous agency in relation to bacteriological problems. But who shall say what part has been, and is being still, played by sunshine in determining the individual character of microbes, operating as it has done from time immemorial upon countless generations of these minute germs of life?

The problem of insolation has, however, been quite recently attacked from an entirely novel point of view by Dr. Masella, who has endeavored to find out whether sunshine plays any part in the predisposition of animal life to infection.

Now sunshine has long been credited with possessing therapeutic powers, and, indeed, traditions of cures effected by the ancients by means of insolation have been treasured up and handed down to the present day. Even as late as the beginning of the present century we may read of a French physician seriously recording his claim to have cured a dropsical patient within two weeks by placing him daily for several hours in the sunshine, and many medical journals of recent years contain communications on the beneficial results derived from the use of sunshine in the treatment of various diseases. It seems curious, therefore, that while so much has been done to test the action of light on disease microbes in *artificial* surroundings, such as are to be found in laboratory experiments, hardly any investigations have been made to try and define more precisely how sunshine may affect their pathogenic action within the animal system. Dr. Masella's researches, undertaken with the express object of, if possible, elucidating this question, are, therefore, of special interest and importance.

The first series of experiments was carried out to ascertain whether ex-

posure to sunshine increases or reduces an animal's susceptibility to particular diseases, those selected for investigation being typhoid fever and cholera. For this purpose guinea-pigs were exposed to the full rays of the sun during a period of from nine to fifteen hours for two days, while other guinea-pigs, for the sake of comparison, were not permitted to have more light than that obtainable in a stable where only diffused light was admitted. Both these sets of animals were subsequently infected with virulent cultures of cholera and typhoid germs respectively, and were in neither case exposed to sunshine. The results which Dr. Masella obtained were remarkable, for he found that those animals which previous to infection had been placed in the sunshine died more rapidly than those which had been kept in the stable, and that the exposure to the sun's rays had so increased their susceptibility to these diseases that they succumbed to smaller doses, and doses moreover which did not prove fatal to the other guinea-pigs. Still more striking was the part played by insolation in the course of these diseases in animals exposed to sunshine *after* inoculation, for instead of dying in from fifteen to twenty-four hours they succumbed in from three to five hours.

Here, then, we find sunshine, in some mysterious manner not yet understood, far from benefiting the animal and assisting it in combating with these diseases, actually contributing to the lethal action of these bacteria. It has been asserted on the authority of some medical men that in cases of smallpox recovery is rendered more easy and rapid when light is excluded from the patient's room; whether Dr. Masella's experiments will permit of any such interpretation being placed upon them remains to be seen; they are, at any rate, extremely suggestive. He would, however, have us believe that his researches help to explain the greater and undoubted prevalence of typhoid fever and cholera in hot countries, where the sun shines longer and with greater power than we ever experience in these northern latitudes. Even the smoke-laden atmosphere of our great cities, our leaden skies and dreary

fogs and mists, may after all then, if we can only learn to look at them from Dr. Masella's point of view, become a source of benefit and a subject for congratulation; yet our inherent love of light and sunshine would cause us willingly to hand over our murky climate had we but the chance of obtaining in exchange that of an Algiers or any of the sunny cities of the south! Moreover, in the case of tubercular disease experience is daily impressing upon us the wisdom and indeed necessity of absorbing as much sunshine as possible, and hence the pilgrimage which is now recommended to Davos and other resorts where invalids can get the maximum amount of bright sunshine. And not only is this the outcome of practical experience, but De Renzi has shown by actual experiment that sunshine acts beneficially in cases of tuberculosis in animals. Thus, guinea-pigs were infected with tuberculous material and exposed in glass boxes to the sun for five or six hours daily, others being similarly infected but protected from sunshine. The animals which had received the sunshine died in 24, 39, 52, and 89 days respectively, while those which had not been sunned succumbed in from 20, 25, 26, and 41 days; or, in other words, De Renzi found that insolation had very materially increased the infected animals' power of coping with tuberculosis.

The part which sunshine plays, or may be made to play, in disease is very

obscure, but it would appear at least justifiable to assume that it is an agent which further investigation may show we cannot afford to disregard.

We have learned that sunshine is endowed with distinctly lethal action as regards particular bacteria, that it can modify the subtle properties of toxic solutions, and we are asked to believe that it may exercise an important influence on the animal system in determining the power of the latter to deal with the agents of disease; but, as we have seen, the mechanism of it all is shrouded in mystery, and we are at a loss to divine how it works. Might not some fresh light be thrown upon this problem if we could ascertain the effect of sunshine on some of these natural fluids of the body, which recent brilliant research has shown to be endowed with such wonderful protective or immunizing properties? So far as I am aware, the action of sunshine on these anti-toxines or protective fluids has not yet been investigated. Can sunshine interfere with the therapeutic effect of diphtheria-serum, for example? If simple insolation can so profoundly modify the character of toxic fluids, it is not unreasonable to anticipate some action on these anti-toxines, and their study in this connection would appear to offer an important step in the direction of unravelling the mystery attending the action of light on life.—*Longman's Magazine*.

THE AFTER-CAREERS OF UNIVERSITY-EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY ALICE M. GORDON.

MANY mothers among the upper-middle classes are in these days anxiously puzzling over the problem how best to educate their daughters. The old order of home training by private-governess education is passing away, and many harassed parents are now asking whether the new schemes for the higher education of women are entirely satisfactory. The alert mother and the practical father of daughters want to know, What future does a university education open out for women?

and how much or how little do girls benefit by devoting some of the brightest years of their young lives to acquiring a higher education than was attained by their mothers and grandmothers? Some valuable information about the after-careers of university-educated women may be obtained by studying the various reports recently published by the principal women's colleges of Great Britain and Ireland.

Any parent entering upon the examination of these reports should en-

deavor to do so with an unbiassed mind, and without prejudice for or against the so-called "higher education of women." Preconceived ideas should as far as possible be laid aside, and the inquirer try to gain some practical knowledge as to what a university training leads to for women, and how far it is worth while for girls to spend some years and some money in acquiring a solid knowledge of the higher branches of learning, such as mathematics, classics, moral science, etc., and whether this course of training does really, ultimately, make women's lives freer and happier, and if the honors they gain at college enable them to earn their own living by newer and more interesting means than by the old-fashioned methods of teaching, companionship, and needle-work.

Mrs. Sidgwick's report of Newnham

College gives us the following interesting particulars: The total number of students who have left the college from October 1871 to June 1893 was 720. Leaving out sixteen who have died, and thirty-seven foreigners who have gone back to their own countries, we find that 374 are at the present time engaged in teaching as a profession. Forty-seven have married, including nine or ten of the lecturers and teachers. Of the rest 230 are living at home, of whom 108 are married, five are engaged in medical work, two as missionaries, one as a market-gardener, one as a bookbinder, two or three are working at charity organization, and the remainder are for the most part engaged in secretarial work. Of the 374 who are engaged in teaching as a profession the following table gives particulars:

	Head Mistresses	Assistant Mistresses	
Endowed schools.....	14	23	
Schools of the Public Day Schools Co.....	6	36	
Other proprietary and high schools.	29	66	
Private schools.....	24	32	
Elementary schools and training colleges.....	2	13	
	75	170	= 245
Lecturers at Newnham College.....			12
Lecturers elsewhere.			10
Principal of the Cambridge Training College.....			1
Visiting teachers.....			23
Teachers under county or borough councils.....			4
Teachers in the Colonies and in America.....			27
Private governesses.....			23
Teachers taking an interval of rest or study.....			14
Teachers looking for posts.....			7
Teachers from whom no return has been lately received.....			8
			374

At Girton the number of students who had been in residence since the foundation of the college up to the time when the Report was published in June 1893 was 467. Of these seventy-five had not yet completed their course of training; but of the 335 who obtained degree certificates 123 were engaged in teaching, forty-five were married, two were missionaries, six were in Government employment, four were engaged in medical work, and six were dead.

Judging from the reports issued by these two Cambridge colleges, the larger proportion of university-educated women do not seem to make marriage their career in life. Of the ex-

students of Newnham only 120 out of 720 have married, and at Girton forty-six out of 335.

From the report of Girton College we may deduce the following interesting, and, if I may venture to say so, amusing particulars.

Of the seventy-nine students who have obtained the certificate for the mathematical tripos, six have married; of the ninety-seven who passed the classical tripos, ten have married; of the forty-seven who passed the natural science tripos, seven have married. The only student who passed the theological tripos has married. Out of the thirty who passed the historical tripos, four have married. Of

the twenty-one who passed the moral science tripos three have married. But of the forty lady students who have taken the ordinary pass degree, fifteen have married, a much larger proportion, as will be seen, than among the students who have obtained the honors degree certificate.

From the Newnham College report I have not been able to ascertain the percentages of marriages among the ex-students who have taken merely the ordinary degree; but an examination of the tripos lists gives very much the same result as those of Girton—namely, out of eighty-five who passed the mathematical tripos, five married; of the sixty-five in the classical tripos, eight married; of the thirty-three in the moral science tripos, six married; of the seventy-four in the natural science tripos, ten married; of the sixty-four in the historical tripos, nine married; and of the thirty-eight in the mediæval and modern language tripos, one married. The only student who passed the law tripos has not yet married.

It appears, therefore, that about one in ten of those who take honors at Girton marries, as against one in nine who take honors at Newnham; while about two in every five marry of those who take an ordinary degree at Girton. Leaving out Theology and Law, as to which the data are insufficient, the order of precedence (matrimonially) of the various studies is as follows: *At Girton*: Elementary Studies, Natural Science, Moral Science, History, Classics, Mathematics, and last of all Mediæval and Modern Languages. *At Newnham*: Moral Science, History, Natural Science, Classics, Mathematics, and again last Mediæval and Modern Languages.

I am well aware that a large number of readers will consider these details—viz. the percentages of marriages, etc.—puerile and foolish; nevertheless many men, and, I venture to think, some mothers, will consider them suggestive.

Turning to the reports furnished for our information by the women's colleges at Oxford, we find that of the 173 students who left Somerville College between the years 1879 and 1892 sev-

enty-three are engaged in teaching, twenty-nine are married, and one is an assistant-librarian of the Royal Society. Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee lady who was educated in England, after taking her B.A. degree at Oxford returned to her native country, and is now a partner in a solicitor's firm in Bombay, and she comes over to London this year in charge of a case that has been unreservedly placed in her hands by one of the Ranees of India. Miss Marshall, another ex-student of Somerville College, is on the staff of the *National Observer*.

The report printed by the principal of Lady Margaret's Hall gives fewer statistics, but one gathers that the larger proportion of the ex-students now at work are engaged in teaching. The number of students in residence at Lady Margaret's Hall averages thirty-eight. Holloway College has only been at work for seven years, and there has not been time for much development in the after-careers of students, but of the 197 who have left seven are married, about sixty-nine are teaching or preparing to teach, two are nurses, two are studying at the School of Medicine for Women, and about forty-seven are residing at home.

From Victoria College, Belfast, Mrs. Byers sends the following particulars: "In addition to over 1,500 students of Victoria College certificated by the Queen's University, Ireland; Trinity College, Dublin; Cambridge, Edinburgh, and London Universities; the College of Preceptors, London, and the Intermediate Education Board, Ireland, there are fifty-one graduates of the Royal University, Ireland. These include graduates in arts and medicine. Eight former Victorians are at present medical undergraduates, with a view to becoming medical missionaries.

"Many have become wives of missionaries, and sixteen unmarried ladies, former Victorians, are at present engaged in zenana medical and educational work among the women of Syria, India, and China. Twenty-one former students are now principals of flourishing middle-class girls' schools in Ireland, in most cases of schools founded

by themselves, while a large number who were engaged as private or other teachers have since married.

"Twelve are at present head-mistresses or assistant mistresses in high schools and other middle-class schools in England and the Colonies.

"Many of our students have successfully taken up sick-nursing as a vocation. Some of these hold important posts as the heads of hospitals and other similar institutions at home and in the Colonies.

"The entire certificated staff of ladies at Victoria College, with the exception of four, has been educated at Victoria College.

"A kind of university settlement from Victoria College instructs and trains for domestic service destitute girls at Victoria Homes, Belfast. These are detached homes, in which there is now room and the appliances for training eighty-eight girls in every kind of household work."

Alexandra College, Dublin, is a large day-school where girls come up to study painting, music, and various other subjects that are not taught at Newnham; but of the sixty-one ex-students of the college who have taken the University of Ireland B.A. degree from the college, and who would, therefore, be of the same standing as those who have left Newnham and Girton, forty one are engaged in teaching, six have married, one is a medical doctor, one is assistant to Sir C. Cameron, City Analyst, and the remaining eleven are apparently living at home.

The total number of ex-students from Girton, Newnham, Somerville Hall, Holloway College, and Alexandra College whose after-careers we have mentioned above amounts to 1,486; of these 680 are engaged in teaching, 208 have married, eleven are doctors or preparing to be doctors and medical missionaries, two are nurses, eight or nine are in Government employment, one is a bookbinder, one is a market-gardener, and one is a lawyer. Besides these regular employments, which are enumerated and duly scheduled in these reports, there must be, without doubt, a great deal of unpaid work done by those ex-students who live at home which it is difficult, indeed im-

possible, to put into any list. For instance, some university-educated women are engaged in literary work, while others employ themselves with various useful works connected with philanthropic and charitable undertakings around their homes, and are doubtless doing their business all the better and more practically for their university training; but these diverse occupations are hardly of a kind to be called a definite career.

The ladies' settlements in Southwark and Bethnal Green furnish an important career for highly educated ladies. In 1887 a women's university settlement was established at 44 Nelson Square, South London, and in 1889 a guild of ladies from Cheltenham College followed their example, and took a house in the Old Ford Road, Bethnal Green. In Mansfield the Congregationalist College also started a settlement; and the influence of the Church settlement of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, established a ladies' branch in St. Margaret's House, Victoria Square, E. American ladies have promptly taken up the same type of charitable work in the U.S.A., for education on university lines has taught many women the need for organization and cooperation in all their charitable undertakings, for few professions in this world need more careful and correct training than the difficult and complicated one of philanthropy.

In former days marriage, teaching, and philanthropy were the principal professions that were open to women. The careful study of the reports published by the women's universities will, I think, incline parents to question if a university training has yet succeeded in opening the doors of any other profession. A few exceptionally gifted women have entered the medical profession, and a very few (as we can gather from the statistics published) have become workers in other fields, such as bookbinding, market-gardening, etc. But with these very few exceptions nearly all ex-students are engaged in teaching or are preparing to teach, and therefore it would seem that unless a girl has some special capabilities of mind and brain which, combined with a power of organization, will

place her at the head of the teaching profession after her training at the university is completed, she cannot, *at present*, hope that the years and the money devoted to her higher education will do very much for her in enabling her to enter upon a money-earning career in the future.

The percentage of marriages among less highly educated women is greater than among university-trained maidens.

It is, of course, in these days of progress an open question, that must be decided according to each woman's individuality, whether marriage is to be considered an achievement or a "come down;" but mothers will be prudent if they realize that, on the whole, the statistics, so far as we can judge at present, do not lead one to the conclusion that marriage is either desired or attained by the majority of very highly educated women. There are some notable exceptions, which will readily suggest themselves, and doubtless many of the other students whose names are upon the list of those who are still "in maiden meditation fancy free" will marry eventually. But it must be remembered that education has, in most cases, this very valuable result: it does make women more fastidious in their choice, and as university training, at any rate, enables many of them to earn their living more or less by teaching, it obviates the necessity of their having to rely on matrimony as a means of support, and therefore prevents many early, uncongenial, and improvident marriages.

But whereas 680 of the ex-students

are engaged in teaching only 208 can be traced as having yet married; therefore, according to the law of averages, if a mother sends her daughter to one of the universities she is more likely to become a teacher than a wife. Moreover, it is a question if the kind of training that girls receive at these universities does not, on the whole, make them inclined to look upon the prospect of married life as a rather dull and unintellectual career. All women would be glad to marry their ideal hero; but heroes are scarce, and the average man who proposes marriage to the average girl can at best offer her no wider prospect than a round of careful housekeeping, motherhood, and thrift; and it must be doubted if, taking all things into consideration, a university training is adapted for developing these homely and prosaic virtues. But though the development of the higher education of women has not opened any new profession for women, it has most undoubtedly succeeded in enlarging the sphere of the old ones, and teaching, secretarial, and charitable work must benefit greatly by being undertaken by well-educated, instead of superficially accomplished, women; and there is food for reflection in these wise words of the Principal of Somerville College, Oxford:

"The wider interests, the larger outlook on life which students gain in their college life, and the trained intelligence which they can bring to bear on their work, whatever it is, are of unspeakable value in any sphere, small or large."—*Nineteenth Century*.

STAMBULOFF.

BY HENRY CUST.

Two months ago the name of Stambuloff to all but a few was an uncertain sound which echoed up at long intervals from the Balkans. To-day that name is written in blood upon the imagination of Europe and the remembrance of history. And, of a truth, for the dramatic sense, the bloody street at Sofia formed both inevitable

and fitting finish to forty years of storm and turbulence. To die in his bed would have as largely misbe-seemed the Bulgarian leader as it misbe-seemed Napoleon or Kossuth. Since that generation of heroes and martyrs, which, constant still through agonies and energies, through blood and tears, through battle, murder, and sudden

death, brought forth a new Italy to the earth—not since then has such a life been possible in Europe. And even in the long Italian agony no just comparison can be discovered. Civilized state had there to do with civilized state; the one ironly tyrannical, no doubt; the other passionately envenomed: but both of old political and social habit and education, playing their drama beneath the full gaze of Europe. Far other were the conditions of the Balkan struggle. In undiscoverable, unheard-of fastnesses a victim race, broken by long bondage into barbarism, arose in torture against conquerors more barbarous than themselves. A thousand clashing springs and checks, unnumbered spites and jealousies, intrigues and cross-intrigues of foreign factors and alien actors flowed in to complicate and tangle the confusion. What sense and faculty for the governance of men and things must have been his, who in twenty years could lead a nation from sloughs of slavery and degradation, through deserts of conspiracy, rebellion, and defeat, to the promised land of freedom and prosperous order. Such was Stambuloff's work, and such the fabric that treason and unfaith have shattered—perhaps forever.

Yet to-day it is difficult to appreciate with any amount of certainty what may or may not be the enduring value of a force so purely elemental. We watch the building and behold the fabric. We cannot tell what the years will do with it nor how it will stand the weather, fair and foul. In states of old and settled government the order of progress grows to be inevitable, and to us English the crisis of one generation seems, in our retrospect, only the obvious seed-time of the harvest of the next. In Bulgaria the raw material was mere chaos, and it is hard to say whether the spirit breathing upon it ordained a true creation, or was but a half-conscious gust that flung the elements it fell upon into a formal but fugitive combination. In what state Stambuloff found things, what he did with them, and what they are because he *was*: these are the terms of reference beyond which, as yet, our consideration cannot go.

A generation since, Bulgaria lay flat on her belly in the pit's much mire. There was a peasantry—a beast of burden with even its better instincts brutalized and numb—content, if food enough, and with great luck, a little money, wife and child were present to complete its life. Yet in the deepest heart of the best Bulgarians persisted a haunting memory of a great past, when Bulgaria laughed at a barbarous Russia, and more than held her own with the Ottoman Turk at his best. International politics and incalculable suffering made that remembrance contagious. The unmeasured indolence and extravagance of Abd-ul-Aziz rendered Turkish government as intolerable as it was uncertain. A Nihilistic agitation, an ambitious army, and the prompting of such men as Ignatieff woke Russia to unwonted restlessness. The chance notoriety of certain government severities, mirrored in the mind and illuminated by the voice of Mr. Gladstone, excited England, and set all Europe on the alert. In Herzegovina, Bosnia, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, revolutionary committees were sporadically at work. For such a setting nature intended Stambuloff, and into it like a thunderbolt he came.

Stepan Stambuloff was born in 1854, and was bred as potboy, tailor, theological student, expulsee, pedlar. The relative enlightenment of the Ottoman Government in the days of his youth served to make life harder for the subject state. Midhat Pasha was seeking by law and method to Ottomanize European Turkey, and Stambuloff's school was closed. The grace of Russia gave him an opening at Odessa in 1870, but the joys of Nihilism and cellar-meetings sent him out of the country with the police behind him in 1872. From that year he set himself body and soul to be the servant, savior, and lover of Bulgaria; and from that year no failure, triumph, glory, or despair could ever serve to divert or to diminish the master-bias of his soul. To this single purpose he gave all his life. Where there was trouble, there was Stambuloff in the midst. Where there was none, there was he to beget it. Disaster dogged his feet. His very countrymen for whom he wrought grew weary.

The debasement of secular slavery was manifest in the betrayal of Bulgarian by Bulgarian, and the long pride of rule shone out in the loyalty of the Turkish peasants who never in one case turned traitors to the laws of hospitality and charity. Stambuloff flashed through and through the Balkans like a fiery cross. Where a match was to be lit, or a knife to be sharpened, Stambuloff scratched the box, and whetted the stone. But his back once turned, the matches flickered out, and the knives were thrown away. By infinite effort it was planned that seven thousand daring patriots should meet at dawn and fling themselves upon the Turks. Of all that host, Stambuloff and his personal following of thirty men alone were faithful to the trust. Flying for his life through snow and spies and enemies, he swore with tears that never more would he stir finger or risk life for such a faithless generation. He broke his oath next morning. After such long failures a scapegoat was demanded; and the patriot-leaders, who lived at Bucharest in safe, snug fatness, pronounced him anathema, and in literal truth he gnawed the crust of starvation, and drank the bitter waters of contempt.

Meanwhile, however, events were ripening of themselves, and soon out-reached the control of the conspirators. Turkey was fighting like a tigress for her threatened provinces, and Russia moved with a hunter's proper craft and deliberation, if not toward the death of the mother, at least to the capture of the cubs. Although it is probable that without the Bulgarian agitation the Russians might never have declared war, yet it was not Bulgaria which lent them their nearest or most plausible excuse. In any case, with the Turco-Russian War the first period of Stambuloff's life is over, and if I have dwelt upon his early course at length, I have done so because it is only in the light of such a training that we can read the later character and conduct of the man. With all this wild work behind him he was still a lad of twenty-one. And beyond this wild work we know nothing. In our effort to judge a modern man aright, we are used to bear in mind many ele-

ments behind him, largely formative and explanatory, though adventitious to the strict essence of the character. A man's inherited breeding, his immediate forefathers, his school, his college, his religion, his society, all serve as so many archives to the right reading of the man. The Junkerdom of Bismarck, the Quakerdom of Bright, the Provencal origin of Gambetta, are so many lanterns in the paths of our judgment. In the case of Stambuloff there is no glimmer of such guiding lights. Barring an obscure birth in a crowd of denationalized slaves, and nothing more is known. His life was formed by circumstances of his own choosing, of his own making. He was his own father in the fullest sense, and his sole heritage was himself. As will be seen later, in this lies large explanation of his later life. Wariness, he had learned, intrigue, violence, expediency, at the cost of every finer instinct or desire, and yet, surpassing all these, an absolute self-devotion and loyalty. Such were the means by which he had ever saved his life, and by which he saved his country.

Stambuloff fought throughout the war, and on its conclusion was instantly elected deputy for Tirnovo. But the supersession of the Treaty of San Stefano by that of Berlin—that fatal blunder of English diplomacy—at once incensed and discouraged the stronger men of pure Bulgarian patriotism. The consequent acceptance of Prince Alexander as a Russian nominee and the invasion of the Army and the Civil Service by Russian officers induced the first, the still existing cleavage of Bulgarian politics. Stambuloff, though still a member of the Sobranje, was for the moment in disgusted retirement, and practising with great success as a lawyer. But in this predominant issue his wide influence played a vital part. The case was simple enough. Bulgaria, without doubt, owed her immediate freedom from Turkish tyranny to the action that Russia had taken and to the sacrifices that Russia had made. In the future, with equal doubtlessness, Bulgaria would owe her national independence to an anti-Russian and philo-Turkish policy. That the political in-

gratitude—if such a thing there be—was of monstrous nature is certain. That the political necessity was imperative is sure. A Russophil Bulgaria was but at first a Russian post house on the road to Constantinople, and at the last a Russian province. A Turkophil Bulgaria might come in the end to mean a great autonomous autarchic Balkan Kingdom. But it needed a strong leader, above false sentiment and clear-eyed of the present and the future, to feel the facts and to prompt the feeling in others. Stambuloff saw the truth, and felt it. Then he preached and practised it; and so laid down the first and last principle of Bulgarian politics and prosperity.

For a few years, however, his was the voice behind the people and not behind the throne. He resented Alexander as a Russian puppet, and the Government as Russian officials. He flouted at the Prince's bolder strokes, and flouted his offers of conciliation. Yet, when the Russians wearied of Alexander and suggested his removal to Stambuloff, it was Stambuloff who indignantly rejected and exposed their treachery. The revolt of Eastern Roumelia and its union with Bulgaria (as originally intended by the Treaty of San Stefano), the break with Russia and the war with Serbia brought Alexander and his strongest subject to a nearer touch of knowledge and of confidence. As President of the Chamber and close adviser, Stambuloff did more to shape the Prince's policy than Karaveloff, who, though Prime Minister, was still tainted with Russian influence and Russian gold. And when, in its despairing effort, the Russian party suborned the baser spirits of the army and kidnapped Alexander by force and fraud, it was Stambuloff, his old enemy, who with no constitutional right, but simply as a loyal Bulgarian and leader of Bulgarians, called the loyal people and the loyal army to his back, and within a fortnight the Prince enjoyed his own again. But it was too late. Some spring of moral or physical health was broken in him. While Stambuloff slept for one night's rest, his master grovelled by wire to the Tsar, and received the proper answer of a snub. His courage, his confidence,

his mastery were gone: he abdicated of his own will.

Stambuloff was now thirty-two years old, and was absolute master of the country he belonged to. Alexander's last act had been to appoint a Regency, of which he was first. But Russia leapt to her seeming opportunity, and sent a bully to enforce her policy, a shouter called Kaulbars. This general bullied and shouted a very great deal, but got only a hoot or a hiss, and sometimes a stone for an answer, and so went away in a rage. But Stambuloff's position was one of great difficulty. He was absolute master of the country. Single-handed he had blotted out the disloyal Russophiles responsible for the abduction of Alexander, and he had easily defeated the foolish bluster of Kaulbars. The work before him was to consolidate the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria, and to provide a permanent and constitutional chief of the State. His central policy lay in the conviction that the interests of all the Balkan States were solidly united with those of Turkey, and that Russia was the enemy. He saw clearly that the longer the period of quiescence, the more solid would be their union and the greater their resistant strength. As to the personality of the chief of the State it was not of the first importance. He might have claimed supreme power for himself; but for himself he was not ambitious, and he saw that the army desired a figure-head. His first enterprise embodied his dearest wish. On his own authority he offered to add Bulgaria to the crown of Roumania. Between the two countries there had ever existed a near sympathy, and their union under a wise king would, it seemed to the Regent, form such a block of power in the Balkans as should bar the southward path of Russia forever and paralyze any poaching tendencies on the part of Austria. Unluckily the two great Powers saw as clearly as Stambuloff himself the probable issue of the suggestion. Before their joint pressure the scheme fell to the ground.

The Regent's second venture was as bold as it was curious. It is little known, and to my surprise is not alluded to in Mr. Beaman's excellent

monograph. But I had the narrative from Stambuloff's own mouth, first in the round and then in the exactest detail. Turkey, in his mind, was not by choice but of necessity the master-backer of Bulgaria. Attack she could not, for the Powers would not suffer it. Support she must, even if only in selfish self-defence. Already she was legal Suzerain and took a tribute. Why not tighten the ties of common advantage, and advance Bulgaria's influence at one stroke? So would be gained a definite physical ally in case of material aggression, and, in case of chronic complication, that divine diplomacy of the Porte which paralyzes all aggressors from beforehand. It was daring, but Stambuloff did it. He offered to the Sultan the actual principedom of Bulgaria, provided, first, that within the Principality he acted only on the windy side of the written Constitution, and, next, that he granted to the Bulgarians of Macedonia equal Constitutional rights, while maintaining his military system in the latter province. But the plan was bolder than the Sultan. He is a man who dare not put more than two per cent. to the touch. So he declined.

The Regent had decided that a Prince was necessary, and now had come the moment for a Prince at any price. A roving commission was sent to Austria and Germany to stalk one, and, with the help of a beery major, the yet existing Prince Ferdinand was lassoed in the wilds of Vienna. The whole proceeding was irregular, and would inevitably provoke Russia; and Stambuloff knew these things. But he had made up his mind that a Prince of some sort there must be—and he took such best as he could get. And, in the end, a most bad best it was. For now began that long, sad, bad, mad struggle, which is fresh in the memory of men. That Prince Ferdinand was a congenitally bad man we have no wish nor reason to believe. That he was and is a weak, vain, fatuous, unstable, and ungrateful nature we strenuously assert. To see him uncontrolled upon the throne of the Bulgarians is to see a lob-worm or a monkey at the head of a population of men. Such as he was, Stambuloff accepted him. For

he thought his work was done, and that now he might rest in his darling Tirnovo. But it was not to be. "No Stambuloff, no Bulgaria," was the fact if not the cry; and bitterly against his will he had to take charge once more. The point was critical. Russia and Turkey scouted the mere mention of Ferdinand, and but for England's influence would have flung him forth, at the point of the boot rather than the bayonet. Stambuloff at such a pass thought only of Bulgaria. He knew that none would fight for a man like Ferdinand nor yet against him. He knew that some such barber's block was necessary for the front windows. For seven years he gave himself, with the devotion of a fakir, to the service and salvation of his silly master. At first, the ignorance of the Prince was at once his wisdom and his welfare. He lay cradled in the stronger nature of his Minister, and got his bottle at due season, and his clothes were warm. But by slow degrees his consciousness awoke, and, as a baby might, resented with a baby-independence the tutelage of his nursing-necessary father.

There were stirring questions toward. That the Powers would not recognize the Prince was of the least, was, indeed, of no importance. But the interior of the country was unsettled. There were brigands and assassins everywhere. The baffled Russophiles were still conspiring and had the bishops behind them. The Bulgarians of Macedonia were hostile for want of more bishops, whose lack they laid to the blame of Stambuloff. Turkey was mistrustful. The Prince was unmarried, and while by his family convention his child, if there were one, must be Catholic, by the Constitution the heir to the throne must be orthodox. Yet with no child there was no dynasty, and Ferdinand's life was in jeopardy every hour, and Ferdinand's death would bring the single disadvantage of another Prince-hunt. Such was the position to be faced. In six years there was not one left of all the troubles that had not been laid in happy rest, except the recognition of the Prince, which alone of them all was without significance. By the skill of a master and the force of a man, Stambuloff had threat-

ened, broken, and conciliated the Church. By sheer fearlessness and defiance he had trampled Russian conspiracy to nothingness, and shot its leaders. There was not left a brigand in the land. By a change of the Constitution, of which the Minister took the whole obloquy, the Prince was married to a Royal lady and had begotten a son. The mistrustful Sultan had forgotten his fears, and welcomed the ex-arch-rebel as an honored guest at the Yildiz. At home the Minister planted and watered, and the increase came. Treatise of commerce, railways, education, and all that for fun we call civilization, prospered apace. Europe was more than friendly, and if the Powers failed by convention to recognize Ferdinand, they recognized Stambuloff, and they recognized Bulgaria. Success foamed over with success, and the master and servant of Bulgaria were the same man. But the fatuous Ferdinand remained. He had learnt nothing, forgotten nothing. He had lent himself to disloyalty and intrigue. The head of the politics of the country had become the Rump, and the King's Court was the Cave of Abdullam.

But like the proud flesh of an overfed man Bulgaria bred her own bad humors. The Bulgarians positively missed corruption, rape, and murder, and all the good domestic habits of their sires. Personal success engendered its inevitable jealousies, personal domination its inevitable revolt. That Stambuloff ruled in high-handed and peremptory fashion he never denied. His own theory was that, while the exigencies of the 19th century made liberty a conventional necessity, liberty in the hands of the Bulgarians of to-day was as a knife and a box of matches in the hands of a child. Therefore while he loved he chastened, and he did both with a will. When people did what he thought wrong he shot them. When elections were like to go wrong for him he saw to it that they went right. From one rule alone he never swerved, the oldest moral of national success: *videant Consules ne quid Respublica detrimenti capiat*. And he saw to that too. But the malcontents increased in number. The

salaried Russophiles gathered head. And that Prince, weary of his right obscurity, never failed to be as disloyal as the opportunity permitted, and grovelled to catch a following for his own unfaith. The smooth words of the Church had only skinned their sore. The Constitutionists could not forget the broken clauses that enabled Ferdinand to marry. A bully major, with a loud-mouthed patriot called Panitza, pleasing to the crowd, conspired to kill the Prince. Stambuloff shot him, and Stambuloff's enemies called him a martyr.

And now the hair on the heels of the new nation made itself noticeable. In the East there is but one time-honored method of opposition. In the East Mr. Arthur Balfour would probably have perished at forty, and Mr. Gladstone, without doubt, at twenty-five. The reign of assassination set in. The murderers were bad shots, and sometimes killed the wrong men; but Stambuloff was the bull's eye, so to speak, and the other and subordinate Ministers who dropped were but "outers" and "magpies." The futile Ferdinand surpassed himself in petty trickery and falseness. Stambuloff resigned and resigned, and even gave his master an undated resignation to be filled in at his master's will. At last the end came. A dirty baseless scandal, a silly challenge to a duel, a vulgar telegram, with the Prince behind the lot of them, filled up the cup of indignity and ingratitude, and in May, 1894, Stambuloff went out. The country would have risen, but the country was clapped under martial law. A Government of Court-favorites and eunuchs was inducted, and Ferdinand felt himself a Prince indeed.

And then began a period of persecution so unspeakably unworthy, so incalculably contemptible, so utterly blackguard, that a man may not speak of it with patience. In a few weeks twenty-one Prefects out of twenty-four, seventy Magistrates out of eighty-four, fifteen hundred Mayors, were kicked into the gutter. Bulgaria was in chaos once more, and ever since has stayed there. All brigands were amnestied, and to the worst of them were given lodgings opposite the ex-Minis-

ter's door. No insult, no accusation, no danger of fortune, fame, or life was bad enough for Stambuloff. His thirst for blood could dominate Domitian's. His banker's balance was bigger than that of all the Rothschilds boiled into one. The harems of a hundred Sultans could not have cooled his lust. He was almost dying of natural causes, and a foreign cure alone might save him. Might he go? He knew too much truth, and was, as he told myself and others, kept at Sofia to be killed. For the Government had rigged an unconstitutional commission to inquire by unconstitutional methods into breaches of the constitution. When I saw this small, strong, onyx-eyed man last May he was living in a simplicity near to poverty. Bitter he was, but in the bitterness of righteousness. For very life's sake he had not left his house for months. One day later he went to the club, three hundred yards, but to get him back safe it needed the escort of all the members. He went again, and coming home, was chopped with knives into quite small pieces, hands and eyes and odds and ends of him all about the street. And the entire responsibility for that unequalled crime lies without any doubt of any kind upon Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his present Administration. It is difficult to speak calmly of such an end to such a man. He was a man who saw what wanted doing, and did it. He rescued an old country, and he made a new one. And he was destroyed by the very lowest and most monstrous thoughts, words, and deeds of which human nature is capable. Of his amazing personality and force and charm I have written elsewhere, and, indeed, to describe it is to describe thunder and lightning on a summer's day.

I have tried to show, with a curious inadequacy, what Stambuloff found, and what he did with his findings. The third of the suggested enquiries was, What did he leave? To guess any

answer to such a question we must for the moment suppose that the existing riot of weakness is but transitory, and that in the dead man's work there is more or less of enduring quality. Roughly speaking, he created in a mass of inorganic matter both a muscle and a nerve-centre. He found a heap and he left a figure. He informed that figure with a sense of national life, both defensive and aggressive. Until his day, in all the vast territory which builds the Balkan Peninsula there was no national heart to be found. Over the larger portion lay the shadow of the Turk, and even in liberated Roumania the long, strong hand of Austria paralyzed any individual departure. The Turk is dwindling, and Austria—is Austria. International jealousy, for unimaginable reasons, is razor-keen. It is not so much that anybody wants Constantinople for himself, as that nobody can bear that anybody else should have it. The live Bulgaria that Stambuloff made may solve the problem. If it is but a small nation it has the makings of a big one.

I think myself that the value of English interests in those provinces may easily be exaggerated. But to-day Russia and France have kissed each other, and the Khedive is pottering in the Bosphorus to gain his Suzerain's alliance. We have played the fool in Armenia, and if the intolerable Turk (or rather Sultan) be our traditional ally, we have alienated him. If Russia, France, Sultan, and Khedive join hands to fling us from Egypt, and all the other Powers be obviously indifferent, the little dignity of England will be only equalled by her little comfort. Austria must care, and with Austria alone we have no friction in the world. Bulgaria does care, and at a finger-beckoning would yet move. May it be that that little dead demon of the Balkans was an English ally all the time without his knowing it?—*New Review*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Or the late Baron Tauchnitz, the London *Athenæum* says: "The name of no other German publisher was half so well known to the British public; and he long ago took the place of Galignani as a reprinter of English books. Galignani seldom gave the British author a farthing, although he offered Scott a hundred guineas for the advanced sheets of his 'Life of Napoleon'; but from the outset the baron was careful to pay. He was also wise in choosing a handy shape, suitable for the pocket, instead of Galignani's rather cumbersome octavo; but at first he used small, shabby type. However, after a time he was wise enough to adopt a clear, readable type, and his volumes became favorites, although the reader, instead of getting a whole novel in one volume for eightpence, as he had done at first, had to pay four and sixpence for it divided into three. The baron was a most amiable, honorable man, and a favorite with all who knew him."

NEWSPAPER PRESS STATISTICS, 1895.—There are 2304 newspapers published in the United Kingdom. England has 1798, of which 456 are published in London and 1342 in the provinces; Wales figures for 98; Scotland, 217; Ireland, 168; the Isles (Channel Isles, Isle of Man, and Isle of Wight), 23. The press of the kingdom has more than quadrupled since 1846, when the first directory was issued. At that time there were only 551 journals published in the United Kingdom, of which only 14 were daily papers. Now the number of daily papers is about 200!

THE International Literary and Artistic Association will hold its seventeenth congress at Dresden from September 21st–28th, under the patronage of the King of Saxony. The presidents are Johannes Brahms, Eduard Broekhaus, Paul Heyse, Adolf Menzel, Johann Schilling, and Paul Wallot.

THE Institut de France will celebrate the first centenary of its creation on October 23d–26th. All foreign members and correspondents are invited to the festivities on the occasion. We believe that Professor Max Müller will be present.

MESSRS. ISBISTER & Co. have in the press "Four Years of Novel Reading," an account of an experiment in popularizing the study of

fiction, edited, with an introduction, by Professor R. G. Moulton, of Chicago.

THE committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors have adopted a resolution, conveying to Mr. G. H. Putnam "their recognition and appreciation of the services he has rendered to the cause of international copyright, in conjunction with Mr. R. Underwood Johnson and the American committee."

MR. HEINEMANN has in preparation a third volume by Herr Max Nordau, to be entitled "Paradoxes."

R. D. BLACKMORE has written a tragic story in which several striking characters introduced in "Lorna Doone" will reappear. This tale is to be called "Slain by the Doones: A Record of Exmoor."

THOMAS HARDY is reported to have completed his drama, founded on his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which will be produced in London in the autumn.

"Now Browning has left us, Bjornson is the one great optimist left in Europe," says Edmund W. Gosse in introduction to the new Macmillan series.

B. W. YEATS, the young Irish poet, is mentioned as reminding one of Stevenson. He wears a scarlet sash and a sombrero in the streets of Dublin, and has "a tall, willowy frame, with the tint in his cheeks of the wild olive." And if you stop in the streets this mixture of the olive and the willow with a question as to the weather—behold! he will "dreamily spin you a fable out of the Celtic twilight, or reel off a sad-toned sonnet."

MESSRS. LONGMAN have in the press a volume entitled "Studies of Childhood," by Professor James Sully, which will consist of various essays, reprinted papers dealing with the imagination of children, their thoughts, their language, their fears, their drawings, and other similar subjects.

A SURPRISE awaits the public in the shape of a volume of prose by Coleridge. It consists of selections from the poet's note-books, which will be published, under the direction of the Coleridge family, by Mr. Heinemann, with the title "Anima Poete." These take the shape of aphorisms on a great variety of subjects, but chiefly philosophical and religious.

EDMUND GOSSE says that Rudyard Kipling and Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian, are the best of the younger poets of the day.

MR. ANDREW LANG is engaged upon a biography of John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and has already obtained the use of many interesting letters and original material from the present representatives of the family. Mr. Lang is anxious to see any similar papers relating to Lockhart or his literary contemporaries which may be in the possession of others, and would be glad if they could be sent to his publisher, Mr. Nimmo, of King William Street, Strand, who will undertake to return all such material as may be sent.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS propose to issue a series of twelve volumes, entitled "Periods of European History," under the general editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury. The following have already been arranged for: "The Romantic Revolt," by Mr. Edmund Gosse; "The Romantic Triumph," by Mr. Walter H. Pollock; "The First Half of the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "The Dark Ages," by Professor W. P. Ker, of University College, London; "The Transition Period," by Professor W. A. Raleigh, of Liverpool; "The Later Renaissance," by Mr. David Hannay; "The Augustan Ages," by Mr. Oliver Elton, of Owen's College; "The Later Nineteenth Century," by the editor.

UNSATISFACTORY literary news reaches us from Sweden. The Publishers' Union of that country, having been invited by the Ministry of Justice to express an opinion whether steps should be taken for joining the Berne Literary Convention, answered in the negative. The reply was accompanied by protests from two Stockholm publishers who had proposed that Sweden should either join the Berne Convention or make special treaties with this country, Germany, Russia, and the United States of America.

WILLIAM WATSON'S new and comparatively long poem, which has not yet reached us, but notices of which appear in the English papers, is highly praised by the *Spectator*. The poem is entitled "Hymn to the Sea." The *Spectator* says: "There is not a line in it which is not a great line. . . . In this noble poem, misnamed a hymn, but all the more wonderful for the purely imaginative character of its splendor, we are greatly mistaken if all com-

petent critics will not recognize at last that we have among us another of the really greatest masters of English song."

MISCELLANY.

THE FOGIE'S LAMENT.—It used to be said that a poet was almost half a woman. That was before the literary man's ideal was to look as much as possible like a prize-fighter or a dog-fancier or a Wild West bravo. However, there is evidently one characteristic in which the poet still resembles woman. He fears to grow old, and he is not amiable to his young successors. "The true wisdom," says Stevenson in his essay on "Crabbed Age and Youth," "is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances." Now, this is just what your "older poet" seems never able to do. Even as an actress will insist on playing Juliet in her eightieth year, so your old poet expects to be hailed as "the new poet" to the end of his career. No one with a kind heart can be insensible to the pathetic duel always going on between youth and age. For this duel, it seems to us, age is mainly responsible. Youth is proverbially selfish; but that is perhaps because the proverbs are usually made by elderly persons. Age is never satisfied to have eaten its cake. It must still go on having it too.

This universal phenomenon is, perhaps, nowhere seen in meaner aspects than in literature. One might, perhaps, pardon a woman for being jealous of a young beauty, an old actor for being jealous of a young one; for beauty and the actor's art must pass with their quondam possessors. But in literature, however bad the old poet's latest books may be, there are always his earlier ones to secure his fame. If we dare to praise Mr. Watson's "Hymn to the Sea," we have not forgotten Mr. Swinburne's still finer sea-poetry. If we grow a little ecstatic over Mr. Davidson, there is no implication that we have forgotten Mr. William Morris; and to admire Mr. Francis Thompson is surely to remember Mr. Coventry Patmore vividly. A lachrymose writer in the *Saturday Review*, while oddly omitting Mr. Swinburne, refers to Mr. William Morris and Mr. Coventry Patmore as though they were neglected! Surely these gentlemen have eaten their fair share of the cake of fame. They are admitted classics, classics very much

alive, too, in the vitality of new editions. What more do they want? You cannot be a "classic" and the latest "new poet" at the same time. And this much is certain: if the younger poet gets all the "boom" latterly, it is the older poet who makes all the money. That arrangement is obviously fair. A man has a right to the cumulative value of his fame, and it is only fair and grateful that we should buy his new bad books for the sake of his old good ones—"all for the sake of old love, dead at the heart though it be."

"Atalanta in Calydon," "The Earthly Paradise," and "The Angel in the House" have surely had their "boom" if any books ever had. If any nineteenth-century poems are assured of living, it is these. Can they not, then, "live"—and let live? Among the other "older poets" whom the *Saturday Review* considers neglected are Canon Richard Watson Dixon, Mr. Frederick Tennyson, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. It is true that these poets do not enjoy a wide popularity; but, frankly, there is no reason why they should. The verse of each has its own minor qualities of charm and appeal, and each has a little circle of appreciators, of adequate circumference. To liken any one of them unto Mr. Watson, or Mr. Davidson, or Mr. Thompson, would be a merely humiliating act of critical charity. Mr. Philip James Bailey is another poet who is supposed to suffer eclipse from the glory of Mr. Grant Allen's "planets." Yet if ever a poet had his boom it was the author of "Festus," a poem which has, literally, grown greater year by year. Lord De Tabley is the only person mentioned who has the smallest reason to complain of neglect; and, tardy as it has been, his recent recognition has been full and generous. It is not beside the point to remark that Lord De Tabley's poetry is published at the sign of the "Bodley Head," which the critic seems to conceive as a sort of Parnassian hair-dressing establishment. The image is unfortunate, for there is only one "Bodley Head" poet with any hair to speak of, and that is well known to be a wig. Besides, that "pomatum" which the "Bodley Head" bardlets are represented as rubbing into one another is really very old-world humor for "mutual" praise. Everybody likes praise; but no gentleman nowadays uses pomatum. He leaves that for his critics and his other tradesmen.—*Realm*.

THE SMALLER GENTRY OF THE PAST.—At the close of the seventeenth century the "little

squire" with his patrimony of two or three hundred a year was a familiar figure in English country life. Within a hundred years he was practically extinct, "a character now quite worn out and gone," says a writer in 1792. To-day, with the modern squire and his surroundings before one's eyes, the broad estates swollen with the wreckage of the agrarian revolution, the trim lawns and rebuilt country-seats and town-houses, it is difficult to recall even in outline the figure of one of the smaller gentry of the seventeenth century. He stood apart from the yeoman in all the obstinate pride of the owner of a coat of arms, the representative of an honorable line, a member, albeit often a threadbare member, of the governing class. In social standing, in habits, in ideas, there was no barrier between him and his wealthier neighbors. He dined with them, rode to market with them, and cursed the Whigs with them on a footing of perfect equality. Poor as he might be, he was of gentle blood, and they could be no more. His house with its one keeping-room, and possibly a withdrawing-room for the womenfolk, its sleeping accommodation of the roughest, and the farm-midden hard upon the kitchen door, was certainly no better than, often by no means so good as, a second-rate modern farmhouse, and its comfort was infinitely less. His furniture and belongings—the settle-forms and stools of his parlor, his chests and clothes-presses and his half-dozen chairs, the pewter flagons and dishes, and the row of old books, were such as a decent estate-bailiff of our own day might legitimately aspire to own. He himself was untravelled, ignorant, bigoted, coarse, with less knowledge of the world than the drover to whom he sold his bullocks, and no ideas of pleasure or recreation beyond a drinking-bout or a coursing-match. Yet such as he was he filled an important place in rural society.

One does not, indeed, readily realize without figures the tremendous gaps which have been made in the ranks of the country gentry during the last two centuries by the disappearance of the small squires. Speaking roughly (and all estimates upon the subject must necessarily be rough, owing to the absence of precise statistics), two hundred years ago there were at least four times as many gentry residing in the country as there are to-day. Allowing for the increase of population there ought to have been four times as many resident gentry to-day as there were two hundred years ago. Villages, which now have

their one or two country-houses, could then count their dozen or score of "bonnet lairds." The very monuments of the village church, above all its registers, are eloquent witnesses to the extent of the disaster, for a disaster it assuredly is. The evidence indeed is overwhelming, not only as to the strange way in which the number of the country gentry has crumbled and mouldered away, but that it was at the latter end of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries that the change took place. The causes are no doubt complex. In part they were economical. The Civil War was responsible for much. Apart from its direct losses, the "slighted" houses, the destroyed woods, the bare farms, hundreds of squires had to face the fact, when the shouting was over for the return of his most Sacred Majesty, that their estates were saddled with legacies of the struggle in the shape of debts, the payment of which was hopeless, or which at best would cripple the family fortunes for a generation. What with the free gifts and loans to the king, and the exactions of the Parliament, many an honest gentleman, who had fought hard for the one and been correspondingly fined by the other, found himself in the position of Colonel Kirkby of Kirkby Ireleth, who "so encumbered his estate that neither he nor his descendants ever succeeded in clearing it of debt;" or like Sir John Danvers of Danby, found himself forced to sell his estate to his own tenants. And it must be remembered that with a land tax of four shillings in the pound on the gross value, and mortgage-interest at seven or eight per cent, he who went borrowing in Restoration days had a fair chance of fulfilling the old adage. Redress from the king was hopeless.

The low prices of corn from 1666 to 1671 must have been the last straw to many an ancient house, already tottering on the verge of disaster. "They did talk much," noted Pepys on New Year's Day 1667, "of the present cheapness of corn, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent but do fling up their lands." Many estates went staggering on under the load of debt until the end of the century. The list of Private Acts for the sale of lands—one hundred and twenty four in the thirty-one years of Charles the Second, two hundred and ten in the twelve years of William and Mary, two hundred and fifty-one in the short reign of Anne—is an instructive commentary. Well might Evelyn remark in 1795 that there were never "so many private bills passed for

the sale of estates, showing the wonderful prodigality and decay of families." Social causes hastened the downfall. A drinking-bout was looked upon as the fitting close to a day's pleasure, and drunkenness as the most venal of peccadilloes. One of Mr. Spectator's correspondents in his 474th number found himself compelled to protest against the forced tipping at these gatherings. Nor was drinking the only form of extravagance. Sir Jeffrey Notch, the gentleman of an ancient family "that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cockfighting," was not without his imitators among the smaller squires. There had come over country life a new scale and a new extravagance, which was viewed with undisguised dislike by such old-fashioned cavaliers as Squire Blundell. The habit of visits to London or a watering place grew rapidly in the closing years of the seventeenth century. By 1710 the London season and the town-house were an accomplished fact, and Hanover and Grosvenor Squares, New Bond Street, the upper part of Piccadilly, and a host of adjoining streets, had sprung into being within seventy years of the death of Charles the Second for the housing of the gentry during the season.

It may be doubted whether any of the great agrarian changes of the eighteenth century was a more serious disaster to rural society. No doubt the "bonnet laird" in his habits and ideas resembled, as Macaulay puts it, the village miller or ale-house keeper of our own day. Probably, as Cobbett says, he was a bigoted Tory, an obstinate opponent of all improvement, and a hard master. But his function in rural society was not a trivial one. He was a link, and a link the need of which we are sorely feeling to day, between the great proprietor and his tenants, attached to the one by the ties of tradition and status, to the other by community of interest. Uncourtly, rough, almost brutal as he was, his influence was a factor to be considered, and must have made the rule of one man impossible in rural society. He made for rural independence, even if that independence were only of a stolid and limited character. With all his faults and shortcomings, his destruction blotted an important feature out of country life.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE VALUE OF A HOBBY.—Mr. G. F. Watts, the Royal Academician, has given £1000 to

the Home Industries and Arts Association, in order to assist the work of helping artisans to cultivate hobbies. At least he says explicitly that his desire is not to promote a training-school, but to help men to provide occupations and interests for their leisure hours. That is an unusually wise, as well as kindly, gift, and one which we hope will be largely imitated. Nothing, we believe, conduces so directly to the happiness of life as a distinct and permanent interest in some subject other than that forced on us by circumstances or by professional needs. A hobby is more than a recreation for the mind, it is a protection. It relieves the man who has it from *ennui*, from the oppressive sense of the sameness of life, and from that tendency to judge everything from a single standpoint, which is the curse of the efficient and the industrious. It hardly matters what it is, a definite kind of reading, or an art, or an outdoor occupation, the result is always the same, a kind of content with life which the man without a hobby lacks. Music is, perhaps, the best of all; for that is inexhaustible, can be taken up in fragments of time, and when pursued by those who can appreciate it, gives a delight which has the charm of perpetual variety. Those who love music, yet work hard at other things, never tire of their "taste," and never, if they can gratify it, find life either tedious or insupportable. They find in it not only pleasure, but occupation; and it is in the conjunction of the two that for the weary true relief consists. So do those who can sketch in sketching, especially if they can do it well enough not to be haunted, as musicians are much haunted, by a sense of defeat in reaching for an ideal. After sketching, we think we may reckon the pursuit of natural history, which, though it tends to the study of small departments of knowledge, is practically inexhaustible, and rouses, besides thought and the pleasure of collecting, the passion of curiosity. Reading we should place fourth among hobbies. It is the resource of the cultured, but it has drawbacks, especially in this, that it tends to become an occupation only, pleasure being impaired by fits of imperfect attention. Your omnivorous reader, who reads to pass the time, is apt to read without thinking, or criticising, or remembering, and for all the genuine pleasure he gets, might almost as well be asleep. His reading is, in fact, a mental opiate. The hobby we should place next is gardening, for that also is an occupation, infinitely varied, which cannot end, or

to those who enjoy it grow wearisome, and which, of course, in yielding health yields an advantage not belonging either to reading or to music. After these five we should place all the mechanical occupations, like turning, carpentering, bookbinding, working in metal or stone, or indeed any one of the occupations in which thought is required, but not too much thought, the mind and the hand together tending, when experience is complete, to work almost automatically. And, last of all, because it is so fruitless, we should place the writer's own hobby of deck-pacing, which is a much commoner and a more entrancing one than is commonly believed. It is indeed, to some men, what sauntering was to Charles II. — a Sultana queen whose charm blinds them to its inherent viciousness. From all these the educated, as we see every day, gain a relief which is as good for them as sleep, and the uneducated would gain, as Mr. Watts with his poet-insight clearly perceives, even more, they having less of the relief from within which comes of many ideas. There is not an artisan in the country who, if he had one of these hobbies, would not be a more contented man, less given to acridity of thought, and less disposed to believe in the wrong of inequality of condition. A man can only be happy in his position, be it what it may; and we have known overworked artisans who, as fiddlers, carvers, inventors in machinery, and antiquarians, have even when gravely pressed by external circumstances, been tranquilly content, while a colleague who is a naturalist, meets every day men who, though totally uneducated, are as naturalists and collectors consciously and, so to speak, actively happy men. All such men benefit at first exceedingly by a little instruction, and are usually eager to obtain it, and we can conceive no philanthropy more useful, or better calculated to sweeten the social system, than that which secures it for them. They will not, when they are started, become Hugh Millers in any noteworthy number; for that type arises, like genius, and is not made, but they will become happier men, with a sense that the universe has for them something of pleasure. "I aren't not to say 'jeeted,'" said one of them, "though I am dismissed, for," patting a battered old telescope, "my old friend here ain't pawned yet, nor won't be." That old astronomer was protected, as we have said, against at least half the ills which fate could inflict on him, and could he had have a year's irregular instruction,

would scarcely have felt even hunger as a reason for discontent. He never, while the stars pursued their courses, could lose the sense of being thoroughly interested, of looking on at an exciting drama to which there could be no end. The man with a hobby like this—and it is not necessary that it should be so noble a one—is never dull, never idle, never tempted to feed upon his own inside, but lives the only life in which pleasure is perpetually recurrent—the interested life, the life in which unpleasant incident is no more noticed than the soldier was by Archimedes. Really to care about any one thing outside the daily work, be it what it may, so only it be not exhaustible, is to possess, at all events, the second secret of content.

The only imperfection in Mr. Watts's idea, which we are, we fear, explaining very weakly, is the imperfection which, so far as we know, attaches to every philanthropic project; it is not universally applicable. An immense number of men are incapable of hobbies. They can do their work in the world, and do it often well, but they can find interest in nothing else. Nothing outside their work attracts them, nothing rouses even their curiosity. Frequently they are not dull witted, and they are often so grievously haunted by the wish to exert themselves, that leisure is to them positive pain; but they cannot for all that take up any hobby whatever, cannot read, cannot garden, cannot betake themselves to any mechanical occupation, cannot even pace the deck with anything like self-forgetfulness. They are eaten up when off work with a chagrin, gentle or bitter, according to temperament, which either poisons their lives or drives them to remedies, drink being the worst, which in their reaction only intensify the next fit of spleen. It is supposed that this condition, which we see every day in the old who have worked hard, is peculiar to them, and is a result of retiring from active life, but that is wholly inaccurate. The old, it is true, often suffer from leisure, like retired Indian officers—of all the educated classes, those who are most liable to chagrin—but the malady is not confined to them. It often besets the young. There is not a family in the country without a member whose inability, when at leisure, "to find anything to do," is the despair of his relatives, while it rouses the occupied to constant, and sometimes ill-natured, vaticinations as to his future destiny. It is not the love of idleness

which hampers such a man, or the passion for amusement, or any desire for the unattainable; it is an inability to care for any pursuit whatever not forced on him by circumstances. These men often know this themselves, and lament it; but they never, or very rarely, cure it. We have known in our lives many men, young men, too, to whom the daily cessation from work was little better than a misery, who would gladly have remained always at work, and who welcomed any task, however disagreeable, if only it were peremptory, as a positive relief. They cannot read, they do not care for the arts, they have no outdoor pursuits; in short, leisure is to them an insupportable burden. Their usual explanation, when cross-questioned, is that they cannot bring themselves to work "without results," but that only pushes the question back a step further; for why cannot they, when their own comrades and friends and acquaintances find happiness in so working? "They are lazy," say the friends they weary; but the reproof is nine times out of ten only partially deserved. We have known genuinely hard workers, men of implacable industry, who were tormented by this inability to employ leisure, or to feel any interest in any occupation whatsoever except their business. They are perfectly honest when they say they have no hobbies, and are often, in saying it, miserably conscious of defect. The origin of the evil in them is, we presume, a certain want of the capacity of attention; for when that is not wanting, mental interest, the power of being absorbed, almost invariably springs up. The cause of that want is as obscure as the cause of any other natural predisposition, but that it exists we are certain, as we are that the only artificial cure is a resolute determination to attend. The man who is resolved to know anything not positively forbidden—as music, for instance, often is—by physical conditions, can almost always in the end give himself a hobby which will at all events terminate the unspeakable pain of having too much leisure. We fancy the poor cannot feel that, because often they are fatigued by the day's work; but just look at them on Sunday or any holiday, when the weather forbids the attempt to throw off the burden of consciousness by mere change of scene; just hear them talk as they lounge, and you will understand the unhappiness which Mr. Watts, who probably never felt it himself for five minutes, is

making his well-planned effort to cure.—*Spectator*.

ATAVISM.—Even when we come to the most recent discoveries in the arts, a little erudition soon shows us how much we are only repeating ourselves. The moment a new discovery comes out, it meets with so much opposition from the mere hatred of novelty that it is speedily buried, only to be born again at a later period and again to perish, until at length the fortunate moment arrives for its application. We see this in the case of hypnotism and of spiritualism, which came in at a flood, then fell under academic scorn, and are only taken seriously in England and America. It is curious to examine the list of inventions which we deem novelties, but which are in reality very old. The ancients knew of the lightning conductor, or, at all events, the method of attracting the lightning. The Celtic soldiers in a storm used to lie down on the ground, first lighting a torch and planting their naked swords in the ground by their side with the points upward. The lightning often struck the point of the sword and passed away into the water without injuring the warrior.

The Romans, also, seem to have known the lightning-rod, though they let their knowledge slip again into oblivion. On the top of the highest tower of the Castle of Duino, on the Adriatic, there was set, from time immemorial, a long rod of iron. In the stormy weather of summer it served to predict the approach of the tempest. A soldier was always stationed by it when the sea showed any threatening of a storm. From time to time he put the point of his long javelin close to the rod. Whenever a spark passed between the two pieces of iron he rang a bell to warn the fishermen. Gerbert (Hugh Capet), in the tenth century, invented a plan for diverting lightning from the fields by planting in it long sticks tipped with very sharp lance heads.

In 1662 France was already in possession of omnibuses. The Romans sank Artesian wells even in the Sahara. The plains of the Lebanon and of Palmyra were artificially irrigated; traces of the wells and canals are still to be found. In 1685 Papin published in the *Journal des Savants* an account of an experiment made by one of his friends, named Wilde, who caused flowers to grow instantane-

ously. The secret lay in the preparation of the ground, but it was not revealed.

Massage is a very ancient practice, and was known to the Romans. Paracelsus, in his "Opera Medica," speaks of homœopathy, and says that like is cured by like, and not contrary by contrary. "Nature herself," he says, "shows this, and like things seek and desire each other." Polybius also speaks of healing by similarity; and Avicenna of the use of infinitesimal doses of poison, of arsenic, for example, "*in omnibus quæ sunt necessaria de incarnatione et resolutione sanguinis et prohibitione nocuenti*." Mireppus also used arsenic in infinitesimal doses as a remedy for intermittent fever. In China *Cannabis Indica* was used as a sedative two hundred and twenty years before our era. The Arabs used aloes and camphor as we do. The speculum, the probe, the forceps, were known in the year 500; indeed, specimens of them have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and are preserved in the National Museum at Naples. Galande, in 1665, gives a theory of psychic centres, pointing out the anterior portion of the brain as the seat of imagination, the centre of reason, and the back of memory. Aristotle noticed that sea-water could be made drinkable by boiling it and collecting the steam.

The Greeks had a *pilema*, a woollen or linen cuirass, so closely woven as to be impenetrable by the sharpest of darts. We have not found out the secret of it. The Romans had better mills than ours for pounding olives. The Chinese had invented iron houses as early as 1200. Glass houses were found among the Picts in Scotland, and the Celts in Gaul, and many centuries earlier in Siam. The systems of irrigation which made Lombardy and England so fertile were in existence in the time of Virgil. Grass-cloth was used many centuries ago by the Chinese.

All this is explained by the fact that man naturally detests what is new, and tries his best to escape it, yielding only to absolute necessity and overpowering proof, or to an acquired usage. That is why the tide of progress so often ebbs; for a too rapid advance inevitably provokes reaction and the persecution of its promoters; and many inventors, like Solomon de Caus and Columbus, witnessed from their prisons the application or extension of the very discoveries which caused their misfortunes and their posthumous renown.—*Contemporary Review*.